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MEN & WOMEN OF SOHO



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MEN AND WOMEN OF SOHO

FAMOUS AND INFAMOUS

BY

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AND OTHERS.

*Actors, Authors, Dramatists,
Entertainers and Engravers.*

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Dedicated

TO THE HON. W. F. D. SMITH, M.P.

FOR THE STRAND DIVISION OF WESTMINSTER, IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF THE CONSTANT SYMPATHY AND GENEROUS HELP WHICH HE HAS ALWAYS GIVEN TO THE WORK OF THE CHURCH IN SOHO.

PREFACE.

THIS Volume is the second contribution to a scheme projected some twelve years since by Rev. J. H. Cardwell. The first part of the plan was comprised in the Book entitled "Two Centuries of Soho: Its Institutions, Firms, and Amusements," which was published at the beginning of 1898.

It seemed to the Rector of St. Anne's, and to a few of those helpers, both clerical and lay, who have had the privilege of sharing his labours in this Parish of many creeds, languages, manners, and vicissitudes, that it would be a design of possibly some slight historic value, to attempt a record of the romances and realities of the present and past of Soho.

Some phases of the Present were considered in the narrative of the latter of the Two Centuries. That work, whatever its merits or demerits, must always possess a distinction that no subsequent production, under the same auspices, can rival; for it was honoured by a generous and appreciative Preface from the pen of the lamented Sir Walter Besant, one of the greatest authorities of his day on Central London, and an almost daily visitor to our Square for three or four years. An attempted Soho estimate of the gifted author, to whose encouragement we owe so much, can be read later on. It is entirely with the Past of Soho that it is the province of this second Volume to deal.

One of the former assistant Curates of St. Anne's, who penned the first line of this book exactly five years ago, has been asked to add these final, though prefatory, words.

As we survey, in these two Volumes, the more striking features of the life stories of men and women who have won their way to fame or infamy within a square mile of Charing Cross, we are impelled to the conviction, that never on the world's surface, within so constricted an area, has there been such a magnificent theatre for the display of what is most efficient in the nations of Europe. Intellectual luminaries, each of which, in solitary splendour, would suffice to light its own generation, here shine in a galaxy:

so great has always been the attraction of the centre of earth's supreme City for that which is pre-eminent and noble in mankind, as well as for much that is base and evil. There is good cheer in the reflection, that the pages which follow are able to commemorate the efforts of some who have toiled faithfully for the spiritual and moral welfare of their Race, as well as of many whose genius has been consecrated to the happiness of humanity, in the manifold ministries of literature and art.

It has often been an inspiration for the contributors to these biographies, to feel, amid their prosaic parochial tasks in a region where little of the grace and glory of a dead day is left, that they have been treading humbly, through porticoes whose symmetry Time cannot blur, and up staircases grand even amid their decay, in the footsteps of men and women who have made history. To commune, in imagination and in retrospect, with these brilliant and exceptional personalities, has been to them a pleasure and a refreshment, some part of which they would fain might fall upon their readers.

The shares in the writing of this Book, have been distributed as follows: Actors and Authors, (pages 1 to 96), with the exception of the articles on Miss Fanny Kelly by Mr. John Hollingshead and on Theodore Hook by Mr. Frank Manby, are the work of Rev. H. B. Freeman, who has also furnished the Preface, the memoirs of Canon Wade, Sir Walter Besant, and the Angelos. The Recollections of Dr. McLeod are those of his grand-daughter, the Countess of Caithness. With these exceptions, the sections dealing with the Rectors of St. Anne's, the Vicars of St. Mary's, Charing Cross Road, and the Clergy of St. Patrick's, Soho Square (R.C.) are contributed respectively by Rev. J. H. Cardwell, the present Rector of St. Anne's, by Rev. G. C. Wilton, the present Vicar of St. Mary's, and by Canon Vere, the present Rector of St. Patrick's. The accounts of the Dramatists, and Entertainers, have been written by Mrs. Bealey, and of the Soho Engravers by Mr. C. E. Melhuish. Rev. J. H. Cardwell is responsible for the direction and arrangement of the volume.

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MEN AND WOMEN OF SOHO.

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

“The Poet to the end of time
Bathes in his verse and lives sublime,
But when the Actor sinks to rest,
And the turf lies upon his breast,
A poor traditional fame
Is all that’s left to grace his name.”

William Combe.

JOHN BANNISTER, 1760—1836.

FRITH STREET has no doubt seen some amusing adventures in its time, but an incident which took place at number two, on December 8, 1788, would be difficult to beat for comedy in a less lively locality. And yet one of the principals in this real drama was the most celebrated tragic actor on the stage of his day, the brother of the stately “Siddons,” the Roman and statuesque John Kemble. There was a rumour at the time, but one can only give it for what it is worth, that the daughter of a noble Earl was in love with Kemble. The haughty father, then in the decline of health and years, made an appeal, and not in vain, to the eminent actor’s sympathy and compassion. He pointed out that as Kemble did not even know the high-born damsel by sight he could do no violence to his feelings by resigning her, and there were some who alleged, perhaps maliciously, that a substantial pecuniary consideration was hinted at by the distracted and aristocratic sire. The rest of the curious tale is solid history. John Kemble did make a hasty proposal to a young and vivacious, but

quite exemplary, widow who acted in his company, and was known in the Green Room as "Pop Hopkins." A quiet and simple wedding was arranged, and Kemble asked Mr. and Mrs. Bannister, then living at 2 Frith Street, to be present at the ceremony. On the appointed morning, the bride expectant and her mamma, a veteran actress, called for the Bannisters, and



JOHN BANNISTER, 1760-1836.

they all sallied forth to the bridegroom's bachelor lodgings in Bedford Square. With the oblivion of genius, Mr. Kemble had apparently forgotten all about so trivial a transaction as marriage, and was still in bed and fast asleep. Mr. Bannister, however, succeeded in arousing him, and he was conveyed to a neighbouring church, and there safely married by a clergyman who was one of his cronies. As no preparation whatever had been made

for any wedding breakfast, Mrs. Bannister, a lady as delightful as she was good, and who had recently, by her husband's wish, retired from the stage, suggested that the newly-married pair should dine in Frith Street, "only," she said, "the repast must be early and punctual, as Mr. Bannister and young Mrs. Kemble have both to play to-night." Theatrical pieces were changed in those days from evening to evening, and John Kemble happened to be out of the bill. At the three o'clock dinner the tragedian never turned up, and his wife and Mr. Bannister had to start for the theatre, leaving the hostess to welcome the laggard guest, who eventually arrived so late that all the dishes had to be warmed up again. After a dinner in solitary state, Mr. Kemble so far condescended to a cognizance of the day's proceedings, that, when he had accepted a cup of tea from the kind hands of Mrs. Bannister, he hired a hackney coach, and was just in time to fetch his wife home from her performance. This funny marriage seems, on the whole, to have turned out better than many which start more romantically. Cheery Mr. and Mrs. Bannister must have had many a hearty laugh over the comical matrimonial beginnings of the most distinguished tragic actor of his day.

And, indeed, John Bannister, who at the date of this episode would be just under forty years of age and at the height of his brilliant professional reputation, was the friend of all with whom he associated, as well as of the public whom he served so faithfully and well. It is a pleasure for a Soho historian to dwell upon a character so honest and amiable, as it is to admire a genius so varied, so thorough, and so convincing. His father, Charles Bannister, had been a noted singer at Covent Garden, and was renowned for his quickness in repartee. On one occasion he was present as a witness at the Court of King's Bench, and on the retirement for a few minutes of the Lord Chief Justice, a facetious King's Counsel asked if Charles would favour the Court with a song, though he was afraid he could hardly be obliged by an accompanist. "Why not?" flashed the ready wit, "I see you have a very good band under your nose." One of the few legal transactions in which his son John (or Jack as he was affectionately called) was concerned, was that he once

took proceedings against a theatrical critic for "saying that he acted ill, when he was too ill to act at all." The plaintiff obtained substantial damages. It was at Charles Bannister's final Benefit at Covent Garden, that, during the representation of a farce called "The Honest Thieves," Johnstone, the comedian, poured a quantity of lamp oil out of a black bottle, in mistake for wine, down his colleague Munden's throat. The results were distinctly unpleasant, and Munden strenuously spluttered that he would be "blessed" if he would play for "Old Charley's" Benefit again. His services were never needed, for the old man died within a fortnight, and was interred at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. The son deeply mourned his father's loss, and expressed a determination, duly carried out more than a quarter of a century later, to be buried in the same grave.

— In the first year of this century it was Bannister's lot to be a sharer in a scene quite as startling and dramatic as any in which he was ever engaged on the boards. On a certain evening, George III. and the Queen had commanded the performance of "She would and she would not," at Drury Lane. His Majesty, upon entering his box, was fired at by a miscreant in the pit. With splendid composure the old King refused to budge an inch, and when the Marquis of Salisbury suggested that he should retire, replied, snubbingly, "Sir, you discompose me and yourself!" The enthusiasm of the great audience was tremendous, the National Anthem was sung before the play began, and at the fall of the curtain was demanded three times over. With his marvellous resource, Sheridan handed to the soloist some impromptu stanzas, of which one ran as follows :

" From every latent foe,
From the assassin's blow,
God save the King!"

It is difficult to recall, after a period of nearly a century (for Bannister left the stage amid the thunder of the cannons of Waterloo), the impression which an actor's art, so poignant in its essence, and yet so volatile, has made upon his contemporaries; but the capable critics of his day appear chiefly to have noted his heartiness as a player, and his exuberant vitality. If he acted a sailor, a favourite character with him, he had the bluff

manner and weather-beaten exterior of one who really had braved the battle and the breeze. In a picture of ludicrous distress, such as that of Sheridan's *Bob Acres*, in "The Rivals," when told before his duel that there is a very "snug lying" in Bath Abbey, Bannister could even make the poltroon's cowardice acceptable to the audience by the air of helpless good nature with which he infused it. As *Dr. Pangloss*, in "The Heir at Law," the most comical creation, to our thinking, of all Colman's genius, Bannister was said to be much more natural in the part than Fawcett, for whom it was written. As a smug Dutch trader, with a big pipe in his mouth and with a brown coat reaching down to his heels, he was inimitable. The very set of his skirts, as he came slouching upon the stage, somehow subtly suggested "money." He was least successful, like Charles Dickens in novel writing, in the portrayal of a finical gentleman, as his method was better calculated for broader effects. His old men were admirably sustained, and, during a long performance, he would never forget for a moment the tremulousness, hesitation, and occasional loss of memory which we associate with senility. *Job Thornberry*, in "John Bull," (in which the present writer is old enough to have seen Samuel Phelps), was one of Bannister's artistic triumphs. It is a complex character, but Leigh Hunt tells us that this accomplished actor was versatile enough to make it "respected with all its bluntness, and pathetic with all its oddity."

Jealousy, the curse of the theatrical profession, seems to have been alien from Jack's temperament. He had been a tolerably acceptable *Hamlet* in his day (though his true forte never lay in tragedy), but when Edmund Kean first electrified the Town, he cheerfully supported him in the small part of *First Gravedigger*. He had his reward in a most amusing conversation which he chanced to overhear at the wings, himself unnoticed, among the scene shifters. They were debating whose was the finest *Hamlet* they had ever witnessed. One gave his vote in favour of Henderson, another of Kean, another of Kemble, and so on. "No," said the last, "Jack Bannister is the *Hamlet* for my money, for he always gets done a good twenty minutes before any of the others."

It was a few months after this friendly support of Kean that

Bannister began his one-and-twenty happy and contented years of retirement, blessed with an enviable reputation, and a comfortable future, the result of honourable labour. Younger actors delighted to visit him, and were wont to call him "Father." He was the friend of George Morland, the Soho painter, and also of the artist, Rowlandson, to whom, in a hasty conversation at a Tavern, and with a few virile strokes of an apt pencil, he suggested the main ideas of the pictures for the immortal Dr. Syntax, which is quoted at the head of this series. The gifted William Combe was found to supply the poem. In the early thirties, "little Fanny Kelly," who founded the Royalty, wrote to him from 73 Dean Street to ask him to accept a box for her performance at the Strand, and he died just before the joy bells chimed out for Queen Victoria's Accession. He desired to receive the Sacrament a fortnight before his end, and almost his last words, too solemn to quote at the close of a light article, were expressive of his hope in the Central Truth of Religion. Honest Jack! He was one who deserved that the earth of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields (where he is buried) should indeed lie lightly on him.

MRS. BATEMAN,
No. 1 CARLISLE STREET, 1793.

WE must be content to present our readers with a representation of this lady's agreeable personality, for we cannot find out anything about her beyond what is contained in "Soho and its Associations," that mine of local knowledge, where, though the nuggets may be occasionally rough in shape, the gold is always abundant, and of the finest quality. We have not, at present, discovered the date of Mrs. Bateman's birth or death. She certainly lived at the corner of Carlisle Street in Soho Square, in the blood-red year of the Great French Revolution. Tickets for her benefit at the Haymarket Theatre were advertised for sale at her Soho address. By the special wish of her admirers, she performed at this benefit the character of *Lady Restless* in "All in the Wrong," and at the conclusion of the play, indulged the spectators with a fencing bout, her antagonist being the

celebrated Chevalier D'Eon. On the sixteenth of January, 1793, Mrs. Bateman gave an "elegant amusement" to a company of about five hundred ladies and gentlemen at twelve o'clock in the forenoon. In a questionable play offered for the delectation of these fashionable patrons, she refused a mask, saying, "I have



MRS. BATEMAN, 1793.

kept suitors at a respectful distance fifty years without, and now cannot adopt it."

We hope that Mrs. Bateman was herself more interesting than this brief fragment which we have as yet been able to recover of her biography.

JOHN FAWCETT.

1768-1837.

How difficult it is to appraise the exact merits of an actor sixty years after his death. He has left us no statue or picture like the sculptor or painter, of which we can pronounce the worthlessness or the excellence. We cannot go to our shelves, and take down a volume whereon to pass judgment, as we can in the case of the historian, the poet, or the novelist. Of the actor's artistic worth we have no standard save the opinion of his contemporaries, and when they differ widely among themselves, it is hard indeed to arrive at an equitable and satisfactory verdict. Of John Fawcett, for example, two of the leading dramatic critics of his period appear to entertain almost diametrically opposite ideas, and what modern Aristarchus shall strike the just balance between the blame and the praise? This is how Fawcett's acting impressed Leigh Hunt, who evidently compared him as an artist very unfavourably with Bannister, for whom his admiration was unquestionably warm and sincere. "He has a singular harshness and rapidity of utterance, and a general confidence of manner." "I am acquainted with no actor who can procure so much approval for characters and speeches intrinsically wretched." (One would deem, however, that this last piece of criticism is really a compliment, though rather a left-handed one. It would surely need a consummate orator to make "Sing a song of sixpence," sound as grand as *Mark Antony's* speech on the body of *Cæsar*). But Leigh Hunt goes on, "In attempts at gentlemanly vivacity Fawcett becomes awkward and vulgar." It is even more from the general tone of his criticism than from its isolated expressions, that one gathers how low was Leigh Hunt's opinion of Fawcett's histrionic power. He obviously thought his stage style hard and thin, mechanical and lacking in refinement,—none of the broad humanity, the suppleness and ease of Bannister. Now let us listen to Talfourd, a literary giant in his day, and author of the once celebrated tragedy "Ion." "Fawcett's style was essentially hard, yet he managed, by art and care, to bend it so as to discriminate the varieties of character which he attempted. He

had not the richness of Munden, or the antique elegance of Farren, he could not act grotesque parts like the one, or elderly beaux like the other, but in representations of bluff honesty and rude manly feeling, he had no rival. His performances were eminently English; few performers, indeed, have spoken our language so purely, and none have reproduced so well those



JOHN FAWCETT, 1768-1837.

manly feelings of which we are habitually proud." When we read these divergent views, we feel that he would be a bold prophet who should foretell what conception of, let us say, our own Mr. Charles Wyndham will go down to posterity. It happens that in the November of 1898 in which we write, most of the London critics think that Mr. Wyndham's rendering of an important part he has just assumed, is far from perfect, while the

eminent (and usually drastic) censor of the "World" does not see how he could possibly act better in any shape or way. Let actors reap their rich harvest of praise in the present ; for their reputation may have a ticklish time of it in the generations that come after.

John Fawcett's life is less uncertain than his genius, though it is doubtful if it is quite as interesting. It was at the school of Dr. Barwis, 8 Soho Square, that he early faced the footlights, and tasted the first blood of applause. Of this up-to-date and enterprising Academy we are speaking more fully in our following memoir of Holman. We can hardly be surprised that the exemplary Dr. Barrow, who eventually took on the school, found it consonant with the best interests of education to discontinue the performance of these plays, though he frankly owns, in a very sensible memorandum on the subject, that he lost many pupils by doing so. There was, however, a difference in parental opinion.

" Several of the actors," said Dr. Barrow, " who have since attained considerable eminence on our publick theatres, imbibed in the Academy over which I presided their first passion for the stage ; and some of the most intelligent of the parents of our pupils became so sensible of the dangers to which their sons were exposed, that they refused to have their names inserted amongst those of the *dramatis personæ*. It was soon found that the only effectual remedy for our play's various evils was its total abolition."

When only eight years of age, Fawcett attracted the notice of Garrick, who was just at the end of his stage career, and the responsive child seems to have been fascinated by the glamour of that picturesque personality. After his triumphs in private theatricals in Soho Square, the boy was transferred to St. Paul's School, whence, to endeavour to eradicate his marked stage proclivities, his father apprenticed him to a linendraper in the City. Of so unromantic an occupation young Fawcett soon had enough ; he ran away to Margate, where, in our own generation, the theatre, under the management of Miss Sarah Thorne, has been the best nursery of English actors. There was no Miss Thorne in those days to receive Fawcett as

a pupil at her training school, and, calling himself "Foote," he started straight off with a principal character in "The Belle's Stratagem." He abandoned his early aspirations for tragedy after his tremendous success as *Jemmy Jumps* in O'Keefe's musical farce, "The Farmer," and was content for the rest of his professional life to be a faithful wooer of the Comic Muse. His Covent Garden record was splendid, for he was connected with the House from his first appearance in 1791 till his retirement in 1830, a period of close on forty years. That he left so few characters by which he is remembered is a circumstance attributed by his admirers to the inferior quality of the dramatists of his day. It was accounted, and justly, as a brilliant feather in his cap, that by appearing in a play a few nights after its most unfavourable reception, he turned it into a success, though all hope had previously been abandoned. The piece was Dibdin's "Five Miles Off," and the *Kalendar* whom Fawcett impersonated, only appears in Act ii. If our memory serves us, "The Black Crook," at the Alhambra in Leicester Square, was saved some years ago in much the same way by Miss Kate Santley, who was interpolated, after the first performances, into an opera that had been a dead failure, with a song or two, which speedily crowded the theatre, and became the rage of London. "The Heir at Law," by George Colman the younger, is, to our thinking, one of the most amusing comedies of its century, and, in this, the part of *Dr. Pangloss* was specially written for Fawcett. Those among us who may have seen John S. Clarke, the American, in the character, will have some idea of its possibilities. The complete play, it might be worth while to mention, can be purchased from Messrs. Dicks for a penny. It was long before John Bannister was permitted by Colman to attempt *Pangloss*, but when he did so, he was considered by many to have surpassed Fawcett. One is glad to find that there was something in the way of rudimentary Church feeling in London five years before this century dawned, for the subject of our present sketch, Holman, and other actors, instituted Readings and Music at the Freemason's Hall on Wednesdays and Fridays in the Lent of 1795, for the delectation, presumably, of those patrons who were too strait-laced to attend regular theatrical performances. It was on this prin-

ciple that the German Reeds and poor Corney Grain amassed their honourable fortunes, and it may have had something, though by no means everything, to do with the success of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, and Maskelyne and Cooke.

John Fawcett took his Farewell Benefit in 1830. With an allowance of a hundred a year ("three hundred pounds a year" was what *Dr. Pangloss* was always asking for), as Treasurer and Trustee of the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund, he made his home in a cottage at Botley, near Southampton. He was twice married, and left two sons (one of whom became a clergyman) and a daughter. His eulogist, Talfourd, says that his speeches on behalf of his Fund were models of persuasiveness, ability, and tact. In this accomplishment he must have resembled Sir Henry Irving. During his latter days, he took immense interest in the building of a Church in his neighbourhood, subscribed to it most liberally, if he did not practically endow it, and when it became consecrated, was elected a Churchwarden. Mr. Edward Terry, our present day favourite comedian, has even "gone one better" than this; for he has for years been a Churchwarden, at Barnes, while still in the active exercise of his profession. John Fawcett was the first person to be buried within the Church he reared and loved; so he did not long enjoy his parochial dignity. As he took round the plate demurely on Sundays, while the Old Hundredth was being sung, did he remember, we wonder, *Dr. Pangloss*; and how "the finest gentleman in Europe," George IV., once apologised to him for being so unfortunate as to miss a Benefit of his at Covent Garden? *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

JOSEPH GEORGE HOLMAN.

1764-1817.

THIS Dr. Barwis, who kept a school (usually called an Academy by our great grandfathers) at what is now No. 8, Soho Square, towards the close of the eighteenth century, must have been an amiable and easy-going sort of pedagogue, for it was here also that young Holman, whose father, a British officer, had died when he was two years old, first acted in private theatricals, and imbibed his passion for the stage. The elaborate and expensive

performance, at least as often as once a year, of an English tragedy or comedy, was one of the attractions, as we have seen, of this seminary. To "Soho and its Associations" we are indebted for a couple more interesting side lights on this curious educational relic of the past. "Dr. Barwis's view," says Boaden, "in not merely permitting, but urging and correcting such performances, was confessedly to give the pupils a free and unembarrassed manner, and an accurate and powerful elocution, which he concluded to be essential to the display of the sound erudition which occupied their studies. I am not able to state whether the Church or the Bar, or the Senate have derived any accession of graceful oratory from the plan. It, I confess, seemed to me, if I may parody the poet,

‘Stage born, and destined to the *stage* again.’"

Angelo says in his "Reminiscences," "the first time I saw Holman, the performer, was when at school in Soho Square, at the Rev. Dr. Barwis's. *Hamlet* was the character. It was in the Christmas holidays; there was afterwards a dance in the schoolroom." After these preliminary glories, Holman went up to Oxford with a sort of hazy intention of becoming a clergyman, but he did not proceed so far in such a serious direction, as to take his degree. In fact, he only stayed at the University about a year, and disdaining those lowest rungs of the dramatic ladder, which must nowadays be patiently trodden by the aspirant to histrionic honours, he made his first appearance at Covent Garden as *Romeo*, and speedily became the favourite of fashionable audiences. When we think how hard Oxford actors of our own day, such as Mr. Benson or Mr. Bourchier, have worked for the distinguished position they now hold, we must conclude that young gentlemen with a veneer of polite education came to the front more rapidly on the stage of those less crowded (and perhaps less critical) times. At the end of three seasons Holman left Covent Garden through some quarrel as to terms, and though he came back after a brief experience in Dublin, a serious and wide-spread dispute between actors and managers, which the Marquis of Salisbury, who, as Lord Chamberlain, was chosen as arbitrator, gave against the actors, caused Holman's final rupture with Covent Garden. He either resigned or was dismissed, and his subse-

quent successes were mostly Irish or American. Once at least he turned his back on his chosen career, and took to farming, but he was soon ready to exchange the scent of the clover for the smell of the footlights. The daughter who played *Lady Townly* to his *Lord Townly* in the “Provoked Husband,” seems to have



JOSEPH GEORGE HOLMAN, 1764-1817.

been a young lady of considerable talent. Holman was married either twice or thrice: for this clever daughter's sake we would hope the latter, as the first recognised Mrs. Holman could not have been her mother, unless the girl acted *Lady Townly* at thirteen years of age. About Holman's death, however, as about his marriages, there hangs a sort of mystery, for one account says that he died in America of apoplexy, and another that he fell a victim to yellow fever together with his second wife, two days after their wedding.

Holman, whom we must not confuse with Holcroft, the more famous author of "The Road to Ruin," &c., wrote several very tolerable plays, and as an actor, in addition to undoubted talent, he appears to have been much indebted to a fine figure, a handsome countenance, a pair of sparkling eyes, and a powerful but melodious voice, which could with ease penetrate the farthest corners of a theatre. These attributes go a long way on the stage. As a conscious re-action against the formal and stilted elocution of the Kemble school, Holman's utterance was at times too rapid and irregular to satisfy the more conservative of the critics. Charles Lamb calls him "the jolliest person" of any *Hamlet* he had ever seen. Posterity may well be in doubt whether to take this as a compliment, or the reverse. Macready, who was not prone to infuse too much of the milk of human kindness into his judgments of the members of his own profession, says that Holman's good looks were qualified by his tendency to "obesity." Certainly an "obese" Prince of Denmark is hardly ideal, although *Queen Gertrude* does in one place speak of her son as "fat and scant of breath." It is much to Holman's posthumous artistic credit that once in his early days he was so engrossed in the part he was rendering, and so lost to outward things, that he stepped, or stumbled, clean over the footlights into the orchestra, a "header" more unexpected and sensational than that which the heroine usually takes (to slow music under the limelight) at the close of Act iii. in a modern melodrama. Perhaps, like history, the apses of genius repeat themselves, for precisely the same accident occurred, from the same reasons, to Mr. Lewis Waller, when he was impersonating *D'Artagnan* in "The Three Musketeers" at the Globe Theatre, in the autumn of 1898. A friend of the writer's was a witness of the occurrence. Except as regards the "obesity," Mr. Waller's fair admirers would probably see many other outward resemblances to Holman.

As we take our leave of this citizen of ours who conceived his love for the glittering profession in which he became famous, amid the staid and sober surroundings of Soho Square, we can relate an amusing incident which happened at the Booth Hall Inn, Gloucester. Holman was irritated on one occasion when he

was staying at Gloucester, by the attack of some anonymous critic, and scribbled the following lines on one of the window panes with a diamond,

“ My life is like the glass I mark, at best,
Shining, but brittle; easily impressed;
The missile of a wanton, unseen foe
Can smash a glass or actor at a blow.”

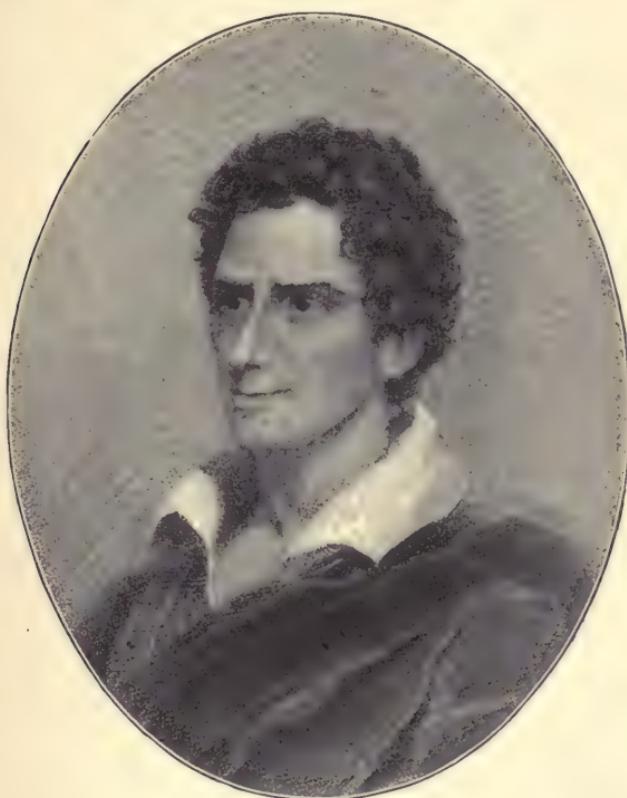
A certain Miles Andrews, who was travelling with Holman, is stated to have been a wretched play-wright of the period, but the distich which he scrawled under his friend’s lines, before the travellers left the Inn, does not give by any means the impression of the work of a fool. Here is the addition of the ingenious Mr. Miles Andrews,

“ Your life like to this glass! Not so, my lad;
This has reflection, which you never had.”

EDMUND KEAN, 1787—1833.

“ THIS boy belongs to No. 9 Lisle Street, Leicester Square
Please bring him home.” Whether it be true, or no, that Moses Kean really did affix a brass collar with this inscription to the neck of his eccentric and erratic nephew, there can be no doubt that the early and most miserable years of one who was, perhaps, the greatest tragedian of all time, do belong in a particular way to our Soho localities. Such extraordinary tales were related concerning Edmund Kean after he attained to eminence, that one may be pardoned for doubting any story, unless well evidenced, that sounds specially apposite and dramatic. That his mother was a certain Anne Carey, a hawker and third-rate actress, is clearly established, and that she was about as bad a mother as an unfortunate lad could have, hardly seems open to question. A kind couple who lived in Frith Street took compassion on the neglected or deserted child; whether they actually picked him up on their doorstep does not much matter. This pathetic detail sounds like a little bit of subsequent garnishing. Anyhow, the boy never went back to the spot of his birth, Castle Street, Leicester Square, after he had been rescued by his humane protectors.

The little education with which he was ever blessed, Edmund owed to this neighbourhood, for he went, through the charity of a Jew and against the will of his mother, to a humble school in Orange Street, Leicester Fields, and afterwards to a seminary in Chapel Street, kept by a Mr. Vining. One of his first public appearances was at the Sans Souci Theatre, in Leicester Place, where his powers in reading and recitation already marked him



EDMUND KEAN, 1787—1833.

out as the possessor of histrionic abilities far above the average. So far, then, as Edmund Kean was a hero at all, we may justly claim him as a Soho hero.

And few Personalities so gifted and so unstable, so persevering and yet so prodigal, so generous and still so petty, can have ever drawn the breath of life within even our historic borders. While his irregularities dim the rich tribute that candour would

ungrudgingly pay to his surpassing genius, it is fair to take into account the tremendous disadvantages under which this great Artist started upon his career. Cuffed about from pillar to post, ridiculed for his short stature, gaunt features, and spare frame, his legs bent by the contortions to which they had been subjected by the posture master when he acted a demon at Drury Lane, ridiculed too, it may be, by jealous rivals because his mother was a wanton and his father a myth—we need not wonder if poor Edmund's youthful experiences were hardly of a sort to lead to the abundant secretion in his nature of the milk of human kindness. Nothing but an indomitable pluck, and a quiet but fixed conviction of his own genius, could have carried him over those first twenty-seven years of struggle, stress, and storm. And his meridian was brief, if splendid, for he died at forty-six, and at his death he had long passed his physical and artistic prime. We watch him tumbling in cold booths for a meal and a few coppers ; going without food, now and again, for fifteen or twenty hours at a stretch ; willing to recite a few yards of Shakespeare with the very voice and manner of that pompous mediocrity, John Kemble (Kemble, by the way, never forgave the little man who was destined to oust him from his tragic throne, for his masterly imitations) ; ready to sing half-a-dozen comic songs and to play his own accompaniments ; only too glad, as one of the glories of Richardson's show, to act any character, and act it well, from a Cupid with wings to a Savage in war paint ; equally apt as a *Hamlet* or a *Harlequin*—the apprenticeship of Edmund Kean had few charms save that of variety. The iron of disappointment must have entered into his soul, but it was only, he says, when he had to sustain the part of *Harlequin* (though he also danced the tight rope) that he felt his cheeks burn with shame through their paint.

Nor were his fortunes bettered when he married an actress, nine years older than himself, upon ten shillings lent by the bridesmaid, and a breakfast provided gratuitously by a kind-hearted landlady. In the improvidence of his wedding, at any rate, Kean showed himself a true child of the Soho from which he sprang.

And then there were weary wanderings from town to town in

search of work, and, after a while, the father had a baby strapped upon his back in addition to his scanty luggage, and the mother trudged after her husband through miry roads in the depth of winter, while the wind whistled through their thin and threadbare clothing ; and, as the shades of night began to fall, the friendly ale-house must have seemed a long way off, where they might hope, by songs and recitations, to earn a meal and a bed. There were glimpses of comparatively better fortune. Kean occasionally got decent engagements, but his earnings were precarious, and his receptions uncertain. Two-thirds of the Public in every age have to be told that a person has abilities, or that an article is good, as they are destitute of discrimination to find out the truth for themselves. In the year 1814, however, by a combination of circumstances in which some little provincial success was a factor, Edmund Kean at last got his chance at Drury Lane. The details of that first London appearance, and of the insults and privations which preceded it, are tolerably well known, for the occasion was, upon the whole, the most momentous in all theatrical history. It was bitter January weather, and the debutant, who was lodging with his wife and Charles, his only surviving son, in a garret in Cecil Street, had to face every species of disheartenment that could result from poverty, opposition and malice. At rehearsals, the other players treated Kean with studied rudeness, so much so, that Miss Tidswell, a lady who had been connected with Drury Lane for years, and was a good friend of the luckless little man from his youth, besought him to give up his idea of acting in London at all. “ He has a meagre body,” said his wife to a sympathiser, “ but look at the power in his eye.” “ This is very different to anything we have been accustomed to, Mr. Kean,” was the remark of the stage manager at rehearsal, when the tragedian first shadowed forth his grand idea of *Shylock* as a pathetic figure, instead of the contemptible buffoon to whom audiences of the period had grown accustomed. “ Sir, I *mean* it to be,” was the rather unexpected reply. On the afternoon of the eventful night, Kean indulged himself with the somewhat unusual luxury of a dinner, for he felt that he needed his strength. The theatre was not more than a third full, and the new-comer was politely, but certainly not very

enthusiastically, received. Real genius, however, can hew its way through every obstacle. Before the conclusion of his first act, he held the imagination and attention of the house captive, while *Shylock*'s great scene with *Tubal*, in which he "raged like a lion," roused the audience to a frantic pitch of excitement, and brought down thunder upon thunder of applause. "How on earth so few of them could kick up such a row passes my comprehension," observed one actor who was present, to a friend afterwards. *Shylock*'s "trial scene" sealed his success, and with his gabardine and his black wig rolled under his arm, he was back at his garret before the play had concluded. He felt that he had achieved his purpose at last, and the ambitions of a lifetime were fulfilled. He came, he had been seen, and he conquered. Several more performances of the "Merchant of Venice" took place within the next three weeks. The audiences were enormous, and the theatre coffers overflowed. It is agreeable to know that an adequate proportion of the profits went into the pockets of the rightful possessor, him of whom William Hazlitt wrote, upon the night of his first triumph, "the gleam of genius has at last broken athwart the gloom of the modern stage." At the beginning of February, his performance of *Richard III.* completed Edmund's victory; the enthusiasm with which it was received exceeded that, probably, which had been evoked by his *Shylock*, and to the last it seems to have been considered his finest character. It was on this occasion, and not after his first London appearance, that he rushed back to the comfortable rooms for which he had already exchanged his squalid garret with the memorable words, to his much-tried and long-suffering wife, "Mary, you shall ride in your carriage, and Charles shall go to Eton." "Ah," he is reported to have added, "if Howard had only lived!" Howard was his elder son, who had died in the days of his penury, and to whom he had been devotedly attached. During the rest of his career, spite and envy could have no terrors for Kean; he had suffered from their venom long and severely, but their fangs were drawn for ever. "I am told that he is an excellent tumbler," sneered an embittered and chagrined actor in the Drury Lane green room. "It may well be so," replied honest and good-natured Jack Bannister, "for he has tumbled clean over our heads."

Henceforward, Kean had only one powerful enemy, and that was himself. There is no need to follow him through his long list of successes, he may have equalled, but he never excelled, his two earliest London triumphs. He was best in parts like those of *Richard III.* and *Othello*, which demand a continual stress of furious and passionate emotion. In quiet and level passages, he does not seem to have been so impressive. Coleridge's criticism will not soon be forgotten, and it suggests a good deal, that "to see Kean act is like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning." He had been ten years fighting his way to fame, and for about ten years, not for much (or very much) longer, he reigned supreme upon the stage of his country, making an income, which went beyond any previous actor's wildest dreams of avarice, of about ten thousand a year.

Drink was the beginning of his downfall. He took stimulants, perhaps, to help him in the simulation of the mighty passions he portrayed, or to repair his fatigue, but he began to break faith with his public, and would not seldom be discovered tippling in a tavern, when the time was approaching for the curtain to ring up at Drury Lane, too intoxicated to sustain his part. Reckless as regards himself, though with few expensive personal habits save drink, he was generous in the extreme, and there is a pretty story of how, when away for his holiday, he played at a country theatre (securing of course a bumper house at good prices), to rescue a struggling theatrical company from its difficulties. The money he won so easily he valued lightly, and no tale that appealed to his compassion ever found his ear inattentive or his purse closed. One of the meanest things recorded of him concerned his son Charles. Mrs. Kean happened to say one night that she thought the lad had some notion of acting. His father at once made the boy recite, discerned some promise of success, and then sent him angrily to bed, swearing in a sort of mad frenzy to which he had become prone, that Charles should never be an actor, for he himself would be the first and last tragedian of the name of Kean.

The more immediate cause of Edmund's undoing was a distressing scandal which involved the name and fame of a certain alderman's wife, together with his own. If any palliation

is sought for Kean's conduct, it must be found in the loathsome and perfectly contemptible characters of this woman and her husband. While it is difficult to believe that the actor was without grave reproach in the matter, the proceedings look like a plot, with blackmail as its basis, against a vain and impressionable man. In any case, however deeply Kean may have sinned, the punishment meted out to him was fearful. At his first appearance at Drury Lane, after he had paid the two thousand pounds damages, a riot occurred. No epithet was considered too vile to hurl at a man who had encountered the British Public in one of its periodical fits of virtue, and then, and on two or three subsequent evenings, Kean was practically hooted from the stage. In the press, the *Times* headed the hunt against him, with language only applicable to the most disgusting criminal. "Obscene mimic" was one of its flowers of speech. At Edinburgh, a man with a red head rose up in one of the boxes, and said he would quit for ever a theatre polluted by such a presence. One pious censor pitied the poor actresses who were compelled by managers, "for their bread," to endure upon the stage the contaminations of such an abandoned wretch.

It appears to us that Edmund Kean, one of the greatest actors of any century, was the embodiment of the most usual virtues and vices of the profession to which he belonged. That profession, so lavish of its service to those in distress, has always found the seventh commandment a stumbling block over which it is very apt to trip. This assertion, so far as regards our own day, could be proved by a computation of the number of actors and actresses who have figured in divorce cases, and are at present applauded nightly by the London Public. The world was more censorious towards poor Edmund Kean than it is nowadays to its favourites, male and female, who have not a tithe of his talent.

From this crushing blow to his pride, and perhaps to his finer sensibilities, Kean never really recovered. Public opinion became kinder to him after awhile, but the nervous strain, coupled with alcoholic excesses, slightly disordered a mind which had never been particularly stable. Instead of the moving and not undignified remonstrances which he made to

his persecutors from the stage, at the beginning of his trouble, he would now unintentionally mix up his private affairs with the words of his part, in a most singular way. In the middle of some tragic speech he would sometimes turn head over heels, excusing himself to the audience by saying that he expected soon to have to get his living in that way again, and he thought it as well to keep in practice. "Ah," he would exclaim with pathos, "I am too old and fat, I cannot tumble as once I could." These pranks could hardly be considered an improvement on Shakespeare.

Kean's final departure from the boards of Covent Garden was as unique as his first entrance at Drury Lane. He had been living, for a considerable period, the life of an invalid at Richmond, tended by the faithful Miss Tidswell, who had been so kind to him since he was a boy. There can be few living who remember the little figure, with the white face and burning, splendid, eyes, that tried to hobble along the lanes and glades supported by his friend's arm, or by a stick, the man who invariably had a gentle word for the unfortunate, and was always tender with children. This artist, whose income had been counted by tens of thousands, was in danger of arrest for a hundred pounds, and, as Charles Kean was acting at Covent Garden, it was thought that he might play *Othello* to his son's *Iago*. As the tragedy began, the father took the son's hand, and presented him to the public,—perhaps an atonement for his ungenerous behaviour years before. The old favourite's feeble efforts were received, it is pleasant to know, with generous applause, and his delivery of one or two of *Othello*'s famous speeches, is said to have been almost as beautiful as ever. The stricken man struggled on till towards the close of the third act, and then, falling on his son's neck, he whispered, "I'm dying, Charlie, speak to them for me." It was not, perhaps, an ignoble end to a life of "so much shame and so much glory." He was carried out of the theatre, and passed peacefully away, a few weeks later, in his simple home at Richmond. Beggared in pocket and broken in spirit, he was rich in the fame that can never die. His wife, who had been separated from him for eight years, forgave him on his deathbed, and was with him towards the last.

CHARLES KEAN, 1811—1868.

“LESSER than Macbeth, and greater.” The younger Kean had character, but no genius; the elder Kean had genius, but not over much character. It seems to us that the most dramatic episodes in Charles Kean’s life are those which have direct reference to his extraordinary father. The dutiful share he took



CHARLES KEAN, 1811—1868.

in the sad romance of Edmund’s final appearance has already been recorded. He was a good son both to his mother and father, as well as a good husband to the lady, Miss Ellen Tree, whom he married, after having acted with her, more or less, for about fourteen years. It was Charles who brought about the

reconciliation between his father and mother (to which allusion has already been made) at the last. When Charles was a little boy in Cecil Street, Edmund had lately taken the town by storm, and money was flowing in by hundreds and thousands of pounds into the depleted family exchequer. A striking story is told of two ladies who called to pay their respects to the distinguished tragedian. They found the living room empty, save for a pretty, fair-haired lad, with curly locks, who was sitting upon the floor, letting piles of golden guineas flow through his hands like water, while every nook and corner of the mantelpiece was stuffed with bank notes. Unfortunately for Charles and his prospects, that Pactolian river did not run for ever. On account of the family embarrassments, he was taken from Eton, whither he had been sent in fulfilment of his father's vow, and he nobly refused a cadetship that was offered him, because his father declined to settle four hundred pounds a year on his mother after their separation. The greater Kean and the lesser acted together once in London before the memorable final occasion of which we have spoken. The elder man's troubles had already begun, and the audience were moved by some lines in the play, which seemed to bear a chance reference to the domestic situation, and which involved (as the ordinary business of his part) the son throwing himself on his father's neck. The sympathetic house was in tears, but the astute Edmund, too old a stager to be led away by any real feelings, where acting was concerned, whispered in triumph over his son's shoulder, "We touched 'em up a bit that time, Charlie, my boy."

The honourable and painstaking career of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean will be chiefly remembered in connection with their grand spectacular Shakesperian and other productions at the Princess's Theatre, Oxford Street, of which Charles was manager for seven years onwards from 1852. It was just about half way in this period that he reached the height of his reputation as *Cardinal Wolsey*. He also produced "The Corsican Brothers." It is curious to notice in how many characters Charles Kean distinguished himself, in which Sir Henry Irving has also won success. It was for Kean that Charles Reade made his splendid adaptation from the French, "The Lyons Mail," and

Dion Boucicault his "Louis XI." By common consent, *Louis XI.* was Charles Kean's greatest part. There are good judges who consider it to be also Sir Henry Irving's. It was in this character that Charles made his last appearance on any stage, in Liverpool, nearly twenty-two years ago.

MISS "FANNY" KELLY, 1790—1882.

BY MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

MISS FRANCES MARIA KELLY, better known as "Fanny" Kelly, was born at Brighton, December 15, 1790. Her father was an officer in the army, and brother to Michael Kelly, the celebrated musical composer, who taught his young niece music and singing. She went on the stage at a very early age—partly from choice, but more from necessity, and very wisely about 1800 made her appearance as a chorus child at Drury Lane. There was no law at that time to prevent the employment of children. In 1807, she appeared as an actress in Glasgow, at the old and spacious Theatre Royal, famous in theatrical annals. The following year she came to London, and joined Mr. George Colman's company at the "little theatre" (once Foote's Theatre) in the Haymarket. When the curious collection of buildings attached to Cross's Menagerie in the Strand were turned from an early "Polytechnic Institution" by Dr. Arnold, the musical composer, into a lyric theatre, and the name was changed from the Lyceum into "The English Opera House," Miss Kelly was invited by Mr. Arnold, junior, who was then the manager and carried on the policy of his father, the composer, to join the company, and she made her first hit in 1810 in "The Maid and the Magpie," a free version of Rossini's light opera, "La Gazza Ladra." From this period she found herself in possession of the stage as the recognised successor to Madame Storace. When she left the English Opera House, she went back to Drury Lane (in a very different position), and while performing there she was fired at by a maniac from the pit, but happily escaped all injury. A similar attempt upon her life was made a short time afterwards at the Old Theatre, in Dublin, but happily with equally harmless results.

Miss Kelly (who had the inestimable advantage of playing with Mrs. Siddons) was an actress of great versatility and talent, in addition to her great vocal ability. She was a fine melodramatic performer, and excelled also in the "tomboy" parts associated with and made famous by Mrs. Jordan, the legitimate successor of Mrs. Abington. William Hazlitt, the great dramatic critic, writing in 1821, seems to have had a very high opinion of her. He says, "in the roundness of her limbs, the ease and grace of her motions, and the entire absence of anything sharp or angular in her form, she resembles Miss O'Neill, like whom, she is formed to succeed best in the representation of characters where passion and suffering have taken possession of the soul; where the will is passive, and a fair form is agitated by emotions which display the irresistible might of weakness. Her voice has more compass than Miss O'Neill's, its lower notes are almost as ripe and mellow, and her upper notes, which she sends forth in the playful passages, have an angelical sweetness which reminds us of the singing of Miss Stephens. Her action, though it has never the triumphant character which her predecessor sometimes assumed, is free, unembarrassed, and natural. But these excellencies are trivial compared to that fine conception of the fervour and the delicacy of the part which she manifests, and which enables her to identify herself, not only with its more prominent features; but its smallest varieties—its lightest words. There is nothing sentimental or reflective in her acting; her mind never seems to have leisure for reverting to itself; her heart is evidently too busy to allow of opportunity for thought. She remembers that the emotions of a life are to be crowded into a few short hours; that the first dawning of love in an innocent bosom, its full maturity and strength, its power of anticipating time, of developing the loftiest energies in one who was but lately a child, of defying the pale appearances of death, and finally embracing death with gladness, and all the corresponding excitement of the intellect and the fancy which suddenly blooms forth in the warmth of the affections, form part of that wonderful creation which it is her aim to embody."

Miss Kelly had the usual ambitions and weaknesses of actresses, however eminent. Of course, she played *Juliet*, and

equally, of course, she was not an artistic success. Tom Moore, the poet, saw the performance, and voted it "very bad, but, as it seems, good enough for the public, who are delighted with her."

Miss Kelly was fortunate in having the friendship of most of the best literary and artistic celebrities of her time. She was an intimate friend of Charles and Mary Lamb and their most interesting circle. Soon after the Napoleonic peace, a party was made up to go to Paris, consisting of Charles Lamb and his sister, Mr. James Kenney, the dramatist, and Mrs. Kenney, who was a Frenchwoman, my aunt, Miss Sarah James, and John



MISS "FANNY" KELLY, 1790—1882.

Howard Payne, the dramatist, who wrote "Clari, the Maid of Milan," and whose ballad, "Home, Sweet Home," in that piece (music by Bishop), was never better interpreted than it was by Miss Kelly. The travellers had to go by stage coach, packet-boat, and diligence, but they were well received in Paris by a few friends, prominent amongst whom was Talma, the great French actor, who had made their acquaintance when he was in London for a short time, and lived in Soho. He braved much for their sake, for the English at that time were, naturally, not popular in

Paris. At a holiday performance at the Théâtre Français, when admission was free, he passed them in at the stage door, disregarding the *queue*, amidst the execrations of the crowd. Charles Lamb gave his party very little trouble, passing his days on the quays, grubbing amongst old bookstalls and print-shops, returning late at night to his hotel, and skating up the waxed stairs cuddling his treasures under his arm, with much triumph, but a little unsteadiness.

Miss Kelly, when she was about fifty years of age, took up her residence in one of the many magnificent old houses in Dean Street, Soho, and opened a dramatic school. She had always many kind and influential friends, and the then Duke of Devonshire, a great patron of the drama, fitted up a stage for her at the back of this house, and this stage afterwards developed into a little theatre, on the site of the present Royalty, called and known as "Miss Kelly's Theatre." After a few years the name of the house was changed to "The Soho," and in 1861 it was again changed to "The New Royalty," the old Royalty having been at Wellclose Square, at the East End of London. Miss Kelly lived to the advanced age of ninety-two, and died in 1882. She saw much during her long lifetime. She saw her "little theatre" in the Haymarket, which stood where the "Epitaux" restaurant now stands, pulled down, and the present Haymarket Theatre, designed by Nash, erected next door; she saw her English Opera House burnt down, and the present Lyceum substituted; she saw her Drury Lane Theatre destroyed by fire, and the present house raised on its ashes; she smelt Garrick, and she saw Irving.

The Soho Theatre, sometimes jocularly known as the "So-so Theatre," was used, originally, more as an amateur theatre, a place where any dramatic aspirant—author or actor—could try his skill upon as many friends as he could induce to come, and as many curious and confiding members of the public as he could entice into the fold. It filled at that time the recognised place for "trial trips" of all kinds afterwards acquired by the Gaiety Theatre in the Strand, which, in 1869-70, started its famous, day-by-day, miscellaneous matinées. The Soho Theatre differed in this from the Gaiety, that the performances given were gener-

ally organised by the management for the time being, and a regular tariff of charges for playing characters in the plays was exhibited at the stage door and at the house in front in Dean Street, which served as a residence and as a box office. It is on record that a dispute once arose between a would-be customer and the dealer "in parts," the amateur performer complaining in no measured terms of what he considered an attempt at over-charge. "What?" he shouted, "Ten shillings! Ten shillings, to play *Tybalt*, and be killed in the second act! That's double the price they charge in Catherine Street!" Catherine Street, in the Strand, at that time possessed another amateur theatre, and there were several more existing in various parts of London.

A little playhouse conducted on these lines was not very costly to work, but it was too costly for Miss Kelly. She soon let the theatre, retaining the private residence. Her first tenant was a local tradesman—I believe, a shoemaker. His chief recreation was amateur acting, and as he got the place at a very moderate rental (I believe, for about £120 a year), he found it cheaper to be his own landlord. "You see, sir," he said to a friend of mine, "they charge me £10 a night for the house and gas every time I want to play, which is about four times a year; and I can now let the theatre when I am not using it, and appear twelve times a year for nothing." I have heard that his ambition soared as high as *Hamlet*.

The next tenant was Mr. Caldwell, the proprietor of the well-known dancing rooms in the same street (now the National Schoolrooms), who paid an increased rental, and he, in turn, let the theatre to Mr. Mowbray, also at an increased rental. Mr. Mowbray let again to Mrs. Selby, a pleasant and capable actress of old women's parts—the wife of Charles Selby, the actor and author, of the Adelphi Theatre, and Mrs. Selby was succeeded in turn by Miss Patty Oliver, who was backed to a certain extent by Albert Smith, and who produced two abnormally successful burlesques by Mr. F. C. Burnand, "Ixion," and "Black-eyed Susan." It was then called the Royalty Theatre.

Miss Henrietta Hodson (Mrs. Henry Labouchere) succeeded Miss Oliver, and Miss Kate Santley followed Miss Hodson. By

this time the rent had increased to about £50 a week. Miss Santley enlarged and improved the little theatre at considerable cost, and had the luck and honour to produce Gilbert and Sullivan's "Trial by Jury," under the direction of Mr. D'Oyly Carte. This was the first combination of these three gentlemen in the early seventies, although Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan had collaborated two or three years previously at the Gaiety Theatre, in a two act comic opera called "Thespis."

Charles James Fox and Richard Brinsley Sheridan had a very high opinion of Fanny Kelly, if we are to believe her distinguished uncle, Michael Kelly. He says: "Mr. Sheridan called on me one day and said, 'Last night I was at Brookes's. Charles Fox came there with Lord Robert Spencer; they had both been at Drury Lane to see "King John." I asked him if he was pleased with the performance. He replied that he was, particularly with Mrs. Siddons. "But," he added, "there was a little girl who acted *Prince Arthur* with whom I was greatly struck, her speaking was so perfectly natural. Take my word for it, Sheridan, that girl, in time, will be at the head of her profession.'" Mr. Sheridan did not know at that time that Miss Kelly was a relation of mine, but upon this favourable report went to see her, and told me that he perfectly agreed with Mr. Fox, and further said that he should like to read the character of *Monimia*, in "The Orphan," to her; he was convinced she would act it admirably."

Though Miss Kelly never changed her name to become Mrs. X, Y, or Z, it was not for want of several offers of marriage. Her personal attractions and manner commanded these. Amongst her suitors was Charles Lamb, and, but for the unfortunate taint of madness in his family, which afflicted him in a mild form, she would probably have become Mrs. "Elia" when less than forty years of age.

NOTE.—I am indebted to my old friend, Mr. Dillon Croker, for many facts and dates in the above little article.—J. H.

CHARLES KEMBLE.

1775—1854.

THE singular genius of the Kemble family, that “truly noble family,” as they were called, which enlightened the English stage for nearly half a century, seems to have reached its culminating point in the unsurpassable Sarah Siddons. The rest of the



CHARLES KEMBLE, 1775-1854.

stock were great, but in lesser degrees of greatness. Charles Kemble, who at one period lived with his wife in the house in Gerrard Street which formerly belonged to Edmund Burke, was the youngest and last of his race. With Charles the dramatic fire seemed to die out on the male side, for his only son, John Mitchell Kemble, turned out to be a noted philologist and

historian, a man who occupies a larger space in most biographical dictionaries than his father. "Art in the blood," says that great modern observer, Sherlock Holmes, "takes the strangest forms," so we need not wonder at the intellectual contrast between sire and son. One of the daughters of Charles, Adelaide, afterwards Mrs. Sartoris, gained distinction as an accomplished musician and authoress.

This last of the Kembles was originally a clerk in the Post Office, but family tradition was too strong for him, and in 1794 he made an encouraging first appearance at Drury Lane, as *Malcolm*, in "Macbeth." His figure was well proportioned, though a trifle heavy, and, on the whole, elegant, and his air romantic. He was especially successful in parts which required delicate wit, gaiety, and raillery; he knew how to sparkle (which is a different gift from flaring, as Edmund Kean could flare) upon the stage, and was acknowledged to be eminently happy in his portraiture of a gentleman. Perhaps his best characters were those of *Mercutio*, in "Romeo and Juliet," and *Charles Surface*, in the "School for Scandal." "It was a treat," a hearer has remarked, "to listen to one of *Mercutio*'s speeches from his lips, when he was seventy years of age." Macready tersely, and perhaps truly, summed him up as "a first-rate actor in second-rate parts." *Laertes* and *Falconbridge*, in which he shone, might come under this category, but there were many critics who immensely admired his *Hamlet* and his *Romeo*. His voice, though not as rich and majestic as his greater brother's at his best (when "Black John was in power," as the elder's friends used to say), seems to have been always a pleasure to listen to. "I had never imagined," wrote Westland Marston, "there could be so much charm in words as mere sounds." Surely this capacity for verbal music is as rare as it is delightful. The art of all the Kembles was of slow growth, and it is a consolation to the middle-aged to know that, in the opinion of most competent observers, the acting of Charles took a sudden change for the better when he was about forty, and he was far more efficient in his later years than he had ever been before. His conceptions grew richer and broader, and at the same time the execution was more finished. His private life was irreproachable. The last

glimpse which the public caught of him was at the farewell dinner given to Macready, early in 1851. He was then an old man of seventy-six, and, on being called upon to return thanks for the drama, could only manage to falter forth a few quavering, grateful words in reply. That was the last utterance of the last of the mighty Kembles.

MRS. CHARLES KEMBLE.

1774—1838.

THE marriage of this lady and her husband forms an interesting example of how frequently children of immense ability result from the union of two distinct races. When Mademoiselle



MRS. CHARLES KEMBLE, 1774-1838.

Thérèse De Camp, who was born at Vienna, first began her professional career in London, she hardly knew a dozen [words of English, and those she had learnt, like a smart young parrot, by imitation. Mrs. Charles distinctly gives the impression of having been cleverer than her handsome husband, and she was

certainly the mother of a talented progeny. Of her son and other daughter we have spoken, but it was the elder girl, Fanny (afterwards unhappily married to an American named Butler), whose grand tragic acting was for several seasons the mainstay of her father's theatre, and enabled him to clear off a debt of thirteen thousand pounds. Mrs. Butler, who died not long ago, was also vastly talented with her pen, and her "Recollections of a Girlhood" is a very popular book. Her French mother also combined dramatic and literary ability. An enthusiast (probably masculine) in "Blackwood's Magazine" speaks of Mademoiselle De Camp as "a delightful, dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, whose motion was itself music ere her voice was heard, and the glance of her gleaming eyes, ere yet her lips were severed, itself speech." We could do with a few more actresses of this type nowadays. This paragon was converted into Mrs. Charles Kemble in 1806.

Before this period she had apparently perfected herself in English, for she became the authoress of several plays, stronger in their merry than in their sober scenes. One little Comedy, "The Day after the Wedding," or "The Wife's First Lesson," which is still extant, is said to possess exceptional merits. Her acting was like her writing, better upon its brighter side. Her industry was so great that she was said in her youth to have almost lived in Drury Lane. Like many other pretty ladies, she inclined rather to *embonpoint* in middle life, and did not advance her reputation as an artist by insisting on appearing in youthful characters, for which her mature figure hardly fitted her. She retired from the stage in 1819, but ventured on one solitary re-appearance just ten years later, when her daughter Fanny made her *début* as *Juliet*. On this occasion, Mrs. Kemble enacted the part of *Lady Capulet*. In such a character, stoutness would not be a drawback.

WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY.

1793—1873.

"MURDER! Murder!" were the terrible sounds which fell upon the startled ear of an American visitor, as he awoke from his sleep in the small hours of the morning, at his London lodging.

“Murder! Murder!” Now it was a throttled gasp, and now a fiendish cry, and the American quaked in his strange bed, and wished himself well across the herring pond. At last he could bear the strain no longer, he rose and knocked at the door of his landlady to ask her what these horrors meant. “Oh, sir,” exclaimed the apologetic dame, as she put forth a head garnished with the monstrous night-cap of our grandmothers, “don’t be frightened, it is only Mr. Macready, the tragedian, whose room is next to yours, doing a bit of rehearsing!” Next morning, Mr. Macready sent the transatlantic stranger a polite note requesting full forgiveness. He had been playing *Macbeth* at Drury Lane, he said, during the earlier part of that night, and as he was not satisfied with his rendering of the scenes concerning *Duncan*’s murder, he was practising them over again before retiring to rest. The American must have been impressed with the thoroughness of English art. This curious incident happened when Macready was still quite a young man, and, for all we know to the contrary, it may have taken place at 64 Frith Street, where the enthusiast, who was not yet married, was certainly lodging a little before this date, when he made his first appearance on the London stage, in the character of *Orestes*, at the age of twenty-three. It would be well if all the shouts of murder which have echoed at midnight in Frith Street and its vicinity, could have been of as little sanguinary a nature.

This story is useful as indicating the intense industry, perseverance, and patient faculty for elaboration and improvement which made Edmund Kean’s successor to a supreme position on the English stage, the consummate artist he eventually became. For, unlike Kean, it hardly seems probable that Macready was born a tremendous dramatic genius; great talent he must undoubtedly have had, and this talent he sought unceasingly to foster during his career, as an actor, of more than forty years. Kean, they used to say, would “clutch” a character, Macready would study it. Kean played by instinct, Macready by application.

The younger actor, however, had infinitely less of a struggle to achieve his reputation than the elder. Macready’s father was a provincial manager of repute, and the son, from the first mo-

ment that he bounded upon the metropolitan stage, with the introductory line of *Orestes*, in the play of "The Distrest Mother," on his lips, "O Pylades, what's life without a friend!" had always a certain amount of influence to help him on. And the year of Macready's appearance was opportune. The splendid star of the Kembles was sinking below the horizon, and the vast powers of Edmund Kean had already begun to dwindle. Intem-



WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY, 1793-1873.

perance and irregularity of life had half done their fatal work. Everything was prepared for the success of a performer of first-class ability. The public were beginning to weary of dissolute and capricious favourites, and the absolute respectability of the new candidate for their suffrages stood him in extremely good stead. "Mr. Macready is a very moral man," said an excellent clergyman who was introducing him, in his youth, to some influential members of the Committee of Drury Lane. "Oh, is

he?" replied Lord Byron, at that time a leading spirit in the management, "then I suppose he will ask five pounds a week more for his morality!" Though no love was lost, at a later period, between the waning and the waxing actor (they only played once together, and then it was as much as they could do to be civil), it is an interesting fact that Kean was in a private box on the occasion of his rival's *début*, and rewarded points in his performance of *Orestes* with considerable applause.

Though Macready, from the first, had more than a moderate share of success, he is remarkable as always having heartily detested his profession. He strove to do his best with it, but he regarded it as, in some sort, a personal degradation. He never would add to his fortune by unworthy, or even inartistic, means; he thought, for example, that long runs are prejudicial to the best interests of the stage, and when he became manager of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, successively, he would not permit a play, whatever its financial success, to be represented for more than a certain number of nights; at the same time, he appears to have considered acting rather as a means of livelihood than with any higher idea. In his innermost soul he was perpetually ashamed of the art of which he has been one of the most distinguished exponents that the present century can boast. Quite early in his London triumphs, in spite of the sweets of dramatic success, he greatly desired to quit the stage, and to become a clergyman. Towards the Church he had always been drawn, since the days when he was a schoolboy at Rugby. A friend had offered to lend him a sum which would keep him during his preparatory study at Oxford. He was just about to avail himself of this opportune kindness, when money was suddenly wanted to help one of his brothers on in the army. At once he sacrificed his own wishes, resigned himself for life to a profession (if such it can be truly called) which he thought unsatisfying and ignoble, and availed himself of the proffered pecuniary assistance for his brother's use. Of all the long line of theatrical heroes whom Macready impersonated, from Shakespeare's *Brutus* to Bulwer Lytton's *Claude Melnotte*, we do not recall one who wrought an action more heroic, more unostentatiously or intrinsically great.

It has been said that Macready's only inheritance from his father was a violent and difficult temper. This failing, against which he fought long and bravely, but which, during his theatrical life at any rate, he could never entirely conquer, was a grievous scourge to himself, and perhaps to a good many of those with whom he came into contact. Certainly it did much to blind some who did not thoroughly understand him, to his sterling character and to his more amiable qualities. His diaries show what a bitter source of continued repentance this temper was to him, and how earnestly he prayed for divine strength to subdue it. But people who knew him well forgave him his chief fault. There was a pretty little girl in a red cloak, about nine years old, who was cast to take a small part in one of the dramas of his provincial days. She was not perfect in her words, and he scolded her, and made her cry. It would seem as though his conscience reproached him for his treatment of this unhappy child, for when she was seventeen or so, he took her into his company, and bestowed upon her the honour of acting *Virginia* to his *Virginius*, in the once famous play of Sheridan Knowles. *Virginius*, written expressly for him, was one of Macready's greatest parts. This little girl, now a big girl, and without the red cloak, was eventually married to the distinguished tragedian to whom she owed her tears. She lived with him in great happiness till the day of her death, nearly three decades afterwards, and was the mother of a numerous family, whose welfare and education her husband made the supreme object of his life. When he heard the shouts of the mighty crowds who were surging round the densely packed theatre on that last memorable night of his "farewell," February 26, 1851, he relates how they reminded him of the trepidation with which he used to listen to the popular clamour years before, as he reflected that his own and his wife's and children's bread hung upon the applause of the fickle public. At this supreme moment of his retirement, when half London was at his feet, and his name was known through two hemispheres, Macready does not seem to have felt an atom of regret that he was hearing the bravos of his admirers for the last time. He woke next morning, he tells us, with a curious feeling of lightness; a blessed sense of relief that

the theatrical portion of his life was at an end for ever, that he could live peacefully at Sherborne on the modest twelve hundred per annum he had amassed by nearly forty years' exertion of brain and body, and devote himself to the benefit of his poorer neighbours and the education of his children. This appeared to Macready a happier aim than to subsist on the cries of a public willing to laud a man to the skies to-day, and to howl him down (should the contrary humour take them) to a place considerably below the skies to-morrow. Perhaps his wisdom was not at fault. In any case, the night schools and various philanthropic societies at Sherborne, of which he was the founder, are an admirable, if an incongruous, postscript to his despised histrionic fame.

This idiosyncrasy of Macready, so rare in the class to which he belonged, is not without a peculiar fascination, and has caused us to anticipate a little in our recital of his story. As an actor, Mr. William Archer, perhaps the most scholarly and competent of all our modern critics, considers that Macready must rank next to Edmund Kean in the dramatic era that is bounded by the reign of " Garrick and statelier Kemble " on the one side, and the rise of Sir Henry Irving on the other. Second to Edmund Kean perhaps by a long interval ; but certainly second. He was at his best in characters where intellect was to the fore, such as *Iago*, *Richlieu*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Richard III.*, and it is perhaps his finest achievement to have made his representation of " Crook-back Richard " widely popular in London, at a period when it was still played by the great Edmund, who was not yet very far past his prime. It is the good fortune of the present writer to have seen the *Richlieu* of Samuel Phelps, under the management of Mr. John Hollingshead, an eminent contributor to this series. Samuel Phelps (who closed his own theatre to play *Macduff* on the great " farewell " night to which we alluded, and who was one of the ablest of Macready's lieutenants) has always been supposed to be a faithful interpreter of the Master's traditions. We can only say that our boyish criticism deemed his interpretation of Lytton's great Cardinal to be very far inferior to Irving's. Macready's own favourite character was *Macbeth*, but his *King Lear* (tabooed from the English stage

during the earlier years of this century, owing to poor old George III.'s madness) is said to have been an especially magnificent performance. In this character, Irving does not appear to us to be at his finest, while, curiously enough, his acting manager once told the writer that no Lyceum representation has ever exhausted him so much. Macready was endowed by nature with a splendid voice, but with little grace of figure or beauty of person ; his jaw was square, and his neck, in certain dresses, notably the one he was accustomed to wear as *Hamlet*, seemed somewhat scraggy. He always looked best, and, as some of his critics seem to have thought, always acted best, in classical costume. When, however, he produced Shakespeare's "Coriolanus," a wag, piqued by the attempt of the tragedian's friends to prove him superior to John Kemble, "the noblest Roman of them all," wrote this epigram, which made them wish they had kept silence :

"What scenes of grandeur does this play disclose,
Where all is Roman—save the Roman's nose!"

This "Coriolanus" was a wonderfully complete production, and Macready was perhaps the first manager to show that remarkable faculty for stage *tout ensemble*, to which Sir Henry Irving owes something, at least, of his fame. But the tragedian's irritable temper was sorely tried by the carelessness and stupidity of his supernumeraries and minor actors ; nor was the violence of the language he was often provoked in using always a credit to his unquestionably sincere religion. In his diary he frequently records his remorse for these outbreaks of spleen. But he had much to try him. On one occasion, at a rehearsal of the banquet scene in "Macbeth," the *First Murderer* would persist in taking the centre of the stage, and completely hiding the hero from the audience. Remonstrances were of no avail ; at last the carpenter was told to bring a hammer, and to drive in a brass-headed nail at a certain spot. "Look at that nail, sir," said Macready, "stand there till I come, don't move an inch further!" At night the curtain drew up on the banquet scene, and the "star" was in all his glory. Enter the *First Murderer*. He walked down the stage, and then halted suddenly, as though he were looking for something which he had dropped. The people

in the pit began to laugh. *Macbeth* could stand it no longer. "What on earth are you about?" he whispered, marching to his involuntary tormentor's side. "Sure, your honour," exclaimed the unfortunate histrion, "ain't I looking for that blessed nail of yours!" Old Mr. Howe, who only died a year or two ago, and who was acting almost till the last at the Lyceum, used to tell a good story of his former chief. One very hot night, Macready was standing at the wings waiting his cue to go on, and holding in his hands a pair of lighted candles, upon which the effect of his entrance depended. Feeling the intense heat, he said to his dresser, who was by his side, "puff, puff," meaning that he was to put a little more powder upon his face. That worthy, however, immediately blew out both the candles, and at the same instant the cue was given, and the tragic entrance hopelessly marred. Mr. Howe has related that the curse of the baffled artist was "not loud, but deep." Once when "*Hamlet*" was being rehearsed in America, and the rank and file of the characters had to be native, the actor who took the small part of *Guildenstern*, kept pressing close upon the Prince of Denmark, much to His Highness's annoyance. "What, sir," at last expostulated the outraged Dane, "you would not shake hands with *Hamlet*, would you?" "Well, I don't know," answered the free citizen of the great republic, "I shake hands with my own President."

Macready, as we said before, was a man of the highest character, and of real, though sometimes, concealed, kindness of heart. He also did more than any man of his generation, probably more than any man of his century, to purge the theatre from abominations which had made it unfit to be the resort of respectable men and women. The impress of his reforms is felt even at the present day. He had his foibles, and he frequently suffered for them. His sensitive and perhaps rather vain nature can hardly have enjoyed the reply of the manager with whom his relations had been somewhat strained, and whom he asked if he would mind cutting the music out of "*Macbeth*," to make the play shorter. "No," answered his enemy, "but I will gladly cut out the *Macbeth*, if you like." This was unkind, as Macready considered *Macbeth* to be his supreme achievement.

And there were some who accused the great tragedian, perhaps unjustly, of jealousy. After some theatrical performances which Charles Kean had arranged at Windsor, and in which Macready was invited to take part, the Queen presented Kean with a valuable diamond ring. This ring he had soon the misfortune to lose; and there were certain ungenerous folk who did not scruple to assert that it would eventually be found "sticking in Macready's gizzard."



CHARLES MATHEWS (THE ELDER).

1775—1835.

"BLESS the little dear ! it's not a beauty, to be sure, but what a funny face it has !" This was the criticism which was passed upon him, Charles Mathews tells us, by his mother's friends, in

his infancy. The opinion of his nurse appears also to have been of a qualified nature, "A long, thin, skewer of a child, fidgetty, and his nose a bit twisted, but his eyes make up for all, they're so bright and lively!" These singular facial characteristics, however, did not prove a bad stock-in-trade for the most finished and mirth moving public entertainer of his era. For it was not as an actor among other actors, and upon the boards of the regular "winter theatres," that Mathews the elder particularly excelled. His art was too delicate, too minute, too full of rare detail, to shew up to advantage in a great and garish frame. Almost the only serious fault of this high principled and estimable man, if we except a sort of artistic fretfulness, was an overweening love of approbation (he was once known to sing fourteen songs in one evening, for the delectation of private friends who applauded him), and it appears likely that he withdrew from the theatre, after no very long experience, partly because he could not endure that his own brilliancy should be tarnished by the unworthy setting of his compeers.

In any case, it is by his incomparable monologues, "Mathews at Home," and the like, that he has become famous. In one evening he would sustain any number of characters, and contrived to differentiate them with wonderful success. His powers of mimicry and adaptation seem, if we can trust contemporary records, to have been almost without parallel. It is hardly correct to say that he assumed a personality, not fictitious, such as that of Curran or Coleridge: he did not assume, says one of his chroniclers, *he was* that personality for the time being. During part of his career he lived in a house in Lisle Street, from which there was a view down into Leicester Square. It is possible that, for our generation, the fame of Charles Mathews the elder may be partially obscured by the merits of his namesake and only son, Charles Mathews the Comedian, whom many of us have seen and admired. His grandson, still bearing the same name, is a prominent Q.C. in the London Law Courts. Of the versatility of the founder of the line, it may be said :

"A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

MISS NELLY MOORE, 1845—1869.

No lady of the past two generations can have been more of an ornament, in every sense, to the dramatic profession, during the short time she was a member of it, than was Nelly Moore ; and it is pleasant to think that she is in a special sense connected with St. Anne's, Soho, as a Sunday school teacher, a regular worshipper, and a communicant. Her memory is still green in the hearts of some amongst us who admired her public talents, honoured her private virtues, and loved her particularly sweet, simple, and winning personality. We regret that, after repeated endeavours and enquiries, we have been unable to procure any picture of Miss Moore which would be suitable for presentation. Her face, by those who remember it, is said to have been by no means the least of the elements of attractiveness by which she fascinated her audiences and her friends. Mr. and Miss Parris, of 57 Greek Street, who always rejoiced to hear Miss Nelly's cheery greeting, as she tripped past their front door on her way to rehearsal, and from whom we have gleaned most of our information, have kindly lent us a carte de visite photograph of their friend as *Ada Ingots* in " David Garrick," which she acted with much distinction in the far away days when it was E. A. Sothern, and not Charles Wyndham, who captured all feminine hearts as *David*. This photograph shows us a bright and winsome countenance, with a slight figure, which certainly owes nothing to one of the hideously gigantic crinolines of the period ; but it is a poor picture at the best, and we would rather our readers trusted to their imagination for the presentment of this delightful young actress.

Perhaps we can help their imagination better than by our own imperfect words. We have been for many years familiar with some verses by the late Henry S. Leigh. They are a parody, and an excellent one, on Edgar Allan Poe's famous American poem, " The Raven." They describe how the bard, poor, solitary, and unfriended, but in quest of a cheap evening's amusement, pays his humble shilling at the door of " Mr. Buckstone's Playhouse," *i.e.*, the old Haymarket, and is considerably bored

by the performance—(he shall tell the rest of the story in his own words) :

But at last a lady entered, and my interest grew center'd
 In her figure, and her features, and the costume that she wore,
 And the slightest sound she uttered was like music ; so I muttered
 To my neighbour, " Glance a minute at your play-bill, I implore,
 Who's that rare and radiant maiden ? Tell, oh, tell me ! I implore."

Quoth my neighbour, " Nelly Moore."

Then I asked, in quite a tremble—it was useless to dissemble—
 " Miss, or Madam, do not trifle with my feelings any more ;
 Tell me who, then, was the maiden, that appeared so sorrow-laden
 In the room of David Garrick, with a bust above the door ? "
 (With a bust of Julius Cæsar up above the study door.)

Quoth my neighbour, " Nelly Moore."

I've her photograph from Lacy's ; that delicious little face is
 Smiling on me as I'm sitting (in a draught from yonder door),
 And often in the nightfalls, when a precious little light falls
 From the wretched tallow candles on my gloomy second floor
 (For I have not got the gaslight on my gloomy second floor),

Comes an echo, " Nelly Moore ! "

Mr. Parris was so good as to show us a note, whereof the ink
 is a trifle faded, indited in an exquisitely neat and pretty hand-
 writing, enclosing an order for the Haymarket, from his (Mr.
 Parris's) " Very sincerely, Nelly Moore." What would not the
 lovelorn writer of the verses we have copied have given for such
 a treasure ! It would have been as a blaze of electric arc lamps,
 in place of " the wretched tallow candles," for one who had not
 even " got the gaslight on my gloomy second floor."

Miss Moore's London career was brilliant, though brief, and
 with every promise of high distinction for the future. She came
 from Liverpool to play with Sothern at Stratford-on-Avon, at the
 Shakespeare Ter-Centenary. Afterwards, as we have seen, she
 supported him at the Haymarket. Her last engagement was at
 the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, which we have often visited in
 its palmy days, but which has been long turned into a prosaic
 carriage factory. It was while playing at this theatre in H. J.
 Byron's " Lancashire Lass," that Miss Moore was seized with
 typhoid fever, that vile pestilence which has proved the extinction
 of more than one loved and valued life in Central London. Of
 the many actors who were standing beside the untimely grave in
 Brompton Cemetery of more than thirty years ago, there were

some who are still, happily, amongst us, in the full tide of health and work and popularity, such as Messrs. Charles Wyndham, Lionel Brough, and James Fernandez. "The funeral left Soho Square" (it was No. 31), we quote from the *Era*, "between eleven and twelve, for the parish Church of St. Anne, where the late Miss Moore was a constant attendant, and of which the Rev. Nugent Wade is Rector. From this clergyman she received spiritual consolation in her last moments. The first part of the service was performed at St. Anne's, and in the Church were many poor people of the district, who had good reason to pay their last homely tribute of respect to the dead."

Our researches for the purpose of this series have not led us to consider theatrical history an unmitigated literary Paradise, and we can assert that it contains no wholesomer or lovelier memory than this of the Soho girl, whose life was as virtuous as her art was refined. Such memories "smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

WILLIAM HENRY WEST BETTY,

OTHERWISE KNOWN AS "THE CELEBRATED AND WONDERFUL
YOUNG ROSCIUS." 1791—1874.

IN this last year of the nineties, when half the London world has gone theatre mad, we are accustomed to see invincible first-nighters take up their position at the pit doors for an important première, with camp stools, magazines, and sandwiches, soon after breakfast. But in the fourth year of this nearly worn out century, it was an unwonted spectacle when people rushed into the piazzas round Covent Garden, and filled Bow Street, as early as one o'clock in the afternoon. It was the night of December the first, and the occasion was the initial appearance, in the metropolis, of the "Young Roscius." This lad, who was thirteen years of age, had come to Town after a triumphant dramatic progress in the provinces. At Edinburgh, for example, the leading men of Church, College, and State had overwhelmed the youthful prodigy with their gifts and homage, while critics, apparently sober, declared that his powers as an actor were far greater than those of John Kemble. Betty had caught the infection of the footlights from witnessing a performance of the

majestic Mrs. Siddons. He had previously learnt by heart Wolsey's famous speech out of "Henry VIII.," of which he had become enamoured after hearing his father, a linen dealer of Belfast, recite it to his mother, who was a clever and accomplished woman. The lad is credibly asserted to have made himself master, as far as words go, of the part of *Hamlet* in three hours.



THE CELEBRATED AND WONDERFUL YOUNG ROSCIUS.

The Young Roscius had undoubtedly prodigious mnemonic faculties; but this stupendous statement staggers any ordinary powers of belief, even when it is made concerning one of the pupils of Dr. Barwis's celebrated Academy, at 8 Soho Square, to which the "Betty-Boy" was at one time attached. Hence his inclusion in our illustrious Soho category.

The character in which, on that notable December evening, Roscius took Covent Garden by storm, was that of *Selim*, in the

tragedy of "Barbarossa." So mighty were the crowds, that, while a strong posse of constables was stationed inside the theatre, in the adjacent streets order was partially preserved by a detachment of the Guards, who had been specially called out. In spite of all precautions, many of the attempting audience were half choked or trampled to death, and the bodies of men, nearly lifeless, were lifted from the boxes into lobbies where there happened to be a breath of air. The phenomenon's first London appearance was a veritable victory. Later, at Drury Lane, the average receipts for his performances were at the rate of over £600 a night, of which the boy himself took at least £100. The Prime Minister, Mr. Pitt, actually adjourned the House of Commons, in order that the members might go and see Roscius as *Hamlet*. On another occasion, Mr. and Mrs. Fox, together with Samuel Rogers, were watching the representation of the same tragedy, when Fox remarked to Rogers, during the play scene, much to the latter's surprise, "This is finer than Garrick."

The extraordinary "Betty-Boy" craze, however, so far as London was concerned, was of no long duration; it lasted a couple of years or so, at most. The stripling still continued, for a short time, to attract large audiences in the provinces, and added considerably to an already solid fortune. When his popularity waned, he went to school and college like other lads. Subsequently, he tried his luck as a grown-up actor, without much success, and prudently took his final leave of the stage before the close of his twenty-third year. The truth about the "Celebrated and Wonderful Young Roscius," so far as it emerges from the glamour of theatrical tradition, seems to be that, though without a spark of real genius, the boy had an exceptional memory, unbounded self-confidence, and a truly marvellous precocity for the assimilation of other people's tones, emotions, and ideas. He could create the illusion of having himself felt the sway of grand passions, the expression of which he had learnt from the hearts and brains of men and women of wordly experience and mature age. A certain amount of natural grace, vocal charm, fire, energy, and genuine love for his profession, may be safely placed to his undivided credit. He lived for fifty years after his withdrawal from the theatre in comfortable

enjoyment of the independence earned by his early talent and exertions ; and died when he was well over eighty, at his house in Ampthill Square.

William Betty frankly allowed, in later life, that the enthusiastic admirers of his boyhood had been mistaken in their extravagant estimate of his abilities. But, for all that, he was the brilliant comet of two or three seasons ; a gifted boy ; as well as a wise and good man.

THOMAS SHERIDAN,

1719—1788.

WHEN Dr. Johnson chose to be disagreeable, he had the knack of being very disagreeable indeed. For this somewhat commonplace father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the sage of Fleet Street had conceived a mortal antipathy, which was the more ungrateful, as it was mainly through Thomas Sheridan's influence that the Doctor obtained his Government pension of £300 a year. "Why, sir, Sherry is dull, naturally dull ; but it must have taken him a great deal of pains to become what we now see him. Such an excess of stupidity is not in nature." Boswell is responsible for this specimen of his hero's caustic humour. Johnson had also the profoundest contempt for Sheridan's numerous books on English education and grammar, as well as for his lectures upon the art of elocution. "What influence, I ask, can Mr. Sheridan have upon the language of this great country by his narrow exertions ? Sir, it is burning a farthing candle at Dover to shew light at Calais."

Thomas Sheridan, however, does not appear to have been half such a fool as his crusty critic would seek to make out. He took his B.A. degree at Trinity College, Dublin, and subsequently became manager of the Theatre Royal in that city. It is much to his credit that he was one of the pioneers in the somewhat herculean task of endeavouring to elevate the morals of the stage. A drunken rascal of a Galway gentleman named Kelly attempted one evening to show disrespect to some of the ladies engaged at the theatre. Kelly threatened the manager with his vengeance for a severe reprimand, and a riot had the

satisfactory consequence of the committal of the miscreant to prison with a fine of £500. Sheridan generously interceded for his enemy, and obtained a remission of both penalties. He also fell in love with and married a literary young lady who wrote a poem and pamphlet on the occurrence, in both of which his



THOMAS SHERIDAN, AS "BRUTUS."

courageous and quixotic conduct became the theme of much eulogy. Mrs. Sheridan was herself by no means without talent as a versifier and playwright, but her most successful production, and that for which posterity owes her the deepest debt of gratitude, was certainly her son, Richard Brinsley, the author of "The Rivals," and "The School for Scandal." After leaving Dublin, Sheridan acted in London at Covent Garden Theatre. With regard to his histrionic merit, there have been the widest

and wildest differences of opinion. Churchill ranked him as next to Garrick, while Macklin speaks of "his incapacity, the dissonance of his voice, the laboured quaintness of his emphasis, his general appearance," and adds that "his audiences laughed him to scorn." This estimate certainly sounds too venomous to be true.

It is as a lecturer on elocution, and as a public reader, that Thomas Sheridan gained his greatest appreciation, and did his most useful work for his generation. For a considerable period, he lived with his family in Frith Street, where he was a professor of declamation, and Harry Angelo furnishes us with a vivid and interesting account of his pompous and rather impatient and embarrassing methods of instruction. He is described as a great advocate for, what he termed a "perspicuous pronunciation." At his later house, in Henrietta Street, he was the honoured host of many men of birth, intellect, and culture, and his private character, up to the day of his death at Margate, was always above reproach.

MADAME VESTRIS,
1797—1856.

IN the year of the Battle of Waterloo, there bounded on to the Parisian stage a graceful and vivacious girl, who was born at 73 Dean Street, Soho, and who had inconsiderately married, at the age of sixteen, a certain worthless Armand Vestris, ballet master of the King's Theatre, Haymarket. She seems to have already separated from her husband, and though she was very far from being a failure during the three or four years of her artistic career in the French capital, it was in the London of her birth that she made her most conspicuous success. In the early twenties she gained much distinction at Drury Lane and elsewhere as *Lydia Languish*, in "The Rivals," *Phæbe*, in "Paul Pry," *Miss Hardcastle*, in "She stoops to conquer," and in many other comedy characters. The present writer can well remember when gentlemen, who would be old if they were now alive, used to speak in glowing terms of the beauty and fascinations of "the Vestris."

This object of eulogy was left a widow in 1825, and she did not again bestow her hand, whatever she may in the intervening years have done with her heart, till 1838, when she married Charles Mathews, the son of the Mathews of whom we have previously written. Her bridegroom was considerably younger than herself, and was a member of the company who were then



MADAME VESTRIS.

under her direction at the Olympic. In their subsequent managements of Covent Garden and the Lyceum, Madame Vestris (as she always continued to be called) and her inimitable Charles, at whom so many of us have laughed in later years, did a great deal to bring the representation of comedy, both as regards the treatment of the characters and the accuracy and luxury of the stage appointments, into fuller agreement with nature,

and the conditions of ordinary life. In this respect they were the precursors of the Bancrofts, at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, in Tottenham Court Road, and at the Haymarket. Madame Vestris, besides being a consummate comedian, was an



MARGARET WOFFINGTON.

admirable actress in burlesque. She made her last appearance in a piece called "Sunshine through the clouds," in July, 1854. Two years afterwards she died, after long and severe suffering, the cruel and incongruous fate, so often, of those who have ministered to the gaiety of the world, at Gore Lodge, Fulham.

MARGARET WOFFINGTON,

1720—1760.

WE have decided to leave our artist in full possession of the field, and not to attempt a verbal sketch of Peg Woffington. For one reason, if we began to write anything at all, we should wish to write so much, and, for another, Charles Reade has limned her times, and idealised her life and character, in his beautiful and easily accessible novel bearing her name. Suffice it to say that Mrs. Woffington was gay, clever, witty; a most accomplished actress, and—a regular ratepayer to the Parish of St. Anne. But in spite of all these many virtues, she needed Charles Reade's romantic idealisation. She is buried at Teddington, where she endowed several almshouses.

NOTE BY THE WRITER OF "ACTORS AND ACTRESSES."

THE first instalment of "Men and Women of Soho" is now complete. With the exception of the article signed by Mr. John Hollingshead, it is the work of one penman, and is his contribution to what promises to be a task of some magnitude. He has little trust in the educative and moral power of the much vaunted and widely extended and frequented modern theatre, and still less belief in its influence for good upon the ideals and characters of those for whom it is a way of fame or livelihood. But he has striven to be just and charitable to those whose careers he has been called upon, either in whole or in part, to portray. He has certainly not pressed too hardly upon faults or frailties he has found, and he has always endeavoured to place in the foreground aught that has come before him that is generous, high-minded, and noble. He prefaced the series with some lines which spoke of the transitoriness of the actor's art. With other verses, by W. E. Henley, he may fittingly conclude. They are from "The Ballade of Dead Actors."

" Where are the braveries, fresh or frayed?
 The plumes, the armours—friend or foe?
 The cloth of gold, the rare brocade,
 The mantles glittering to and fro ?

The pomp, the pride, the royal show ?
The cries of war and festival ?
The youth, the grace, the charm, the glow ?
Into the night go one and all.

The curtain falls, the play is played :
The Beggar packs beside the Beau ;
The Monarch troops, and troops the Maid ;
The Thunder huddles with the Snow.
Where are the revellers, high and low ?
The clashing swords ? The lover's call ?
The dancers gleaming, row on row ?
Into the night go one and all."

AUTHORS AND AUTHORESSES.

WILLIAM BECKFORD,

1759—1844.

“THE inheritance of wealth,” someone has truly said, “destroys more greatness than it stimulates.” In spite of his many successes in literature, William Beckford, the author of “*Vathek*,” never did justice to the really remarkable gifts with which he had been endowed. If, instead of inheriting a hundred thousand a year and a million in cash, he had been born of poor, struggling parents, and had had to set to and earn his own bread, stern poverty might have made his name far more famous. As it was, jealously watched by his fond mother and surrounded by indulgent tutors, he grew up wilful, capricious, and extravagant. His father, who died when he was a child, was William Beckford, a notable London merchant, and twice Lord Mayor. The town residence, where he entertained in great magnificence, is now the House of Charity at the corner of Greek Street. William Beckford the younger was born at Fonthill in 1759. When he was but seventeen years of age, he wrote a “History of Extraordinary Painters,” in mockery of the “Lives of Flemish Painters,” describing many mythical paintings as the works of “Og, King of Basan.” He seems to have been exceedingly fond of travel. In 1780 and 1782 he visited the Low Countries and Italy, where he wrote a series of most delightful letters, under the title of “*Dreams, Waking Thoughts and Incidents*.” During this same year, he wrote “*Vathek*,” in French, which, according to his own account, was produced in a single sitting of three days and two nights, only stopping now and again for refreshment. He married next year Lady Margaret Gordon, and lived with her in Switzerland for three years, when she died. After this sad loss, he spent his time in travelling about from place to

place, collecting, no doubt, those curiosities and objects of art for which his home at Fonthill became so famous. Though he was a Member of Parliament for some years, he was never much of a politician, nor did he reside a great deal at his father's beautiful town house, which Miss Braddon describes in her well-known novel, "Mohawks." The latter part of his life Beckford spent in retirement. For twenty years he shut himself up with his doctor at Fonthill, amongst the rare and costly treasures



WILLIAM BECKFORD, 1759-1844.

which he had collected. During this time he saw next to nobody, and completely laid aside his clever and nimble pen of former years. Hazlitt describes Fonthill as "a desert of magnificence, a glittering waste of laborious idleness, a cathedral turned into a toy shop, an immense museum of all that is most curious and costly, and at the same time most worthless, in the production of art and nature." Later, he removed with all his costly paraphernalia to Lansdown Terrace, Bath, where he continued to collect as eagerly as before. Curiously enough, the present writer was speaking of Beckford the other day to a

former inhabitant of Bath, who said, “Ah, yes, I remember the name in connection with an ugly, useless tower on Lansdowne, called ‘Beckford’s Folly!’” Such is the irony of fate, that a man gifted far above the ordinary run of mankind, whose genius Byron commemorated in song, should now only be remembered by his useless “Folly.” He died in 1844 in his eighty-fifth year, and was buried beneath this self-same tower. How truly sings the old Poet of the Restoration :

“ Oft have I seen, as from a cataract cold,
Hearts froze to stone by Danae’s wave of gold :
Not earth’s gay gauds can dower men truly great ;
’Tis Soul lifts Sense beyond the storms of Fate.”

JAMES BOSWELL,

1740—1795.

GERRARD STREET (number unknown) plays a humorous, and yet almost a pathetic, part in the career of the man who wrote the best biography in the English tongue. “Eclipse is first,” as Macaulay says in his otherwise most ungenerous and one-sided essay on Boswell, and his Life of Johnson, “and the rest nowhere.” A year of London Town, when he was about twenty, ruined the young Scotch Laird, eldest son of Lord Auchinleck, for a provincial destiny. In his remote Scotch seclusion he was always longing for the multitudinous metropolitan din, in which we seem to hear (the metaphor has been invented since Boswell’s day, but he would have appreciated it) “the roar of the Loom of Time.” Before he was married, Boswell found it less difficult to come to London, and to dance attendance upon his lexicographical Idol, and to cultivate the acquaintance of any men or women of distinction who would admit his advances ; but after he had tied himself up fast in the bonds of matrimony with his cousin, Miss Peggy Montgomerie, partly, it would seem, out of pique at having been rejected by several other young ladies who were not prepossessed with his conceited manners and rather ugly visage, his straitened means and his dependence upon his father for a large portion of his income, kept him pining and eating his heart out in the Highlands which he hated, when

he would far rather have been drinking tea with Tom Davies, the bookseller, in Covent Garden, sitting in the pit of Drury Lane in his new periwig, or ruffling it with the best in the purlieus of Soho. Lord Auchinleck was so averse from coming to his son's imprudent marriage (though Mrs. James Boswell, a sensible and amiable girl, turned out to be one of the best friends



JAMES BOSWELL, 1740-1795.

that her improvident and erratic spouse ever had) that he unexpectedly took unto himself a second wife on the very same day, and this sudden and capricious act made a great change for the worse in our poor "Bozzy's" worldly prospects. His stepmother, he frankly tells us, he never could abide, but he is honest enough to add that he could not accuse her of any "capital defect," which is perhaps about as much as most stepsons can be expected to say of their stepmothers. Mrs. Boswell, *née* Mont-

gomerie, could not sympathise, as all students of the former's "Life" will remember, with the marvellous fascination which the uncouth and dictatorial Doctor exercised over her husband. She had heard, she said, of a bear being led about by a man, but never before of a man being led about by a bear. As family expenses increased, and as the exertions of her bread-winner at the Scotch Bar, where his father was a judge, were not sufficiently strenuous or successful to bring much grist to the mill, it is hardly surprising that she raised objections to these wanderings to London, upon the score of expense. A journey which took a week cannot be supposed to have been accomplished at the rate of a modern third-class fare, though that, indeed, as a glance at an A B C Time Table will show us, is no inconsiderable item.

Some of the unfortunate exile's subterfuges and excuses to attain his cherished object, are decidedly amusing. We do not in the least doubt that in his many-sided and ill-balanced character, so acute and wise in some respects, so frivolous and irregular in others, a character which seems to have belonged to a man who was a sort of cross between a Shakespeare and one of the most foolish of Shakespeare's fools—there was a genuine strain of real religion. At the same time, when we think of his usual avocations in Gerrard Street (or "Gerard" Street as it used to be spelt), and the vicinity, we can hardly help smiling as we read his letter to Dr. Johnson in 1774, consulting his friend as to whether he should make his annual expedition, and alleging as a reason the "peculiar satisfaction" he experienced in celebrating the festival of Easter at St. Paul's! It appears to him "like going up to Jerusalem for the Passover, and the strong devotion he felt on such occasions influenced him for the rest of the year." "Fantastic" as this pious protest rightly seemed to Johnson, as he says in his letter in reply, and rather ridiculous, as we must ourselves think it, we question if one who has truly studied Boswell's peculiar temperament, would venture to pronounce it to be the language of a mere charlatan and hypocrite.

The project of this particular expedition was also cruelly drenched with cold water by the angry Lord Auchinleck, who could have no patience with his son's desire to waste so much of his own time, and his father's money. However, the pertinacious

Boswell, as usual, got his own way, and repaired to his beloved Gerrard Street. On one occasion at least he distinctly mentions the locality in a letter. He had been vastly flattered by an invitation to use the house of his distinguished friend, General Paoli, where he "had the command of his coach." "My lodgings in Gerrard Street were taken by a gentleman for longer than I could stay, so it was obliging my landlord to quit them, and all cards and messages of every kind were taken in there for me." We are not told how much time during this jaunt our lively friend spent in St. Paul's Cathedral, or whether he "went up" to his Passover, in General Paoli's borrowed coach.

During another visit to London, he asked Dr. Johnson to dine with him at the "Mitre," but the Sage, for some occult reason, "had resolved not to dine at all that day, and I was so unwilling to be deprived of his company that I was content to suffer a want which was at first somewhat painful; but he soon made me forget it, and a man is always pleased with himself when he finds his intellectual inclinations predominate." It is certainly a test of friendship to go without one's dinner, to gratify the whims of an old gentleman who preferred to be without any. But Johnson, with all his "gorings" of his fussy, inquisitive, and occasionally very irritating little follower, seems to have been genuinely attached to him; and certainly approved himself a staunch companion and salutary mentor. It was entirely through the Doctor's great popularity and influence that Boswell ever got elected a member of the celebrated "Literary Club," the weekly meetings of which are supposed to have been held (though the locality is not actually certain) at what is now the Westminster Dispensary, 9 Gerrard Street. There were several persons, as Johnson frankly told the candidate, who wanted to keep him out of the Club; Burke doubted "if he were fit for it;" yet when he was once in, his patron assured him none were sorry. It was something to acquire the privilege of meeting men like David Garrick and Oliver Goldsmith one evening in every week, and we are disposed to envy the happily elected Boswell.

The last time that the "Eclipse" among biographers, and the great and admirable man whom his volume has made im-

mortal, ever met, was at a "friendly confidential" dinner at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds in Leicester Square. No other company were present. "Had I known," says our chronicler, "that this was the last time that I should enjoy, in this world, the conversation of a friend whom I so much respected, and from whom I derived so much instruction and entertainment, I should have been deeply affected. When I now look back to it, I am vexed that a single word should have been forgotten." Boswell's affectionate, if somewhat shallow and volatile, nature must have felt afterwards the pathos of that farewell; an unconscious one; for neither of the two friends knew, though the ailing and failing Doctor may have suspected, that they were destined never to meet on earth again. More than once, indeed, they exchanged letters before the end, and, to an epistle of Boswell's charged with querulous murmurings about his own, largely imaginary, misfortunes, Johnson returned this noble counsel: "My dear friend, life is very short and uncertain; let us spend it as well as we can write to me often, *and write like a man.*"

Five years after the passing of Johnson, his henchman (whose love of the bottle—especially of "old hock," his particular weakness—had unfortunately much increased) was again disporting himself in London, when news reached him that his excellent wife was at the point of death. Hers had been a sharp tongue, but her husband must have been more than enough to aggravate most women. To do him justice, he seems to have been kind to her according to his own very curious lights. He had kept a commonplace book in which he recorded her witty sayings: e.g., when he once remarked that an old scarecrow of a horse was an animal of good blood, "He had need to be," replied Mrs. Boswell, "for he has mighty little flesh." Smitten with remorse at the intelligence of his wife's dangerous state, the repentant Boswell, with his two sons, actually made the journey to Scotland in sixty-four and a half hours. He was four days too late. Selfishness, in this world, generally *is* too late.

Boswell has another connection with Soho, a connection not generally known. One of his sons was at the Soho Square Academy, and the father was much perplexed as to what to do with this lad after the mother's death. Let him speak for him-

self. " My second son is an extraordinary boy ; he is much of his father (vanity of vanities). He is still in the house with me ; indeed, he is quite my companion, though only eleven in September. He goes in the day to the Academy in Soho Square, kept by the Rev. Dr. Barrow, formerly of Queen's, Oxford, a coarse north-countryman, but a very good scholar ; and there my boy is very well taught. After the holidays, I am to take resolution and board my little James *somewhere*, for while under my roof he passes his time chiefly with my old housekeeper and my footman. What shall I do ? Soho is a competently good place, there are few boys there but of an inferior rank ; in justice to a good master, should I remove my son ? " One hundred and nine years later, Soho is still a " competently good place," but we are acquainted with a boy considerably less than eleven years of age, and born of genteel parents, who has spent his life in the Square within a short stone's throw of the site of the Soho Academy, and who has contracted a cockney—or something—accent of the vilest description. Let us hope that young Master Boswell and his aristocratic schoolfellows were more fortunate, or his punc-tilious father would have been certainly well advised in his removal.

Poor Boswell, whose many self-indulgences hastened his demise, only survived Johnson eleven years. During this time he completed and published a work which will last as long as the language in which it was written. He was a man of many faults, but possessed (like most of us) a few stray virtues. " Endeavour, Sir, to be as perfect as you can in every respect," his truly Christian Guide, Philosopher, and Friend had said to him during their last solemn interview. Had this clever, and not quite ignoble, creature of impulse, been able to follow this excellent advice, Posterity would have given him the reward he would have loved best ; for he would have had a larger share in his great Patron's honoured memory, and imperishable name.

HESTER CHAPONE,

1727—1801.

THIS talented, if rather didactic, lady, celebrated principally for her letters to young ladies on " The Improvement of the Mind,"

is variously stated to have lived at 17 Carlisle Street, or at "7 or 8" Dean Street. She was originally a Miss Mulso. Her mother is described as a beautiful woman, but seems to have been prouder of her advantages of mind than person, for when the precocious Hester composed and published a tale called "The Loves of Amoret and Melissa," Mrs. Mulso was jealous of her daughter's literary reputation, and dissuaded her offspring (perhaps in a practical manner) from further literary efforts. Upon this contemptible or eccentric parent's demise, the little Hester became an excellent housekeeper to her father, devoting such time to Latin, French, Italian, and Music as she could spare from her domestic avocations. Her love for literature steadily grew and matured. When she was still quite young, the famous Dr. Johnson paid her the high compliment of inserting four of her contributions in his "Rambler." After this encouragement, it was rather ungrateful of the pampered Bluestocking to speak very disparagingly in print of her Patron's "Rasselas," though we are disposed to believe that a good many older critics have since agreed with her low estimate of this vastly lauded story. With Samuel Richardson, the eminent novelist and bookseller, Mrs. Chapone (she married an attorney, who died within ten months of their wedding) was always upon pleasant and intimate terms. She signs her letters to him, "your ever obliged and affectionate child." In a picture of Richardson reading his "Sir Charles Grandison" to friends in his grotto at North End, Hammersmith, Hester Mulso is the central figure. We speak without accurate knowledge, but we are of opinion that the print which appears here, has been reproduced from the "Richardson" painting.

Of all Mrs. Chapone's claims to an honourable notoriety, the one which we are most disposed to envy her, is the long letter which is quoted in full in Boswell's Life, as having been addressed to her by Dr. Johnson. Those who remember Boswell's famous account of his introduction to his Hero in the back shop of Mr. Davies, the bookseller, in Covent Garden, will remember that almost the first words he heard Johnson utter were a reproach against Garrick because he had not obliged him with an order for the play for Miss Williams. This indigent female to whom,

together with a cat and other dependents, the kind-hearted Doctor gave food and house-room, was once present with him at a party where Mrs. Chapone was also a guest. She tells us that Johnson behaved to the poor afflicted lady (who was blind, or nearly so) "with all the loving care of a fond father to his daughter."



HESTER CHAPONE, 1727-1801.

Mrs. Chapone strikes us as being interesting, first, on account of the people she lived amongst; next, through her own personality; and thirdly, and less especially, from those letters of hers which had so vast a vogue among the young gentlewomen of her era. They were originally written for a dearly-loved niece; but speedily obtained a wide general circulation. We will quote an extract from the Letter on "The Government of the Temper." The sentiments and style are fair specimens of the whole work :

" May you, my dear, be wise enough to see that every faculty of entertainment, every engaging qualification which you possess, is exerted to the best advantage for those whose love is of more importance to you!—for those who

live under the same roof, and with whom you are connected for life, either by the ties of blood, or by the still more sacred obligations of a voluntary engagement. To make you the delight and darling of your family, something more is required than barely to be exempt from illtemper and troublesome humours; the sincere and genuine smiles of complacency and love must adorn your countenance: that ready compliance, that alertness to assist and oblige, which demonstrates true affection must animate your behaviour, and endear your most common acquaintance; politeness must accompany your greatest familiarities, and restrain you from everything that is really offensive, or which can give a moment's unnecessary pain; conversation, which is so apt to grow dull and insipid in families, nay, in some to be almost laid aside wholly, must be cultivated with the frankness and openness of friendship, and by the mutual communication of whatever may conduce to the improvement or innocent entertainment of each other."

It is difficult to imagine that this salutary and staid advice was given by one whom Richardson delighted to call his "little spitfire."

In later years, when Mrs. Chapone, then a widow, was staying with her uncle, the Bishop of Winchester, at Farnham Castle, the Queen, who had come on a visit, introduced the Princess Royal to the fortunate authoress, saying that she hoped her daughter had adequately profited by her juvenile perusal of the edifying Letters. Complimented by her Queen, a protégée of the author of "Clarissa Harlowe," and enshrined in the finest biography in the English language, Mrs. Chapone, useful as her literary work, no doubt, was in its generation, certainly got all the credit she deserved.

JOSEPH CRADOCK,

1742—1826.

So great was the prejudice against inoculation among the Leicester mob when Joseph Cradock was a child, that his father's insistence on this precaution caused a sort of riot, and the surgeon's fee was one hundred pounds, enough to make a modern Public Vaccinator's mouth water. The object of this parental solicitude went in due course to school and to Cambridge, but the attractions of the stage and of London society proved so strong for him that he left the University without taking his degree. Cradock was cultivated, but volatile. He gives one the impression of having been one of those agreeable

fritterers who present a pleasant combination of the actor, the dramatist, the man of letters, and the poet, not a very first-class specimen of either variety. He married when he was twenty-three, and took a house in the fashionable quarter of Dean Street. Here he diverted himself by play-going to his heart's content, and aspired to the reputation of a critic and a wit. At a country house which he set up at Gumley, he produced private theatricals on a very elaborate scale, and, on one occasion, his



JOSEPH CRADOCK, 1742-1826.

friend Garrick (whom he is said to have curiously resembled) offered to play *Ghost* to his *Hamlet*. At his native town of Leicester, an ode of his composition was once performed. The words were set to music by Boyce, whose name is familiar to us in the anthems of St. Anne's.

The most really dramatic episode in his life seems to have been the smashing of his windows in Dean Street by a crowd who were the adherents of John Wilkes. It was this Wilkes who was so heartily detested by Dr. Johnson, but whom Boswell

craftily arranged that the sage should meet at dinner, and the demagogue overcame for the moment the Doctor's prejudices by helping him, with much ceremony and attention, to the tit-bits of the joint and pie. Joseph Cradock, in his *Literary Memoirs*, speaks feelingly about this window-smashing incident. After saying that "my house in Dean Street was by far too good for me," he goes on, "Being absent from London, and a great mob requiring every house to be illuminated for Wilkes's birthday, mine suffered most severely. The street was then paving, and on my arrival I found large stones in my drawing-room upstairs on the carpet. The damage was estimated at several hundred pounds." This Dean Street house was soon afterwards disposed of to a new Bishop of St. Asaph. By way of reprisal for his riddled windows and soiled drawing-room carpet, Mr. Cradock published what seems to have been rather a smart pamphlet, called "The Life of John Wilkes, Esq., in the Manner of Plutarch."

The extravagancies of his country house eventually plunged him into money difficulties, and he was obliged to sell his estate and library, and to come to London to retrench. His diet, alike in the days of his affluence and penury, appears to have been scanty and somewhat eccentric, for he is said to have subsisted mainly upon small quantities of chopped turnips and roasted apples, a truly delicious mixture. His only stimulant was coffee, and he seems to have been as much in favour of bleeding as his father was of inoculation, for we read that he was sometimes "cupped" thrice a day. Neither loss of blood, however, nor deprivation of alcohol, nor banquets of turnip and apple mash, can have been instrumental in shortening the days of Joseph Cradock, Esq., F.S.A., for when he died, at his house in the Strand, he was eighty-four years of age.

MRS. DELANY,
1700—1788.

WHEN the pretty and clever Mary Granville, aged seventeen, was bullied by her uncle, Lord Lansdowne, into marrying Alexander Pendarves—sulky, snuffy, sottish, and sixty—she

made a mistake, the effects of which lasted till her husband's decease in 1724, and for which the attractions of his "swinging great estate" (the term is Fielding's, and smacks somehow of the period) must have failed to render due compensation. An amiable young gentleman called Twyford had already made timid advances to the fair Mary, but her noble relative went so far as to assure this suitor that if he continued to prosecute his addresses, he should be under the unpleasant necessity of having him dragged through the family horse pond. Alexander accordingly conquered: and the ill-mated pair went to live in Soho, in what is now Manette Street. In those days it was known as Rose Street, Hog Lane. The street would seem to have been a suitable residence for the wife, and the lane for the husband. Pendarves was a great lover of his bottle, and it is noted as a tribute to his comparative respect for his young wife, that he really kept tolerably sober for two years after his marriage. The day before he died, he was, curiously, dissuaded by his dutiful Mary from signing his will, and so his widow was left with nothing but her jointure after all.

For nineteen years Mrs. Pendarves resisted all offers to again change her state, but she eventually succumbed to the fascinations of an elderly Irish Divine, a certain Patrick Delany, himself a widower, and one of the best friends of Dean Swift. In spite of certain eccentricities and irritabilities, this Reverend Patrick appears to have been by no means a bad sort of fellow, and with him the vivacious relict of Alexander the Snuffy spent a happy quarter of a century; *post tot naufragia, tutu.* One anecdote about Delany, who is chiefly known by his intimacy with Swift, and some sermons which he published on the iniquity of duelling, and other important social subjects, always strikes us as amusing. He was extremely desirous to preach before George II., and for that purpose intrigued successfully to get a turn on a spare fifth Sunday in the month, a date which was not set down for one of the Royal Chaplains. The King and Queen sat apart (like creatures of a higher order), in a secluded pew termed the "Royal Closet," and there was an invariable custom, of which the ambitious Delany does not seem to have been aware, of handing the Text to their Majesties, written by the

preacher on a slip of paper, some time before the beginning of the sermon. When Delany entered the Chapel he did not know where to sit, and so crowded up next to the Reader in his Desk. As the Prayers were drawing to their conclusion, the "Vesturer" of the Chapel, a species of Georgian Spindelow, who had with difficulty found out where the Preacher was, pulled the kneeling Patrick by the sleeve of his silk gown, and said, in an audible whisper, "I have got no text!" "I have a text!" retorted Delany. The misunderstanding still went on, and, on being further disturbed in his devotions, the peppery Irishman so far forgot himself as to launch out an oblique kick at the unoffending and well-meaning Vesturer. When he at last discovered the true state of the case, the hand of Patrick trembled so much that he could not set down the Text he ought to have brought with him, nor at such short notice could any proper paper be procured. His self-possessed and accomplished spouse came, as usual, to his assistance, and the lady who had not quailed before Pendarves in his cups, wrote the Text in a fair hand on the back of an old letter, and it was duly handed up to George II. and his Queen. History does not record whether Delany gave the Vesturer a substantial tip as a set off against the unmerited kick, or whether the Discourse, eventually delivered, dealt with the "Duty of Keeping one's Temper under Difficulties."

After her second husband's death, Mrs. Delany crept into favour with Royalty, and coquetted with a good many of the Muses. As Mr. Leslie Stephen well remarks, a "little learning," at that period, "went a long way in a woman," and we have no reason to think very highly of her literary pretensions. The Miss Burney (afterwards Madame D'Arblay), who wrote "Evelina," and who was a member of Mrs. Delany's coterie, was no doubt a girl of great and genuine ability; but, in our opinion, if Mrs. Hester Chapone, Mrs. Delany, and other sworn friends of that ilk and epoch had lived nowadays, they would have been, at best, but agreeable writers in the various Harmsworth publications. Distance, and almost universal feminine ignorance, lend so much enchantment to a literary view. Horace Walpole, however, speaks of Mrs. Delany with respect. George III. (apparently before he went out of his mind) called her his

“dearest Mrs. Delany,” and gave her a house at Windsor, and three hundred a year on which to keep it up. Here the royal family used to visit her, sometimes as often as twice a day.

During the ten years from 1774 to 1784, Mrs. Delany, who had previously shown much ability as a painter, developed an extraordinary ability for imitating flowers, in a black background, with cut paper of various colours, which she occasionally dyed to suit her artistic needs. In a decade she executed nearly a thousand specimens of this unique floral mosaic, some of which are said to have possessed extraordinary merit. Her eyesight at length gave out, and the indefatigable old woman, at the hoar age of eighty, took to writing poetry, which “at least evinced a pious disposition.” We are not aware that any of these later lucubrations survive, and, probably, it is as well; we think we should have liked her better as “sweet seventeen,” and as pretty, clever Mary Granville, while the amiable Twyford was still to the fore, and when her uncle had not yet sold her to Alexander, the Snuffer, the Sulker, and the Sot.

EDWARD EDWARDS,
1738—1806.

NOBILITY of mind rather than comeliness of body was the characteristic of this estimable and talented painter, etcher, designer, versifier, violin player, historian, and professor of perspective at the Royal Academy. Weakly from his birth, and with permanently distorted limbs, it was well for Edwards that the greatness of his soul was able to afford compensations for the meagreness and narrowness of the frame wherein it was enshrined.

Till he was eighteen years of age, the future Academician worked with an upholsterer named Hallet, at the corner of St. Martin’s Lane, and drew patterns for the furniture. About four years later his father died, and Edwards honourably charged himself with the care and maintenance of his mother and sister, who were left dependent upon his exertions. Towards this dutiful end, he took lodgings in Compton Street, and opened an evening school for the instruction of those who wished to learn drawing. The drudgery of this routine task-work did not blunt

his talent, or quench his ambition ; he composed and painted steadily. After several smaller successes at the Royal Society of Arts, he was so fortunate as to get his first picture into the Academy in 1771, when he was only thirty-three. The subject of this painting was "The Angel appearing to Hagar and Ishmael in the wilderness." From this date Edwards was a constant exhibitor as long as he lived. A list of his principal pictures is furnished by the Dictionary of National Biography. He is responsible for "Anecdotes of Famous Painters," and this easy style of historical writing gives, here and there, a vivid and faithful representation of the artistic times in which he flourished. Men of wealth and discrimination seem to have sought him out, to bring his art and taste to bear upon the decoration of their homes. He was employed at Bath upon one of Thornhill's ceilings, and he did a good deal of work for Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill. With this powerful patron he unluckily quarrelled, but his Professorship of Perspective at the Royal Academy, doubtless, proved a good social and financial stand-by for him in later life. His etchings are beautiful, and in 1792 he published a set as many in number as the days of the year. His mother died in the first year of the new century, but he laboured for his sister till his death.

How much pleasanter it is to write (and perhaps to read) a brief record of a gifted, self-denying, and hard-working man such as Edwards, than of an apparently unpractical rattlepate such as Ignatius Geohagan, who follows next in our catalogue.

IGNATIUS GEOHAGAN,

1711—1797.

WE must not omit this estimable and vivacious gentleman, an inhabitant of Soho Square, from the List submitted to us, though we have not succeeded in discovering exactly for what he was famous. As his name implies, he was an Irishman, but he was educated partly in Paris. On the death of his elder brother, and his succession to the paternal estate, he gave up his prosaic

position as a merchant in Dublin, and soon gravitated, like so many latter-day sons of his "most distrestful country," to England. For some years after his marriage, he seems to have lived not far from Charles Dickens's later house at Gad's Hill, in Kent; but he subsequently came up to London. In London he remained till his death, either in Soho Square, or at a house in Hampstead, where he died in his eighty-seventh year.

It is difficult to discern, from the stilted language of what is obviously meant to be a eulogy, in a number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* published shortly after his death, what manner of man Ignatius Geohagan was. So much that is said about him would apply so well to so many modern folks of our acquaintance. He was quick to take offence, but was so susceptible to attentions that it was easier to get into his good books again than to fall out of them. He was a great play-goer, and was accounted a capable dramatic critic, as well as an amusing anecdotist. "Raillery and ridicule were his peculiar forte. By a word, a gesture, or a look, he rendered whatever he chose ridiculous. Too volatile for patient research, he had not penetrated far into the depths of science, but his reading, though desultory, was various and extensive. His conversation was as irregular as his reading, and his transitions from one topic to another were so frequent and so sudden as sometimes to bewilder his hearers, but the strokes of pleasantry which he incessantly introduced made ample amends for want of connexion." We have quoted enough of this affected panegyric to shew that Geohagan was much like many another smart and cultivated Irishman, and if he had not lived in Soho Square, we think he would have had few claims to literary immortality.

In Creed he was a Roman Catholic, and is buried at St. Pancras, where the famous and beloved Rector of St. Patrick's, Father O'Leary, together with so many of his flock, have been also laid to their last earthly rest.

WILLIAM HAZLITT,

1778—1830.

THESE pages happen to be written on a Bank Holiday. If we owe William Hazlitt no deeper debt of gratitude, the perusal of his Essays has at least charmed away for us a good many dull hours of one of the most intolerable days of our London year.



WILLIAM HAZLITT.

And the imagination, wit, good sense, and sympathy, which have lifted us out of sordid Soho surroundings on a Whit Monday, nearly seventy years after the fervid heart and busy brain of the Essayist were laid to rest, after life's fitful fever, in St. Anne's Churchyard, make us feel disposed to ask whether it is not a pity to attempt to record the life of a man whose work was so much more noble than his character.

You read an exquisite bit of writing, such as the famous passage in "First acquaintance with Poets," in which Hazlitt describes how he once heard Coleridge (in early years a Unitarian Minister) preach. This experience was in 1798. "The organ was playing the 100th Psalm, and when it was done Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text. 'And He went up into the mountain to pray, HIMSELF, ALONE.' As he gave out this text, his voice 'rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,' and when he came to the last two words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The preacher then launched into his subject like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was upon peace and war; upon Church and State—not their alliance, but their separation; on the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity—not as the same, but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had 'inscribed the Cross of Christ on banners dripping with human gore.' He made a poetic and pastoral excursion, and to show the fatal effects of war, drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd boy, driving his team afield, or sitting under the hawthorn piping to his flock, 'as though he should never be old,' and the same poor country lad, crimped, kidnapped, brought into town, made drunk at an alehouse, turned into a wretched drummer-boy, with his hair sticking on end with powder and pomatum, a long cue at his back, and tricked out in the loathsome finery of the profession of blood :

"Such were the notes our once loved poet sung."

You read an extract such as we have quoted, and it is but a sample of scores of other passages of equal or greater beauty scattered up and down through the Essays, and you are inclined to curse the candour of the Biographer who is compelled to tell you that Hazlitt was far from irreproachable in his marriage relations, that he got drunk to drown his disappointment on Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo, that his temperament was so wayward, jealous, and supra-sensitive as to alienate his best friends, and to induce him to suspect, if his servants neglected him, that they had been prejudiced against him by reading ad-

verse reviews of his books. His Essays are a better monument to his memory than the sickly sentiment and tawdry rhetoric of the portentously long inscription on the slab in the Churchyard of St. Anne's.

How beautiful are these two or three lines from the Essay "Of Persons one would wish to have seen." It is supposed to be a record of a conversation, either real or imaginary, between Hazlitt, Lamb, and other literary men and women, as to those of the Departed whom they would most desire to meet again. The disputants have exhausted their other suggestions. "There is only one other Person I can ever think of after this," Charles Lamb is made to say, just as the dawn is breaking, (but without mentioning a Name that once put on a semblance of mortality). "If Shakespeare was to come into the room, we should all rise up to meet him; but if That Person was to come into it, we should all fall down and try to kiss the hem of His garment."

Hazlitt was the best dramatic critic of his period, and his "View of the English Stage" was of much service to us in our earlier series of articles on "Actors and Actresses." He was present on the memorable evening which we have previously described, when that superb, but hitherto despised, genius, Edmund Kean, in the teeth of the bitterest discouragement, played "the Jew that Shakespeare drew" in a three-quarters empty Drury Lane, with fifty people—and William Hazlitt—in the pit. It must have been a glorious experience to have assisted at that night of merited enthusiasm, that celebration of a long-deferred triumph. We can look leniently on some of Hazlitt's frailties, when we remember how, in next day's *Morning Chronicle*, his potent critical verdict set the seal on the future fame of Edmund Kean. "For voice, eye, action, and expression, no actor has come out for many years equal to him." We are disposed to envy the opportunity of the great critic on that occasion almost as much as we do the chance of the great actor. It is well to be

"Some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken."

Hazlitt does not often gush, but his description of his youthful impressions as to the personality and acting of Mrs. Siddons has a grandioseness well in keeping with the majestic object of

his high-wrought eulogy. "I was stunned and torpid after seeing her in any of her great parts. I was uneasy and hardly myself; but I felt (more than ever) that human life was something very far from being indifferent, and I seemed to have got a key to unlock the springs of joy and sorrow in the human heart. . . . I was in a trance, and my dreams were of mighty empires fallen, of vast burning zones, of waning time, of Persian thrones and them that sat on them, of sovereign beauty, and of victors vanquished by love. Death and Life played their pageant before me. . . . She was tragedy personified. She was the stateliest ornament of the public mind. She was not only the idol of the people, she not only hushed the tumultuous shouts of the pit in breathless expectation, and quenched the blaze of surrounding beauty in silent tears, but to the retired and lonely student, through long years of solitude, her face has shone as if an eye had appeared from heaven; her name has been as if a voice had opened the chambers of the human heart, or as if a trumpet had awakened the sleeping and the dead. To have seen Mrs. Siddons was an event in everyone's life." As we transcribe this glowing tribute, just at the hour when the London theatres are about to close on Bank Holiday evening, we cannot help wondering whether these grand emotions, or emotions like them, have been aroused in any British breast, however susceptible, by the acting of (say) Miss Ellen Terry, in "*Robespierre*," or of Miss Winifred Emery, in "*The Manœuvres of Jane*?"

Hazlitt was a most gifted painter, and if he had not preferred to lay aside the brush for the pen, which he loved even better, it is believed he might have attained considerable eminence as an artist. The last picture which he executed, one of his friend Charles Lamb, in fancy dress, is to be seen in the National Portrait Gallery. With this ancillary faculty, it is not surprising that he excels in descriptions of natural scenery, that the words of his vocabulary serve him almost as well as the pigments of his colour box. He rejoiced in Country as well as in Town. He was fond of living and writing in a lonely cottage on the old coaching road, by the borders of Salisbury Plain. When he took a wayside ramble, he preferred to have no companion but Nature, and he has left it as his opinion that the only subject worthy of

discussion on a rural journey is what you are going to have for supper when you arrive at your inn at nightfall. Whether this repast be "eggs and a rasher, a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal cutlet," he tells us he likes to wash it down with "whole goblets of tea." It is much to his credit that he seems to have confined himself, for the rest of his life, to this beverage, to the exclusion of stronger liquors, after the unfortunate Waterloo experience. In fact, he became quite Johnsonian in his capacity for strong black tea. It was therefore too bad of his enemies, or "half friends" (two of whom, he said, would not make a whole one) to go on calling him "Pimpled Hazlitt," after this permanent proof of reformation. One can hardly wonder, by the way, at his only possessing "half-friends," when it used to be objected that the hand he extended was as cold and flabby as the fin of a fish. It was suggested that a fish slice should be applied to this proffered hand as a protest, but nobody ever appears to have ventured on the rash experiment.

And yet this impulsive and erratic man of talent had friends. He could win and preserve the affection of a gentle and amiable character like Charles Lamb, a student of human nature who could make allowance for his curious failings. "I should belie my own conscience," wrote Lamb to a third person, on one occasion when his brother Essayist had (as usual) quarrelled with him, "if I said less than that I think William Hazlitt to be, in his natural and healthy state, one of the finest and wisest spirits breathing." *That* is a testimonial worth having, better than hecatombs of the high-falutin of the St. Anne's epitaph.

Largely through his own irregularities, into which we prefer not to enter, poor Hazlitt's later years were solitary, embittered, and depressed. He was beset, besides, by money difficulties, and though he had exchanged Salisbury Plain for Frith Street, he perhaps felt that, when the heart is sore, there is no solitude so intense as that of a great city. In Frith Street, William Hazlitt died. His last words were, "Well, I've had a happy life!" The *Essay* from which we quoted the description of Coleridge's preaching, contains these sentences: "I have loitered my life away, reading books, looking at pictures, going to plays, hearing, thinking, writing on what pleased me best. I have

wanted only one thing to make me happy ; but, wanting that, have wanted everything ! ” The writer seems to imply that he never found any real partner of his joys and sorrows. He certainly made more than one attempt.

DAVID HUME,

1711—1776.

A STUDENT of middle age remarked in the hearing of the present chronicler the other day that, when he was a boy, he found himself so fascinated by the volumes of Hume’s History of England that he devoured them as though they had been works of the most absorbing fiction, and was disinclined to raise his eyes from the printed page. Hume wrote a century before the glittering periods of Macaulay, and to Hume may be awarded the credit of having been the first to endeavour to make the history of our country interesting as well as instructive. It is true that it is by his philosophical writings that the historian achieved, at any rate as far as posterity is concerned, his widest and most enduring fame, and his has been called the acutest mind of the eighteenth century. But with his philosophy we are not much concerned. Dissatisfied with the immediate results as regards fortune and distinction, he abandoned it before he came to live in Lisle Street (as he did for a few years about the very middle of last century), and applied himself to the composing and polishing of the history which was the lucrative pursuit of his later years. In his early foreign travels he heard some Jesuits disputing about miracles, and he then advanced his well-known proposition, which contained, in germ, so much of his later attacks against Revealed Religion, that “ It is more probable that the witnesses to a miracle should be dishonest or deceived, than that a miracle, being contrary to Nature, should actually have happened.”

For our present purpose, however, it is sufficient to think of David Hume, not as the most able sceptical writer of his epoch, and the literary progenitor of a multitude of considerably smaller fry, but as a graphic, if slightly superficial, historian, an accomplished man of letters, and as a vivacious, though somewhat portly, bachelor, of kindly disposition, and of high moral character. He began life with the world against him, for his father

died when he was an infant, and his mother, a remarkably handsome woman, her son tells us, (in which characteristic he certainly did not take after her), gave herself up entirely to the maintenance and education of her three children. Apparently, Mrs. Hume did not consider David's precocious abilities, as evinced in most stilted epistolary compositions when he was barely sixteen, of a sort that were likely to bring grist to the family mill. "Our Davie's a fine, good-natured crater," she is reported to have said, "but uncommon wake-minded."

The subject of this rather qualified maternal encomium was some time in discovering his true bent in life. He started to be a lawyer, and though he soon discovered that this was not his real vocation, he always retained an orderly and methodical habit of mind, and was able to state his case, whether philosophical or historical, with clearness and precision. Like Charles Dickens, a hundred years later, Hume was a conspicuous contradiction to the pestilent but popular heresy that a man of genius cannot be a good, sound man of business as well. Before he was five-and-twenty, or so, his weak and uncertain health was a great drawback, but he eventually developed an enormous appetite, and, instead of being spare and gaunt, acquired that comfortable plumpness for which he was always afterwards remarkable. "*Le gros David*," the grand ladies of Paris used to call him in his later maturity, when they used to court the company of the agreeable and fashionable English historian, in order to complete their parties.

Any country seems to have been preferred by him to England, and any city to London. It is doubtful if he considered even Lisle Street a terrestial Paradise. Though Hume was fully appreciative of the favours heaped upon him by the fair leaders of Society in the Capital of France, and was content that his "broad, unmeaning face" and rather ungainly figure should be represented at a *tableau vivant* between two young and lovely ladies, he was always content to withdraw to his native Edinburgh, where he lived for a long time in much quiet, domestic happiness with his unmarried sister. So great was his prejudice against Englishmen, that when he wrote, as he did without, apparently, the slightest tincture of jealousy, to congratulate

Gibbon upon the massive and magnificent success of his "Roman Empire," he expresses his surprise that so grand a work could have been accomplished by a man who owned England as his country. Lack of patriotism, and an undue longing for praise and speedy recognition of his work, as apart from its more enduring qualities, appear to have been the chief foibles in Hume's otherwise generous and admirably balanced character. In the



DAVID HUME.

light of later events, a remark that he makes about the Germans, during one of his travels through their country, is deserving of remembrance. "Germany is full," he writes, "of industrious, honest people, and, *were it united*, would form the greatest power that ever was in the world." Those words sound strangely prophetic of William the Conqueror—of Sedan, and his great Chancellor, the man of blood and iron.

After he had left Soho, and was finishing his life at Edinburgh, Hume is said to have been noticeable for his kindness to women and children, and he gives us, generally, the impression of possessing a very amiable disposition. A story is told concerning him at this period which sounds almost too amusing to be true, but which is too good not to tell. He was taking a solitary country walk, and had the misfortune to become entangled in a Scotch bog, in which, owing to his great weight and rotundity, he began rapidly to sink. When he had begun to despair of life, a market woman happened to pass, and to her the philosopher called lustily for help. Knowing Mr. Hume's anti-Kirk proclivities, the orthodox and implacable dame refused, it is asserted, to extricate him until he had consented to say, in an audible voice, the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer. She then hauled him out of the bog, and bade him (we must suppose) go to Church twice every sabbath for the future.

About a year before his death, David Hume was attacked by a dangerous but, it would seem, not agonizing internal complaint, to which his mother, on his resemblance to whom he always prided himself, had also succumbed. He submitted with philosophic calm to the inevitable, and sat down to write what he called "My own Life." So excellent is this, and it gives such a good idea of our historian's resignation and tranquillity, and is, besides, such a pleasant and representative example of the simplicity and lucidity of his style, that we need no apology for quoting the following fairly lengthy extract:

"I now reckon upon a speedy dissolution. I have suffered very little pain from my disorder; and what is more strange, have, notwithstanding the great decline of my person, never suffered a moment's abatement of spirits; insomuch that were I to name the period of my life which I should most choose to pass over again, I might be tempted to point to this later period. I possess the same ardour as ever in study and the same gaiety in company; I consider, besides, that a man of sixty-five, by dying, cuts off only a few years of infirmities; and though I see many symptoms of my literary reputation's breaking out at last with additional lustre, I know that I could have but few years to enjoy it. It is difficult to be more detached from life than I am at present.

"To conclude historically with my own character, I am, or rather was (for that is the style I must now use in speaking of myself, which emboldens me the more to speak my sentiments); I was, I say, a man of mild dispositions, of command of temper, of an open, social, and cheerful humour, capable of attachment, but little susceptible of enmity, and of great moderation in all my passions. Even my love of literary fame, my ruling passion, never soured my

temper, notwithstanding my frequent disappointments. My company was not unacceptable to the young and careless, as well as to the studious and literary; and as I took a particular pleasure in the company of modest women, I had no reason to be displeased with the reception I met with from them. In a word, though most men anywise eminent, have found reason to complain of calumny, I never was touched or even attacked by her baleful tooth; and though I wantonly exposed myself to the rage of both civil and religious factions, they seemed to be disarmed in my behalf of their wonted fury. My friends never had occasion to vindicate any one circumstance of my character and conduct; not but that the zealots, we may well suppose, would have been glad to invent and propagate any story to my disadvantage, but they could never find any which they thought would wear the face of probability. I cannot say there is no vanity in making this funeral oration of myself, but I hope it is not a misplaced one; and this is a matter of fact which is easily cleared and ascertained."

It is possible that Hume's faith may have been more of a reality than he would himself have been disposed to acknowledge or to believe. When he was in bitter grief at his mother's death, and a friend ventured to remind him how much his sorrow must be intensified by his resignation of the hopes of Christianity, the adversary of miracles is asserted to have answered, "Though I throw out my speculations to entertain the learned and metaphysical world, yet in other things I do not think so differently from the rest of the world as you imagine." This observation, if authentic, curiously reminds us of an expression certainly made use of by the late renowned Judge, Sir James Stephen, on his retirement from the Bench. Like his brother, Mr. Leslie Stephen (who writes the life of Hume in the Dictionary of National Biography, and who spells Anglican with a little "a," and Jesuit with a little "j," to shew his impartiality), Sir James was understood to be a pronounced Agnostic. But his last words to those numerous members of Bench and Bar who had assembled to bid the distinguished Judge "farewell," were, "God bless you all—and I mean more by that than perhaps you suppose." It may be that the splendid intelligence of David Hume "meant more," too.

THEODORE HOOK.

1788—1841.

BY MR. FRANK MANBY.

IN a quiet corner of Fulham Churchyard, under the shadow of the Church to which, in spite of all his faults and follies, he was always deeply attached, stand the modest head and foot stones which mark the resting place of, perhaps, England's greatest



THEODORE HOOK.

wit. A man whose brilliant talents, varied abilities, rich humour, literary success, and strangely eventful career, made his name ring, sometimes indeed for good, more often alas ! for ill, from one end of the land to the other, and far over the seas.

Theodore Edward Hook, wit, dramatist, novelist, journalist, and even poet, was born in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square,

London, on September 22, 1788, in the same year as Lord Byron, and Sir Robert Peel, with both of whom he was afterwards for a short period at school at Harrow. He was one of the most striking examples of heredity that modern biography affords, for in him were exhibited as he grew up, in an almost equally marked degree, the mental and physical characteristics of both his parents. His father, James Hook, an organist and musical composer of considerable eminence was a good-looking, easy-going, pleasure-loving Bohemian, possessed of a rich fund of natural and spontaneous humour, whose jokes and witty sayings bore a strong family resemblance to those which, later on helped to make Theodore so famous. His mother, a Miss Madden, was equally distinguished for beauty of person and of character, and for her literary ability. She was the author of a piece called the "Double Disguise," produced with great success at Drury Lane Theatre in 1774, the music being provided by her husband. By her Mr. Hook had two sons, James, and nearly eighteen years afterwards, Theodore. James who was sent to Westminster School, and then to Oxford and the Church, had the inestimable advantage of a mother's watchfulness and care, all through the years of youth and early manhood. Theodore unhappily was but a child when his mother's death left him in sole charge of a father singularly unfitted to have the care of such a precocious youngster. At about ten years of age he was sent to a middle-class school somewhere in the neighbourhood of Vauxhall, and at that time was described as being "a dull little boy, affording no promise of future distinction." From Vauxhall he passed through a succession of genteel *private academies*! one of them being in Soho, and eventually, at his own request, was sent to Harrow; too late, however, to do much good there, for his school life was neither happy nor successful. He was, in his own language, "idle and careless of his work, had no aptitude for languages, hated Greek, and literally shuddered at Hebrew." He fancied himself a genius, as indeed he was, and anything which could be done in a spurt with little or no trouble, he did splendidly, but he had neither patience, perseverance nor industry.

Immediately upon his arrival he appears to have been thrown

into close companionship with young Byron, but whether that early intimacy ever ripened into real schoolboy friendship is not known. If it did, it was a friendship not sufficiently warm or lasting to protect him from a wholly gratuitous sneer, in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," on the production of "Tekelhi," one of his most successful and popular plays.

"Gods! o'er those boards shall Folly rear her head
Where Garrick trod, and Kemble lives to tread?
On those shall Farce display Buffoonery's mask,
And Hook conceal his Heroes in a cask?"

This attack was promptly and amply avenged "by the severe, but just, criticisms which appeared in *John Bull* on certain of the noble bard's effusions and on the Satanic School of Poetry in general."

Being good-looking, witty, and full of fun, Theodore easily persuaded his father to keep him at home after his mother's death, and ere long his capacity for singing and song writing was turned to profitable account by the composer, who not only enjoyed his son's society with a keen relish, but eagerly availed himself of the opportunity of getting words written for his music at home. Soon the idea was suggested and immediately adopted, of utilizing his talents in the construction of a comic opera for the stage, and his maiden effort, entitled, "The Soldier's Return, or, What can Beauty do?" was produced at Drury Lane in 1805. The plot is said to have been slight and the incidents extravagant; but innumerable puns, good, bad, and indifferent, borrowed and original, the real fun and bustle of the piece carried it through triumphantly, and landed its youthful author, at one step, in the proud position of a successful dramatist. His share of the proceeds was £50, and thus at the age of 16, just when his elder brother was beginning the grave and steady career which was to terminate in the deanery of Worcester, Theodore Hook had the misfortune to be free of the theatre, the indulged companion of a light-hearted race of singers and players, and pet of the Green Room, where popular actors laughed at his jokes, and pretty actresses refused to accept their bouquets from any other hands than his.

At about this time, with the idea of preparing for the Bar, having previously been entered at St. Mary's Hall, he went into residence at Oxford, but whether this step was attributable to a whimsical freak of his own, or to the urgent remonstrances of his brother, is not very clear.

It is clear, however, that a young gentleman of his habit and free and easy disposition, unused to control of any kind, the companion of wits and "men about town," was little likely to submit long, even to the not very severe rules and restrictions of Alma Mater, and he left the University after two or perhaps three terms, without, however, having involved himself in any scrape more serious than risk of expulsion at the very outset, through an excess of complaisance which, at matriculation, induced him to volunteer his signature not to the 39 Articles only, but to 40, or even more, if the Vice-Chancellor wished it. He was very little impressed with the solemnity of Oxford; his genius lay in another direction, in which the gaieties and not the gravities of life were the prominent attraction; his prescribed career as a lawyer was soon abandoned in favour of the theatre, to which he as naturally returned as a duck to water, and within the next five years, sometimes in collaboration with his father, more often independently, he produced, with never varying success, innumerable farces and melodramas, which were exceedingly popular, and employed the histrionic talents of Charles Mathews, Liston, Bannister, and other noted actors. In the farce "Killing, no Murder," Mathews and Liston made playgoers mad with merriment for months, and "Paul Pry" is still identified with Liston's fame. Mrs. Mathews, in her Memoirs, bears eloquent testimony to Hook's brilliant ability as a dramatic author, and generously acknowledges the great extent to which her husband was indebted to him, for his own unrivalled professional success.

Hook's social qualities, however, gained him even more celebrity than his dramatic performances; his conversational powers were unrivalled, abounding with wit and drollery, and the exuberance of his animal spirits impelled him to ceaseless practical jokes, sometimes harmless, sometimes heartless, always clever. The most celebrated of these was, of course, the great

Berners Street Hoax, perpetrated upon a Mrs. Tottenham, who lived at No. 54 in that Street, a most amiable and inoffensive lady of independent means, who had in some unknown way incurred his displeasure. Many weeks were occupied in the preparation, and something like four thousand letters were sent out, all inviting the recipients to call, under one pretext or another, at this poor lady's residence.

Scarce had the eventful morning begun to break, ere the neighbourhood resounded with the cries of "sweep," uttered in every variety of tone, and proceeding from crowds of sooty urchins and their masters, who had assembled by five o'clock beneath the windows of the devoted No. 54. In the midst of the wrangling of the rival professors, and the protestations of the repudiating housemaid, heavy waggons laden with chaldrons of coal from the different wharves, came rumbling up the street, blockading the thoroughfare, impeding one another, crushing and struggling to reach the same goal, amid a hurricane of imprecations from the respective conductors. Now among the gathering crowd, cleanly, cook-like men were to be seen, cautiously making their way each with a massive wedding-cake under his arm; tailors, bootmakers, upholsterers, undertakers with coffins, draymen with beer-barrels, &c., succeeded in shoals, and, long before the cumbrous coal-waggons were enabled to move off, about a dozen travelling chariots and four, all ready for the reception of as many "happy pairs," came dashing up to the spot. Medical men with instruments for the amputation of limbs, attorneys prepared to cut off entails; clergymen summoned to minister to the mind diseased; and artists engaged to portray the features of the body, unable to draw near in vehicles, plunged manfully into the mob. Noon came, and with it about forty fish-mongers, bearing forty "cod and lobsters;" as many butchers, with an equal number of legs of mutton; and as the confusion reached its height, the uproar became terrific, and the consternation of the poor old lady grew to be bordering on temporary insanity, up drove the great Lord Mayor himself—state carriage, cocked hats, silk stockings, bag wig and all, to the intense gratification of Hook and his two associates, who, snugly ensconced in an apartment opposite, were witnessing the triumph of their scheme.

The author of the outrage was pretty generally suspected, and the consequences threatened to be serious, but Hook and his confederates had laid their plans well, and taken extraordinary precautions to defy detection. After a brief retirement in the country Theodore returned to London, not only scot-free, but more famous than ever.

About the year 1808 or 9 in the height of his popularity as a dramatist, he suddenly and without any better apparent reason than pure caprice, refused to write any more for the Stage, and as it were, began life afresh, this time as a novelist.

His first effort, "The Man of Sorrows," was not a success,

and attracted but little attention, probably because it was published without the Author's magic name on the title page. Its literary merit, however, was not great, and the most noticeable feature about it, is a striking passage, extraordinary as coming from the pen of a boy in his twentieth year, and strangely prophetic of his own fate.

“Are not the brightest talents made nothing worth by perpetual intoxication? Is not the statesman degraded, and the wit rendered contemptible by a constant and perpetual use of wine? Have we not examples before us where every earthly qualification is marred by it, and where poverty and ignominy are the reward of exertions weakened by its influence, which used with sobriety and temperance, would deserve and might have received, the meed of honour and the wreath of fame?”

This novel was afterwards re-cast with some improvements in “Sayings and Doings,” under the title of “Merton.”

In the art of punning, which Dr. Johnson described as no better than pocket-picking, Theodore Hook was *facile princeps*, his only real rival being Tom Hood, whose more polished puns were, however, elaborately prepared beforehand, and carefully led up to when occasion served, whereas Hook’s were absolutely spontaneous, and he was often unable to resist laughing at them himself.

Perhaps of all Hook’s many talents the most extraordinary and peculiar to himself, was his faculty for improvisation, a talent declared by a writer in the *Quarterly* to have been, at that time, “absolutely unique, at all events in England.” In a numerous company of strangers he often composed, and sang to his own accompaniment, a verse upon every person in the room, full of the most pointed wit, and with the truest rhymes, gathering into his subject, as he rapidly proceeded, every incident of the moment, as it occurred.

The suggestion of impossible surnames as subjects for his verse was a favourite amusement, and he was never at fault. Even the “fair Mrs. Humby,” who submitted hers in the comfortable assurance that nothing could be done with such a common-place patronymic, was promptly put to *uncomfortable* confusion.

Once only, he is said, to have hesitated in the case of a young Dane, Mr. Julius Rozenagen. Even then the hesitation was but

momentary, and had barely been noticed before the difficulty was mastered :

" Yet more of my Muse is required,
Alas ! I fear she is done ;
But no, like a fiddler that's tired,
I'll *robin again* and go on."

It was by the exercise of this gift that Hook first attracted the attention of Sheridan, who was astonished at his marvellous faculty, and declared that he could not have believed such a power possible, had he not witnessed it himself; no description, he said, would have convinced him, of so peculiar an instance of genius ("Life of Mathews," vol. II.)

Tom Moore wrote in his "Diary," "Words cannot do justice to Hook's rare talent for improvisation; it was perfectly marvellous." And Coleridge undoubtedly refers to him in his "Introduction to Greek Classic Poets" thus, "A noted English wit of the day, can improvise in rhyme, even in our own language, as long as you please to listen to his amusing exhibition."

Hook's passage from the comparatively humble society of theatrical circles into the regions of the aristocracy was rapid. Introduced by the Rev. E. Cannon and Tom Sheridan to young men of their own social standing, and by them, in turn, to relatives and friends, he climbed rung after rung of the social ladder. His handsome person, faultless manner and modest demeanour, coupled with unrivalled conversational and social gifts, enabled him to make his footing secure in even the most exclusive circles, and in a very short period he became not only a welcome but an eagerly sought guest at the tables, and even the country houses, of the highest and wealthiest in the land. But this social success entailed proportionate disadvantages; it led him into habits of reckless extravagance, and a lavish expenditure, far in excess of any income he could make by his writings, highly paid as they were. Debts and difficulties began to accumulate with fearful rapidity, writs and judgment summonses poured in, till at last, just when material ruin stared him blankly in the face, and he could no longer hope to either avert or postpone it, he was, by the direct influence of the Prince Regent, to whom he had been presented by the Marchioness of Hertford, ap-

pointed, all unfitted as he was for such a post, Accountant General and Treasurer of the Mauritius, with a salary of £2000 a year.

Thus suddenly and unexpectedly relieved of his embarrassments, the young official, with little care for the past, still less for the present, and none at all for the future, gaily and joyously set out to face the great misfortune of his life.

He reached the scene of his new employment under circumstances than which none could have been more favourable. The reception which awaited him was more than encouraging, and his own convivial qualities and agreeable address, soon made him as popular among the *élite* of Port Louis, as he had been in the fashionable and literary circles of London. For four happy years, probably his happiest and idlest, he enjoyed life in what he called "that Paradise" as only a young man of his age and temperament could enjoy it; and then the blow fell. A change of Governors led to alterations in the respective duties of the higher officials, and a committee was appointed in January, 1818, to examine into the state of the Treasury and audit the Accounts. This committee signed a certificate of the correctness both of the accounts and the balance in hand, but two months afterwards a letter was sent to the Governor, by a negro clerk named Allan, in the Accountant General's office, who had fallen into disgrace for official irregularities, roundly accusing his master of having appropriated to his own use, a sum of about £9000, received by him as Treasurer in December, 1816.

A second committee of enquiry was forthwith appointed, with the result that an actual deficit of nearly £20,000 was discovered. But the false entries were conclusively proved to be in Allan's own handwriting, all the evidence tended to show that he, and he alone, was guilty of the fraud, and, to escape the consequences, he shot himself, before the conclusion of the case. Although, probably, not a single person in the whole Colony, with the possible exception of the new Governor, believed him guilty, Hook was held responsible for the fraud. Without waiting for instructions from England he was arrested, treated with inexcusable severity, and finally sent home for trial, all his goods being sold for the benefit of the Treasury. Immediately on his

arrival at Portsmouth he was released from custody, the Law Officers of the Crown having reported that "there was no tittle of evidence upon which to found any kind of criminal prosecution." But one of the defects of English criminal law was then, as it unhappily is now, that no matter how reckless and absurd the charges brought against an innocent man may be, he is too often ruined in proving his innocence. Hook had lost his appointment, his property had been confiscated, there was no redress, and he was not only compelled at once to write again for his daily bread in newspapers and magazines, but for five weary years of suspense, had to endure the examinations and cross-examinations of a Commission of Audit appointed to investigate the Mauritius accounts. They were found to have been kept with scandalous carelessness, but Hook was exonerated from all blame, except that of a culpable reliance on the accuracy and honesty of his subordinates; and surely for *this* those who placed him in a position for which he was conspicuously unfitted, were at least as much in fault as he. Some of the errors in the books were heavily to his own disadvantage, and the Commissioners reduced the original deficit from £20,000 to £12,000. Hook acknowledged himself responsible for £9000, but unable to pay either sum, he was again arrested, this time as a civil debtor, in August, 1823, and remained in custody till the Spring of 1825. Meanwhile, he had tried to establish a shilling Magazine of his own, called the "Arcadian," but it lived through very few numbers. In 1820, by the influence of his newly-made friend and admirer, Sir Walter Scott, he was appointed editor of a new Tory weekly paper, the *John Bull*, the main object of which, was the discomfiture of the supporters of the unfortunate Queen Caroline, and as he had always been a sound Tory, he "launched the envenomed shafts of his sarcasm and invective at the assailants of the King without pity or remorse. The audacious wit and caustic humour of the articles, which were at first all written by himself, produced a striking effect upon the public mind," and the paper rapidly attained an enormous circulation.

While in custody, Hook published the first series of "Sayings and Doings," which will alone be sufficient to keep his name in the remembrance of those with a taste for the better

form of light literature, making use of his experience in the sponging house to introduce many whimsical personages and scenes. A second series was published in 1825, and a third, three years later. Some of the tales are humorous, and others almost painfully realistic. In 1830, "Maxwell" was published, the most pathetic, natural, and in many respects the best of his novels, "tho' not by any means the one which brought most grist to the mill, or most fame to the Author." In this work his sad experiences, as well as the brighter phases of his career in the Mauritius are admirably described, and it was the wonderful power of clothing his fictions with the actualities of life, which lends to all his works, "a lasting interest and permanent value." Two years later appeared the "Life of Sir David Baird," the only book upon the writing of which Hook prided himself, but which excited no great notice from the reading public generally. In 1836 he became editor of the "New Monthly Magazine," and contributed to its pages "Gilbert Gurney," one of the most remarkable and mirth-provoking books ever written. It scarcely comes within the category of fiction, for his own adventures form the ground-work and his friends figure as the *dramatis personæ*. The sequel, "Gilbert Gurney Married," is of inferior merit and less interest. In 1837, appeared "Jack Brag," probably now the best-known of all his books. It has been ungenerously described as "a successful parasite's mockery of an unsuccessful one." With all his faults Hook was no parasite. He was always the sought, and never the seeker. He sold his pen it is true, but he never prostituted it by writing for wage that which he did not honestly believe. "Births, Deaths, and Marriages," "Precept and Practice," "Fathers and Sons," "Cousin William," and many others followed in rapid succession. The "Ramsbottom Letters" are the most amusing examples of his purely comic vein, and in the words of Lockhart, "his Political songs and *jeux d'esprit*, when the hour comes for collecting them, will form a volume of *sterling and lasting attraction*."

Writing of him as a novelist, the "Rambler" says, "his defects are great, but Theodore Hook is, we apprehend, the only male novelist of this time, who has drawn portraits of contemporary English Society, destined for permanent existence." This was

written before "Vanity Fair." Hook's keen sense of the ridiculous is shewn in the portraiture of men and women of eccentric character, mostly in the higher classes of society, but they are men and women, not merely pegs upon which to hang extravagant action. It has been said of him "that he was to the upper and middle life of British Society what Dickens was to its low life—a true and authentic expositor. But in manner he was entirely original and can be likened to none." He had all the rollicking humour and even broad farce of Dickens, without his proneness to burlesque and not infrequent coarseness, and far excelled him in the magical felicity of phrase with which he brought out the ludicrously picturesque.

In knowledge of the world he was Lytton's equal, equal to him also in refinement of style, minus his obtrusive pedantry, and sometimes stilted diction. His satire was little inferior to Thackeray's and unmarred by the latter's cynicism and sameness.

"He wrote as a scholar and a gentleman, and no single word or line in all that he wrote indicates that he ever forgot what was due to himself in either character." Probably there is no modern novelist of the front rank, all of whose works might with equal safety be placed within reach of the young, in the full assurance that, from them, no evil could be learnt or previous knowledge of it increased.

In laying bare the hidden springs of nature, in the faithfulness of

"His glowing portraits, fresh from life, that bring
Home to our hearts the truths from which they spring,"

he was without a rival.

Undoubtedly a man of rare original talent, sweet tempered, warm hearted, humane, charitable, and generous, under a better and sterner discipline in his earlier years, he would probably have taken rank with the first minds of his time. But it was not to be, and the picture drawn in his diary of daily struggles against growing pecuniary embarrassment, while his evenings and nights were spent in the company of the luxurious and wealthy, he the gayest of the gay, is deeply affecting; and the double strain upon his vital energies which such a life demanded, injured his physical health and led to an excessive use of stimulants. Against the ravages thus made in his naturally fine

constitution he seemed outwardly to strive with unconquerable light-heartedness ; but it was a false show of gaiety ; he broke down suddenly and completely. After a few weeks' illness, during which, much sympathy was manifested for him by his neighbours in Fulham, but by few of those great ones in the land, to whose entertainment he had ministered at such bitter cost, he expired apparently without pain on the 24th of August, 1841. A few untitled, but faithful friends only, followed him to his humble tomb in Fulham Churchyard.

There "let the dead past bury its dead," and on the grave of his forgiven and forgotten imperfections, may the flowers of Charity bloom to furnish a never-fading wreath for England's greatest humorist.

DIVINES.

BISHOP BURNET.

1643—1715.

THERE is no need to be either a historian or an ecclesiastic to find a great deal to instruct and amuse in the life of the Bishop of Salisbury, who lived from 1643 to 1715.

His father being an anti-episcopal Scottish Lord of Session and his mother the strictest of Presbyterians, and indeed sister of Lord Warristoun, who actually framed the great Covenant of the extreme Protestants, Gilbert Burnet had in his pedigree all the ingredients of a narrow-minded bigot; and it is all the more remarkable that his name must for ever be associated with all that is broad-minded, tolerant, and just.

How boys used to work in those days! At fourteen years of age Gilbert had *thoroughly* mastered Greek (think of those irregular verbs!) and passed a course of Aristotle's logic and philosophy, and in the following year became an M.A. of Aberdeen University. He now began to study the chief commentators, and, to get a grasp of European history, often occupying fourteen hours a day with his reading.

It is rather a shock in our times, in which (by a recent admirable enactment) no clergyman can be put in charge of a benefice until he is at least 26 years of age, to find this precocious young scholar refusing an important living at the age of 18. Preferring to study still further, he acquired a complete knowledge of Hebrew, and returned at the age of 21 to choose the living of Saltoun in the South of Scotland from among the several offered to him. Here, during a devoted ministry of five years, his unwearying zeal won for him the deep affections of his flock, and even the most rigid of his Presbyterian neighbours forgave him personally the use of our Anglican liturgy, to which he,

with but few others, was consistently loyal. Such sympathy means much, for the *odium theologicum* was very bitter in those times, and the Presbyterian toleration for so staunch an observer of sound Church practices is an interesting object-lesson for all time.

When Burnet was still only 23 we find him inditing a memorial against certain abuses of the bishops, and sending a copy of it to all with whom he had any acquaintance. Such an



BISHOP BURNET, 1643-1715.

act seems at first sight a most unwarrantable piece of presumption, but it must be remembered that he had acquired from his father—who devoted himself to his instruction—a wonderful knowledge of public affairs; and history proved his protest to be both well advised and far-seeing. For this bold action he was brought before the bishops, and, after being threatened with ex-

communication, was called upon to ask pardon ; this, however, he staunchly refused to do, and the matter was quietly dropped.

After returning to the many calls of his parish at Saltoun, he was appointed Professor of Divinity of Glasgow University in 1669, where he remained four and a half years “in no small exercise of my patience,” he says.

Here his energy showed no abatement ; he was busy with his studies every day from 4 a.m. to 10 a.m., and from 10 a.m. till late at night his professorship left him but little leisure. He was a perfect lion at work, and with the help of consistent good health, he accomplished a stupendous amount, of which all seems to have been of the best.

During his professorship, Burnet wrote and published his “Modest and Free Conference between a Conformist and a Non-Conformist,” in which he ably expounded the liberal principles of Church government which controlled his actions throughout life. At Glasgow, too, he made the acquaintance of Archbishop Leighton, who had, no doubt, a great influence on both his life and character.

At this period his position and influence became very powerful, clergy and statesmen brought their difficulties to him for advice, and in 1671 he was offered the choice of four vacant bishoprics in Scotland ; but, fearing any impediment to his freedom, he chose to refuse them all.

At Glasgow, too, he met and married Lady Margaret Kennedy, a lady of a certain age, ancient lineage, and considerable wealth ; but he takes pains to tell us, in his enormous “History of My own Times,” that he refused to have any of the responsibility of the control of her means. Lady Margaret did not long survive her marriage, and Burnet had two other wives ; his first left him a fortune, his second a family, and his third—the devout authoress, Elizabeth Burnet—a veritable library of prayers (one to be used twice daily by servants covers four and a half closely printed pages !)

In 1674 he found his way to London, to which centre a certain innate desire seems to have drawn him, for he was essentially English in his sympathies ; and true to his character of a bold protestant against vice, we hear of him at once personally

rebuking the profligate King Charles II. for his evil life, for which the Merry Monarch forbade him the Court, and, indeed, to come within twenty miles of London, “for he proves himself *too busy!*” To Burnet, however, such orders were of little moment, and in the following year, after declining the living of St. Giles’, Cripplegate, he accepted the chaplaincy of the Rolls Chapel and the Lectureship of St. Clement’s, in direct opposition to Court influence; and shortly afterwards addressed a letter to the King, of which the following is an extract. Probably never had King Charles heard such home truths from so unexpected a source!

(Extract from Letter).

“There is, sir, one thing and one thing only that can easily extricate you from your troubles, it is not the change of a minister or of a council, a new alliance or a session of parliament, but it is a change in your own heart and in your course of life. And now, sir, permit me (with all the humility of a subject prostrate at your feet) to tell you that all the distrust your people have of you, all the necessities you are now under, all the indignation of Heaven that is now on you, and appears in the defeating of all your counsels, flow from this, that you have not feared nor served God, but have given yourself up to so many sinful pleasures.”

King Charles read it twice, and misquoting a rhyme, still familiar, said to himself, “Isn’t this a pretty note to set before a king?” threw the letter into the fire.

After writing this letter, Burnet fell into great disfavour with the king, and varying and intricate is the history of his middle life; now we find him overwhelmed with honour and preferments, and now, driven from all of them, seeking safety in France and Rome.

One example of his strange life he tells himself. Having written a book of “Travels,” exposing the evils of Popery and tyranny, “which was much read,” he found that he had very greatly raised the king’s displeasure. Being condemned in the Scottish Courts of high treason, he remained in exile in Holland and became a naturalised subject after three years’ absence from England; but the king demanded the Dutch to hand him over, and their refusal—after due trial of Burnet—would have led to war between the English and the Dutch had the English exchequer permitted it, failing which the king “did and said many things but little to his honour.” But Burnet was denounced as

an outlaw, and a price of £5,000 was offered to anyone who should seize or destroy him; these threats, however, had no further effect than to cause him to stay within doors, "for I never possessed my own soul in a more perfect calm, and in a clearer cheerfulness of spirit, than I did during all these threatenings."

The opposition to Burnet, however, cost the family of the king more than he had anticipated; for all his power of intrigue and organisation Burnet handed over to the interests of Prince William of Orange, to whom he became chaplain, on his undertaking the Great Revolution of 1688; and within a very short time he was appointed Bishop of Salisbury.

Now it was that the true bent of his character found full play. Not to follow in detail the tenure of his office, we find throughout that breadth of sympathy and wide toleration of those outside his own party—if party he had—and, indeed, outside his own communion, were the keynote of his rule.

The great Archbishop Tillotson was his most intimate friend; on his death Burnet wrote:—"A man of the truest judgment and best temper I have ever known, a man of clear head and most compassionate and tender heart, a faithful and zealous friend, but a gentle and soon conquered enemy—so I found him." A telling tribute surely both to the writer and to him written of.

The Bishop of Salisbury remained a constant friend and adviser of King William's, and on the death of his devoted and pious Queen Mary, the king said that no one—unless it be the *Bishop of Salisbury*—knew a very tithe of her virtues; to this noble lady the Bishop was much attached, and he wrote and published in 1695 an essay on her character, with a portrait, of which Mr. D'Israeli, Lord Beaconsfield's father, gives an interesting account in his "*Curiosities of Literature*," a book which everyone should know.

Subsequently, King William appointed the Bishop preceptor to the young Duke of Gloucester, the only one of Queen's Anne's seventeen children to survive childhood, and even he only just completed his eleventh year, a boy "delighted in warlike sports and hunting, and so sweet-tempered, pious, and spirited as to be generally beloved."

But in his duties of preceptor, the Bishop was not to be free from cavil and criticism; Parliament even was concerned about it, and a private address was presented to the king to remove him from that post. Some objected that he was a Scotchman, some that he was a heretic, but, as a whole, Parliament would not petition against him. If we may judge of his capacity from his own account, we can imagine that the little Duke watched these proceedings, not without interest. He writes:—"I was trusted with his education for two years; I read over the Psalms, Proverbs, and Gospels with him, and had explained these things very copiously. I went through geography with him so often that he knew all the maps very particularly, with the forms of government in every country, with the interests and trades of each. I acquainted him with all the great revolutions that had been in the world, and gave him a copious account of Greek and Roman historians and of Plutarch's lives. I explained to him the Gothic constitution and the beneficiary and feudal laws: these things were both delighting and easy to him." But the little Prince died when he was just eleven years old, and the good Bishop's hopes of bringing up another marvel of scholarship like himself, to be King of England, were disappointed.

The rest of his life Bishop Burnet devoted to his episcopal duties, living still in Soho Square, where he first occupied a house on the north side, but subsequently he lived on the east side, next door south of Carlisle House, where he had for neighbours many of the most active and distinguished men and women of his time. His death, which occurred in 1715, robbed the now firmly-established House of Hanover of one of its most valued supporters; but the Church and the Nation retained the works of one who was at once voluble and for the times trustworthy. His "Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles" has, it is true, been superseded, but no doubt has had its influence on modern thought; but his monumental "History of My own Times," in spite of a somewhat rugged style, is a book so brimful of life, so genuine in tone and feeling, that it must ever remain the standard work on its particular aspect of, perhaps, the most interesting period in British history.

BISHOP COMPTON.

1632—1713.

IN St. Anne's Clergy Vestry lies a large discoloured parchment containing 130 lines of about 40 words each ; it would fill about sixteen pages of THE SOHO MAGAZINE, but as it is half in the Latin tongue, and all in the lawyers', (who were paid according to the number of words used) it is "unavoidably held over."



Henry Compton Bishop of London.
after D Loggon.



H. London

*His Seal & Autograph from an Original in the Possession of
John Thane*

This document is the Deed of Consecration and bears the signature "H. London" over the bands of a missing seal. The writer of this signature was Henry, Bishop of London, sixth son of Spencer Compton, second Earl of Northampton. His family has taken a leading part in the history of their country ; generation after generation has produced bishops, ambassadors,

chancellors, generals, and statesmen ; and the present Bishop of Ely, and his brother, the late Marquess of Northampton are—there is a charm in exactness—his great-great-great-great-nephews !

Henry Compton was the founder of St. Anne's Church ; for not only did he, as Bishop of London, consecrate it to the service of Almighty God, but he also took the initial step of giving a sum of money, which was at his disposal, towards the building of the fabric.

The Bishop's father, a soldier distinguished for his brave services to the cause of James I., was killed in action at Hopton Heath ; his five elder brothers were all knighted for military service in the Cavalier interest ; no wonder then that he himself began life as a cornet in the Royal Horse Guards. His military career, however, was brief ; and, having previously studied at Queen's College, Oxford, and travelled in Italy and elsewhere, he became a graduate of Cambridge, and took Holy Orders at the age of thirty. To a man of unquestioned piety, of great force of character, and let us in honesty add, of noble birth, promotion in these stirring times was rapid ; and twelve years after his ordination, Compton was made Bishop of Oxford, and in the following year (1675) he was translated to the See of London. "This worthy person's talent," says Evelyn in his inimitable diary, "is not preaching, but he is like to make a grave and serious man," and this estimate of his character seems to be well supported. His published works, of which many remain to us,—though the writer has never seen them outside the British Museum,—prove him to have been a violent opponent of the errors of the mediæval papacy ; and this avowed attitude accounts for his being suspended from his bishopric by King James II.'s influence, and for the appointment of two other bishops to administer his see. His suspension robbed him neither of his influence, his revenues, nor his home, where he ardently pursued his favourite study of botany to the lasting benefit of the Fulham Palace gardens. "Meanwhile his clergy," says Bishop Burnet, "were really more governed by the secret intimations of his pleasure, than they had been by his authority before."

There is no need to follow the details of his eventful episcopate ; at one time we find him transplanting a rare exotic plant with his own fingers at Fulham ; at another, dressed in full uniform as Colonel of a body of two hundred horse, marching with drawn sword into Oxford to ensure the escape of his former pupil, Princess Anne, from the household of her father, James II.

On the accession of William and Mary in 1688, Archbishop Sancroft refused to recognise them, and Bishop Compton crowned them King and Queen ; and, when the Archbishop was consequently deprived, he was appointed to act as primate ; but after some delay, Tillotson was appointed Archbishop, and four years later Tenison succeeded him, and Compton was, no doubt, somewhat disappointed ; subsequently, he gradually drew out of his active life, and dying at the age of 81, was buried outside Fulham Church at his own request.

He had spent his large private fortune in charity, and the re-building of Churches, so that when he died he was quite a poor man.

ORATOR HENLEY.

1692—1756.

JOHN HENLEY'S life presents an interesting but disappointing picture. The son and grandson of successive vicars of Melton Mowbray, he took his degree at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1712, and began his career as a schoolmaster ; but his breadth of intellectual range and ready wit soon began to chafe under the restrictions of the hide-bound and monotonous systems of education then in vogue. This impatience led him to publish numerous new grammars : Spanish grammars, Italian grammars, French grammars, Greek grammars, Latin grammars, Hebrew grammars, and Chaldee grammars, culminating in a work called "The Complete Linguist: universal grammar of all the considerable languages in being: a compendious way to master any language in the world." In the following year he wrote a "Dissertation on Nonsense." Such was the man, self-confident, assertive, and presumptuous, but with just enough of

that humour (so rare in the omniscient!) to appreciate the absurdity of his presumption.

In 1716 he took Holy Orders in the Church of England, and came to London as reader at the Church of St. George-the-Martyr. Here he gained a wide reputation both as a preacher of popular charity sermons, and as a writer of pseudonymous skits. After retiring for a short time to a country living in Suffolk, he returned in 1726 to London, and rented rooms in Newport Market, where he preached every Sunday morning, discoursed every Sunday evening, and lectured every Wednesday "On some other science." By such methods as awarding medals to his regular adherents, and by the strangest of advertisements, he invariably drew together large crowds. Here is an example of how he collected the shoemakers:

"To SHOEMAKERS.

How to make a shoe in $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, by a new and speedy method."

The discourse opened to this effect:

"About that shoe, get a top boot and cut the top off; but now about weightier matters, &c."

And here is another :

"On Wednesday, the oration will be on the skits of the fashion, or a live gallery of family pictures of all ages; ruffs, muffs, puffs, manifold; shoes, wedding shoes, slip shoes; heels, clocks, pantogles, buskins, pantaloons, garters; shoulder knots, periwigs, modesties, tuckers, fardingales, minnikins, slammakins, ruffles, round robins, toilets, fans, patches: dames, forsooth, madam, my lady, the wit and heauty of my grandma; Winifred, Joan, Bridget, compared with our Winnie, Jenny, or Biddy: fine ladies and pretty gentle-women: being a general view of the *beau-monde* from before Noah's flood to the year '29."

"He would jump into the pulpit," said a contemporary, "like a harlequin, and beat his notions into his audience, with arms, hands, legs, and head, as if people's understandings were to be courted and knocked down with his powerful and often-used fists."

His "Oratory" was brilliantly decorated with velvet and gold, but centred in the gilded tub in which he was "preacher at once, and zany of the age." His ritual was gaudy and elaborate, but purely arbitrary, and calculated to do no more than fire the fancy and entrance the eye.

In 1729 the Grand Jury of Westminster did him the honour to forbid him preaching, “ For that he being in Priests’ Orders by his advertisements in the Public Newspapers invited all persons to come thither and take seats for twelve pence apiece, promising them diversion under the title of Voluntaries, Chimes of the Times, Roundelay, College Bobs, Madrigals, Operas, &c.” By the help of such opposition, and of the untiring satire of Pope, Henley succeeded, for some time at least, in



JOHN HENLEY, 1692-1756.

establishing his claim to be the “ restorer of eloquence to the Church,” especially among the butchers, to whom his unconventional methods (together with his boxing success “ *without the gloves!* ”) were a great attraction. But as time went on the fluent nonsense that trickled from his tongue, and hurtled from his lips with paralysing buoyancy, began to pale,

to glimmer, and so die, till the leader of thousands became the beggar from tens, and died in 1756 in disrepute, ignominy, penury, and contempt.

The memory of Orator Henley still lives in Pope's *Dunciads*, in Hogarth's two pictures, "The Christening of the Child," and "The Oratory," and in his voluminous publications of *Apologies*, *Discourses*, *Disputations*, *Conflicts*, *Transactions*, in which he teaches all languages, and all eloquence, exposes all unbelievers, explains all problems, and translates most of the Classics.

Henley's is an interesting life, because he played a prominent part in the London of his time, and was a living protest against the humdrum monotony of some of the educational and ecclesiastical methods of the eighteenth century; a disappointing life, because gifted with the enterprise of a Barnum, and the eloquence of a Burke, he allowed a vulgar ambition to degrade his enterprise to buffoonery, his eloquence to cant.

BISHOP OSBALDISTON.

1690—1764.

RICHARD OSBALDISTON, Bishop of London, was born in 1690, and was the second son of Sir Richard Osbaliston of that ilk, lord of Havercroft, and head of a very distinguished Lancashire family. After being educated at Beverley school, he became Master of Arts at St. John's College, Cambridge, and a Fellow of Peterhouse, and rapidly began to tread the primrose path of preference. His first preferment was to the "very rich living" of Hinderwell, to which the Duke of Portland presented him: times are sadly changed! the present rector of Hinderwell is also a Peterhouse man, but he provides a curate (for there are 4900 acres in his parish), and receives considerably less than £200 a year. While there, King George II. appointed him Royal Chaplain, and he had charge of what intellectual development there was in the mind of George III.: in 1728 he became Dean of York, and in 1747 succeeded Bishop Fleming as Bishop of Carlisle, in which

capacity we learn that he was "rich, indolent, and chiefly non-resident." After fifteen years, however, he followed Bishop Hayter as Bishop of London, "to nobody's joy," so at least says Hurd, who having received promotion from him, was probably not prejudiced; "and proved everyway unequal to the situation," adds Chandler in his Life of Doctor Johnson.



BISHOP OSBALDISTON, 1690-1764.

His tenure of the see lasted but two years, for he died, says the *National Dictionary of Biography*, at Fulham in 1764, and was buried in the Parish Church: this statement is probably inaccurate, as the Bishop had a princely mansion in Soho, which extended from Frith Street to Dean Street, in which he is generally believed to have died; a newspaper, dated May 1764, contains this notice:—

"To-morrow morning (May 23rd) early, the corpse of the late Lord Bishop

of London will be carried from his late dwelling in Thrift Street, Soho, in order to be interred at his seat in Yorkshire."

This house was of great magnificence, and its painted staircase was, till recent years, well remembered by the old inhabitants of the neighbourhood; but, with eight other houses, it was burnt down in 1803.

The Bishop, though he married twice, left no children.

This latter fact emboldens the writer to refer to a very "modern," if not very edifying correspondence, which is preserved between the Bishop and his successor, Bishop Lyttelton, of Carlisle: the latter complains bitterly of the state of Rose Castle, the episcopal seat; the chimneys had not been swept for years, the beds were ragged, the saucepans were rusty, the claret, which was paid for as good, was growing "staile, naught, and sour as verjuice," the port was "so foul as to have to be filtered," nay, even the Chaplain's surplice had been carried off, so that the new Chaplain must needs read prayers before half the county without a surplice—(oh, sad disgrace!).

It is sad, too, to have to record that Bishop Osbaldiston's letters in reply reflect as little credit upon the courtesy of his manner, as the charges do upon the cleanliness of his person and household; perhaps we can afford to be thankful after all that times *are* changed.

In spite of the combined effort of Archbishop Secker of Canterbury and Bishop Newton, who was then the acting Dean of St. Paul's, the Bishop of London stoutly refused to admit any statuary into his Cathedral; "for," said he, "Sir Christopher Wren designed no such thing, since then there has been no statue before my time, neither now shall there be any!" and the old Bishop worked himself up into such a passion about it, that it was never again attempted; and not until 1796, thirty years later, was the first statue (that of John Howard) raised in the Metropolitan Cathedral.

We will conclude our glance at this rather uneventful, and not altogether picturesque life, by one of the few little pieces of appreciation which are left to us: Archdeacon Moss, in a sermon soon after his death, admired "his sense of responsibility, his love of literature, his talent for business, and his love of hospitality." Of a truth, "the good is oft interred with their bones."

WILLIAM WAKE,
1657—1737.

ALTHOUGH Mr. William Wake, the Archbishop's father was a man of no little importance in the little town of Blandford, in Dorsetshire, doubtless he took some pride in the fact that the great Doctor Fell, Dean of Christ Church, and subsequently Bishop of Oxford, had urged him to send his promising son to Christ Church, Oxford, the doctor's own college, rather than to Trinity, as he had previously intended.

To Christ Church, therefore, the young man went, and from there he wrote a letter to his father (as young men will) which astonished him ; for had not the father conceived a magnificent plan by which his son should seek his fortune in a large wholesale clothing business, and become a civic ornament at least, if not, indeed, a civic alderman. But Oxford influences proved too much even for so glorious a prospect, and the letter announced that he had decided to take Holy Orders.

After his ordination, he started for Paris in 1682 as chaplain to his college friend, the young Lord Preston, who had become Ambassador to the Court of France. As it happened, at that time a great synod of French clergy had just issued a "Declaration" considered by some historians to be the "most important act of Gallican Christianity," and Wake was inspired with a keen interest in French Church affairs, which he never lost, and which led to his earnest but futile efforts, as archbishop, to establish a reunion between the British and French Churches.

About this time Dr. Fell, who had succeeded Bishop Compton of London, as Bishop of Oxford, employed Wake to collate some manuscripts of the Greek Testament for him. Poor Dr. Fell is known to many only as the victim of Tom Brown's cruelly memorable lines :

"I do not like you, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell,
But this I know, I know full well,
I do not like you, Dr. Fell."

which by the way are probably a playful parody of Martial's Epigram "Non amo te, Sabelle." Dr. Fell was none the less a

most devoted and popular dean, even among those undergraduates of which Tom Brown was but one.

But to return, Lord Preston came back from Paris in 1685, and with him Mr. William Wake, who in 1687 became connected with St. Anne's, Soho, as the first curate, or as it then was, lecturer; for assistant clergy, as we know them, were unknown, and the Vestry appointed Lecturers and Readers of



ARCHBISHOP WAKE, 1657-1737.

Prayers. But this position failed to provide either the work or the position of which so eminent a man was capable, and before very long both these failings were remedied, the former by his appointment in 1688 to the Preachership at Gray's Inn, the latter by his acceptance in the following year of a Canonry of Christ Church, Oxford.

In his famous diary, Evelyn wrote: "I went to hear Mr. Wake at the new-built Church of St. Anne, on Mark viii. 35, upon the subject of taking up the cross and strenuously behaving ourselves in times of persecution, as this now threatened to be."

From the index sheet of some lost Vestry minutes we learn that Mr. (we should have said Canon) Wake resigned his lectureship at St. Anne's in 1691; but his love for the Church and Schools is proved by frequent gifts, including "branches for the gallery for holding candles," and, perhaps, even by his ordering, twenty-five years after, when he was Archbishop of Canterbury, "that ye boys have each a pennyworth of bread and cheese and a pint of *strong drink* in ye evening at school till 11 o'clock at night." This indulgence was probably to compensate the boys for their detention from the many temptations of Bartholomew Fair; but would Archbishop Wake's present successor, or the C.E.T.S. approve?

One other period of Archbishop Wake's life demands mention as associating him with our immediate neighbourhood: his rectorship two years after leaving St. Anne's, of the parish of St. James', Piccadilly or Westminster, extended from 1693 to 1706, although in 1703 he became Dean of Exeter, and in 1705 was consecrated Bishop of Lincoln, and on the death of Archbishop Tenison in 1715, he was translated to the see of Canterbury, which he held till his death in 1737. He was a moderate man in all but two particulars, his writings were voluminous, his family vast.

LECTURERS AT ST. ANNE'S.

JOHN MARSHALL.

WE find from the Vestry minutes that Dr. John Marshall succeeded Dr. Wake as Lecturer of St. Anne's, being appointed in 1692, and that he resigned the lectureship in 1729; but this is all that we can discover about him.

RICHARD BUNDY.

DR. RICHARD BUNDY was appointed "Reader of Prayers" in 1720. Two years later he became "Clerk of the Parish" and we find the following Vestry minute for November 9, 1726.

"Ordered that £30 per annum be allowed Mr. Bundy for his extraordinary care and diligence in his office as Clerk in Orders, to be paid quarterly out of the Communion Money."

He became joint-Lecturer with Mr. Thomas in 1729 and resigned in 1732. In that year he was appointed Vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, and made Prebendary of Westminster. He was already Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the King. From the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. ii. p. 777, we learn that in 1732 he accompanied the King when he paid a visit to his dominions in Hanover, and was presented by his University (Oxford) with the degree of D.D. Next year he was presented with the rich living of East Barnet, which he appears to have held until his death in 1739. In 1740, the year following his death, there appeared two volumes of his sermons which passed through a second edition, and were republished in 1791. They are sermons of considerable power and deserved the popularity they obtained. It is interesting to see how many names of the parishioners of St. Anne's appear in the list of 1220 subscribers to these volumes, amongst them, the Royalties who then lived at Leicester House, Leicester Square, Martin Clare, F.R.S., of Soho Square, Earl of Macclesfield, Countess of Carlisle, and many more. Dr. Bundy was not only a preacher of repute, but a translator. He translated Lamy's *Apparatus Biblicus*, and the Roman History by Catron and Rouille, in 6 vols.

JOHN THOMAS.

DR. JOHN THOMAS, the fourth Lecturer of St. Anne's, was another very eminent man with a somewhat remarkable history. He was a son of a Colonel in the Army and was sent to Christ Church, Oxford, with a view to his taking a valuable living promised to him by a wealthy friend of his father. When the living

became vacant the promise was not kept. But this disappointment was really the foundation of his fortunes, for it decided him to take a curacy in London, where he very quickly established his reputation as a preacher, and attracted large congregations. His sermons, of which many were published, explain his popularity, for they were full of fervour and of forcible and telling



DR. JOHN THOMAS.

illustrations. He was presented in 1732 to the Rectories of St. Benedict's and St. Peter's, Paul's Wharf. In the same year he succeeded his friend Dr. Bundy as sole Lecturer at St. Anne's, having been joint-Lecturer with him during the three previous years. It was in the same year that he became still more closely connected with the parish by his marriage with the sister of

Thomas Mulso, of Twywell, Northamptonshire, whose town residence was for many years in King's Square Court, now Carlisle Street. Thomas Mulso also married the sister of Dr. Thomas, and was the father of the celebrated Mrs. Hester Chapone. In 1742, Dr. Thomas became Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to King George II., and Boyle Lecturer. In 1747 he was consecrated Bishop of Peterborough, and five years later, in 1752, he became tutor of the Prince of Wales (afterwards George III.), who at that time was living at Leicester House, Leicester Square. He thoroughly won the heart of his royal pupil and exerted the best influence upon his life. A strong personal attachment sprung up between the Prince and his tutor, which lasted to the end of the good Bishop's life. The King and Queen were afterwards his frequent visitors both at Chelsea and at Farnham Castle. He was made Bishop of Salisbury in 1757, and Bishop of Winchester in 1761. We find his name in St. Anne's Rate books as a resident in Soho Square during the time that he was Bishop of Peterborough, and Bishop of Salisbury. He died at the Episcopal Palace, Chelsea, May 1, 1781, at the age of eighty-five.

THOMAS CHURCH.

It is impossible to find out exactly how long Dr. Thomas Church was Lecturer at St. Anne's, but it is clear that he filled the office for a considerable time. From that most useful periodical, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, to which every biographical dictionary is largely indebted, and from Dr. Church's published works in the British Museum we are able to gather a few facts about him. He was born in 1707. He received his University education at Brasenose College, Oxford. At the age of thirty-three he became Vicar of Battersea, and held the living until his death in 1756. During this period he was appointed to a Prebendal stall in St. Paul's Cathedral, and was Lecturer at St. Anne's. He preached an eloquent sermon at the death of Dr. Pelling, the second Rector of St. Anne's in the year 1750, to which we shall have occasion to refer later on in our notice of

Dr. Pelling. But his published sermons are mainly of a controversial character. Wesley and Whitfield come in for a share of his adverse criticism, and Oxford in 1749 conferred upon him the degree of D.D. for his "Vindication against Conyers Middleton of the miraculous powers of the early Church." More remarkable still, as shewing his impartiality, is the attack which he made upon the Deism of Lord Bolingbroke, who had been one of his patrons. His writings throw considerable light upon Church life in the middle of the eighteenth century.

MARSHALL MONTAGUE MERRICK.

DR. M. M. Merrick was lecturer of St. Anne's during the latter part of the eighteenth century. He was a great book collector. His library was sold by Messrs. Leigh & Sotheby in 1783, and the sale occupied 22 days.

MASTERS OF THE SOHO ACADEMY.

MARTIN CLARE.

AMONG the Clergy who during the eighteenth century exercised a considerable influence over the life of Soho, were the Head Masters of the famous Soho Academy. This high-class Commercial School was established early in the eighteenth century, not later than 1719, in which year it appears to have been a flourishing institution. It was situated at the north side of Soho Square, and occupied the site of what is now the French Protestant Church. Martin Clare appears to have founded the school in 1719, for this is the first year in which his name is found on our rate books. We have no documentary proof that he was a clergyman, but as St. Anne's Vestry appointed a "Reader of Prayers" of the name of Clare in 1741, we think we may give him the benefit of the doubt, and include him amongst the Clergy. He was a man of some distinction both as an

author and as a schoolmaster. He wrote a "Youth's Introduction to trade and business," a book which reached a tenth edition. The first edition bears the date of January, 1739, and is dedicated to his young pupil "Master George Onslow, only son of the Right Hon. Arthur Onslow, Esq., Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons." According to our rate books Speaker Onslow lived on the east side of Soho Square, near to Carlisle House. He was also the author of a "Treatise on the Motion of Fluids," dedicated to Viscount Weymouth, the Grand Master of the Freemasons. This also appears to have been a popular book, and it is interesting to find in the list of "Encouragers" at the beginning of the book a number of names which appear at that time on the rate books of St. Anne's. We also find in the catalogue of the British Museum a lecture delivered to his brother Freemasons on the "Advantages enjoyed by the Fraternity."

But fortunately we are able to draw a better mental picture of the Academy itself than of its Founder, for in 1719 there was published an elaborate prospectus of the school, entitled: "Rules and Orders for the Government of the Academy in Soho Square, London." Martin Clare and Cuthbert Barwis are described as the "Directors."

The reason for publishing these "Rules and Orders" is stated to be :

"That the parent and the scholar may be apprised of the discipline in this place of Instruction; and the rather, as it is expected that the scholar should in all respects conform to what is thus given, as the Rule of Conduct during his Tuition here."

Under "General Laws for the Pupil's Conduct in the Grammar and Writing Schools" we find a list: first of "Petty Omissions and Commissions."

"The penalty to each of the Faults above is one-eighth of a penny or proportionable Punishment."

Then follow "Grand Commissions," amongst which are :

"Inattention to the Reading of Holy Scripture, Misbehaviour in Time of Prayer, and not Reading the Morning Psalms with Sobriety and Devotion. Penalty is discretionary."

Under "Grand Commissions" we find :

"Buying, Selling, and Gaming in school time, for which the penalty is one penny."

Last of all were "Capital Offences," to which the penalty of "whipping" was attached :

— "Lying, Theft, Rebellion, Swearing, Immodest Speech, Tormenting, Striking in School, the Aggressor in a Quarrel out of School, Coming more than Half-an-hour Late, Being noted to the Value of Three Pence in any one week in the Monitors' Bills."

The Monitors kept an account of the fines, and presented a bill at the end of every week. This put considerable power into their hands, but it was enacted that :

"Monitors who should show themselves partial in the execution of their office will be whipped."

These "fines" were spent in providing "diversions" for the boys and an Annual "Collation," to which they might invite their friends.

A strong desire is expressed to "banish the rod as far as possible," but it appears to have been an important factor in the discipline of the Soho Academy. The "strap" was used for smaller offences when the fine was not forthcoming, and the alternative of "strap" or "fine" seems to have been offered to offenders, for we find that the "equivalent" of a farthing was a "stroke with a strap on the hand."

School began at seven in the morning all the year round. At nine o'clock, half-an-hour was allowed for breakfast, and twelve (noon) and five p.m. were the times for dismissing school. On Thursday and Saturday there was a half-holiday.

Saints' Days were observed as follows :

"The pupils are taught in the schools till nine o'clock. They then spend some time in religious Exercises and Considerations; and on Sundays the Domestic Scholars are employed in this way more than once, besides attending the Public Worship of Almighty God."

After dinner on *Saints' Days*, as also on "State holidays," the "Domestic Scholars" (Boarders) were allowed to "visit their friends and otherwise divert themselves."

There was a *French School* which formed a Department of the Academy, and for which there were elaborate rules. At this time we know from a census recorded in our Vestry Minutes, that nearly one-half of the population of St. Anne's was French, and from the large number of French servants we conclude that

there were many well-to-do Frenchmen who would probably be glad to avail themselves of the instruction given in the Soho Academy.

The ATHLETICS of the School seem to have consisted chiefly of *Dancing* and *Fencing*. Under the "Orders" for the Dancing School we find the following :

" Every Saturday between Michaelmas and Lady Day there are to be at least Two Country Dances after Lessons, at which all the Dancers are to assist ; and with the Dancing Master's permission, others of the Domestic Scholars may join therein, if there be room and they behave properly."

" Ascension Day is the time fixed for the Annual Ball, to begin exactly at Six in the Evening, and to end at Ten (as all other Dancings are to do). To this the Dancers are at liberty to invite their friends and relations, and the settled allowance to the Dancing Master for Music and Candles is five shillings from each of the pupils."

No mention is made of cricket, though at that time there would be fields very near to Soho in which it might have been played. The only reference to *Games* is the following, which is found among the *Laws and Regulations to be observed by the Boarders or Domestic Scholars of the Academy in Soho Square out of schools*.

" Out of Hours of Study none but detrimental Diversions are forbidden them : castle-tops for instance and span-farthing within doors ; and the use of balls, stones, arrows and other projectiles without are not tolerated."

The following extracts from the *Rates for Learning, Boarding and Tuition at the Academy in Soho Square, London*, are interesting for the light they throw upon the middle class education 180 years ago :

" The Customary Entrance to the House and Master is Five Guineas, or an Equivalent in Linen, Plate, &c.

" The Rate of Boarding, Instruction, and the ordinary Contingencies, is Thirty Pounds a year without further charge.

" The Gentlemen for this are entitled to the Learning of Writing, of Arithmetic, Grammar-Learning of all kinds, Geography and French, and to the hearing all public Lectures read Weekly in Morality, Religion and Useful Literature, such as Natural and Experimental Philosophy, for the Explication of which, a large Apparatus of Machines and Instruments is provided.

" They are also to have the use of a Barber ; of a Pew, both at the English and French Churches ; of the Maps and Globes ; Pens and Ink ; School-Fire and Candles ; and are to have small repairs done to their Linen, Stockings and Clothes into the same Rate.

" Such Gentlemen as require a Single Room, are to pay Five Pounds a year more.

" If they choose to sup with the Master, another Five Pounds a year.

" If breakfast-tea is required it will be half-a-guinea a term extra."

Amongst the "Extras" we find that each of the "Sub-Masters" was to receive a present at Christmas and Whitsuntide, and that presents must also be given to each of the "Menial Servants."

A *School Library* was provided :

"They have also the use of a large and select Library of the best English authors in prose and verse, and enjoy all other advantages of the Society established among the pupils of this place in 1719."

The Vacations were shorter than they are now :

"Vacations at Christmas three weeks; at Easter ten days; at Whitsuntide a fortnight, and ten days at Bartholomew-tide."

We shall be able to learn a little more of the educational methods and ideals at the Soho Academy under the names of Cuthbert Barwis and William Barrow, the Head Masters who succeeded Martin Clare. We find Mr. Martin Clare's name in the Rate Books of St. Anne's from 1719 to 1736, and conclude that he died or resigned in the latter year.

CUTHBERT BARWIS.

CUTHBERT BARWIS succeeded Martin Clare as Master of the Soho Academy. During his time the Academy acquired fame for the training which was there given in the acting of English tragedy and comedy.

In the Diary of Frances Burney, Tuesday, November 15, 1768, we find the following :

"We all went in our coach, Mrs. Pringle, and her son, Mr. Seaton, and our Ladyships to see the play of "Tamerlane" acted by young gentlemen at an Academy in Soho Square. The play was much better performed than I expected, and the dresses were superb—made new for the purpose, by the members of the Society, and proper for the characters and country—that is, after the Turkish manner. The farce was very well done. We were much entertained—Mr. Seaton was so very clever, droll and entertaining, you can't imagine. When the performance was over, *Tamerlane* came to me to open the Ball!"

According to Boaden :

"Dr. Barwis's view, in not merely permitting, but urging and correcting such performances, was confessedly to give the pupils "a free and unembarrassed manner, and an accurate and powerful elocution, which he concluded to be essential to the display of the sound erudition which occupied their studies."

Henry Angelo says in his *Reminiscences* :

" The first time I saw Holman, the performer, was when at School in Soho Square, at the Rev. Dr. Barwis's. *Hamlet* was the character. It was in the Christmas holidays; there was afterwards a dance in the Schoolroom."

Holman the actor, Fawcett the actor, and Morton the dramatist were schoolfellows at the Soho Academy under Dr. Barwis.

We find on consulting the Minutes of St. Anne's Schools Committee that both Dr. Barwis and his successor Dr. Barrow took a lively interest in our Parochial Schools. For some years Dr. Barwis acted as Hon. Secretary of the Committee, an office which involved a considerable amount of labour, and under his influence a system of quarterly examinations was introduced which considerably increased the thoroughness of the teaching.

WILLIAM BARROW.

THE Rev. Dr. Barrow, the third headmaster, succeeded Dr. Cuthbert Barwis in 1785. He was a Yorkshireman; educated at Queen's College, Oxford: B.A. 1778, M.A. 1783, B. and D.C.L. 1785. He was Bampton Lecturer in 1799, and retired from his scholastic work in 1802. He afterwards became Prebendary of Southwell, Rector of Beelsby, Lincolnshire, and Archdeacon of Nottingham. "An essay on Education" in two vols., which he published in 1802 throws some interesting light upon middleclass education of the time, and contains a frank statement of his views after an experience of seventeen years as Master of the Soho Academy. He deals with the "estimation, treatment, and grievances of Masters in our Academies," complains that a "Schoolmaster is not well received by the higher orders of society," and that he is merely looked upon as "a humble drudge;" the great Milton himself "having to be defended against the imputation of having kept a common boarding school." He also dwells upon the "merits and defects of the Discipline and Instruction in our Academies." A perusal of the volumes make us feel thankful for the progress in educational ideals which has taken place during the last hundred years.

We must content ourselves with quoting an extract from his book which is especially of local interest, we mean his views of the theatrical performances for which the Soho Academy had so long been famous :

“ When I first engaged the Academy in Soho Square, I found that the annual performance of one of the Dramas of Shakespere had been an established custom for many years; and for four years longer it was continued; and then, from a conviction of its impropriety, finally relinquished. That in consequence of sparing neither care nor time, neither labour nor expense upon the preparation, our performances obtained an extraordinary degree of excellence, or at least of celebrity, I may the more freely venture to state: not only because it was universally admitted by all who were acquainted with the School, but because I avow this very excellence to have constituted the principal objection to the exercise. It exposed us the more to the censures, which I have passed upon such performances in general, for it rendered our own more productive of the evils which naturally result from them. Several of the actors, who have since attained considerable eminence at our public theatres, imbibed in the academy over which I presided, their first passion for the stage; and some of the most intelligent of the parents of our pupils became so sensible of the dangers to which their sons were exposed, that they refused to have their names inserted amongst those of the *dramatis personæ*. Various attempts were made to guard against the inconveniences of the practice, by what were thought necessary or judicious regulations. But it was soon found that the only effectual remedy for its various evils was a total abolition.”

Dr. Barrow died in 1836.

JOHN HEARNE.

THERE is a tablet over the door of the Clergy Vestry which bears the following inscription :

THIS CHURCH WAS BUILT

ANNO DOMINI

1686.

REV. JOHN HEARNE, RECTOR.

MR. RICHARD CAMPION, } CHURCHWARDENS.
MR. AUGUSTINE BEARE, }

and we are filled with a desire to know what manner of man the

first rector was. Unfortunately, the records of the man and his work are very scanty. One thing we know, and that is, the active encouragement which he gave to the establishment of St. Anne's Schools, and from the lately published Minutes of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge we find that he was one of the first subscribers and most earnest workers in the cause of popular education. The special work which he set himself to do, beyond the ordinary work of the Committee, was to "induce Vestries to found Charity Schools." For this the nation and his own parish owe him some grateful remembrance.

Turning to our only other source of information, the Vestry Minutes, we gather that he was a man of courage and determination. In those days the "Gentlemen of the Vestry" appear to have managed pretty nearly everything connected with the Church and Parish, and were jealous of the exercise of rights which the Rector claimed. Amongst these rights to which the Rector considered himself entitled was the appointment of one of the Churchwardens. Dr. Hearne considered it his duty to insist upon this right and entered a "caveat" at Doctors' Commons against the "swearing in" of one of the Churchwardens whom the Vestry had insisted upon electing. But he was defeated. In spite, however, of this defeat he tried a little later to assert what he considered to be his rights in another and a smaller matter, the appointment of Sexton. On December 3, 1703, he appointed one Richard Brown to be "sole sexton" when the Vestry had determined to appoint a second. In vain did Dr. Hearne lay before the "Gentlemen of the Vestry" the written opinion of the Bishop in favour of Richard Brown being "sole sexton." They declined to yield the point, and ordered "a letter to be writt to the Bishop of London to show cause why they did not consent to fall in with the wishes of his Lordship and the Rector." In the end they won. It is pleasant, however, to note that in spite of these and other differences with Dr. Hearne, the Vestry did him what they considered a great honour at the last. When he died on December 26, 1704, they put the parish to the expense of buying a new pall for his funeral.

JOHN PELLING.

DR. JOHN PELLING succeeded Dr. John Hearne as Rector of St. Anne's. The Vestry minutes afford abundant evidence that he was an active and popular rector, and that he had considerable repute as a preacher. As we have already pointed out in our



DR. JOHN PELLING.

notice of Dr. Hearne, the Vestry, in the early days, were determined to manage everything, the rector included, and they appear to have found Dr. Pelling more submissive than Dr. Hearne. He did, indeed, attempt to claim at least the right to

nominate the sexton, but the Vestry would not hear of it, and appear to have had very little trouble in reducing him to submission. At a Vestry Meeting on February 16, 1716, we read that, "he gave up all pretensions to the same, and left it to the Vestry to elect a fit and proper person."

The parishioners, during the first year of Dr. Pelling's incumbency built him a Rectory House at the north-east corner of the churchyard. This house is now owned by Messrs. Müller, having been exchanged for the present rectory during the incumbency of the Rev. Canon Nugent Wade. The parishioners, as the Vestry minutes show, for many years kept the rectory in repair, but after a time they took a less generous view of their duty, and threw this responsibility upon the rector, who now bears this expense himself.

We have been fortunate enough to find in the British Museum an eloquent appreciation of the life and work of Dr. Pelling. It is contained in a funeral sermon preached by Dr. Thomas Church, who was Lecturer of St. Anne's and Vicar of Battersea, and it gives some interesting details about Dr. Pelling's ministry of forty-six years at St. Anne's. He was educated in the house of Dean Aldrich, at Oxford, and later on assisted him with his pupils. Afterwards, he became Chaplain to Compton, Bishop of London, who presented him to the living of St. Anne's, and a Prebendal Stall in St. Paul's Cathedral. The Speaker, Sir Thomas Hanmer, made him Chaplain of the House of Commons, and shortly afterwards he was appointed to a Canonry at St. George's, Windsor. He seems to have been such a favourite in high places that he might easily have had more preferment if he had wished it. He declined the Canonry of Christ Church, Oxford, also the Hebrew Professorship at Oxford, frankly acknowledging, with regard to the latter offer, that he did not know sufficient Hebrew to enable him to fill the chair as it ought to be filled. He was not the one to grasp at all which was to be got in those days of pluralism. He believed that it was "more blessed to give than to receive," and Dr. Church describes him as one "whose heart and whose purse were ever ready and open." He gave away large sums during his life. He was single and his personal wants were few, so he

adopted his sister's children as his own, and they always found in him a real and tender parent. His preferments, which came to him early in life, provided him with ample means. The Prebendal Stall of St. Paul's brought him in several thousand pounds. But all his money was spent in liberal and unostentatious charity. Dr. Church notes another pleasing feature in his character, *viz.* : "an entire absence of all bitterness and severity of expression," a characteristic which was by no means common in Dr. Pelling's day. And in his summing up of Dr. Pelling's life and character, Dr. Church uses these words :

Even in *our* days, which may be thought the dregs of time, God has not left Himself without a witness, amidst all the corruptions, profaneness and debauchery which surround us.

Beneath his picture, which hangs in the Clergy Vestry of St. Anne's, are inscribed these words :

HE WAS TRULY PIOUS.

" Benevolent, without worldly views,
 And liberal without ostentation.
 His charities were extensive :
 The distribution of them secret.
 By his doctrine and practice,
 He promoted
 'Peace on earth, and Goodwill towards men.'
 By his Death,
 The Church has lost a valuable ornament,
 The Poor a *daily* Father
 To his family and friends is left
 A bright Example of Christian love and goodness ;
 And to all mankind
 A plain and glorious Path to follow Him ! "

Also these :

" The Reverend JOHN PELLING, D.D.,
 Senior Canon of the Royal Chapel of St. George, Windsor; Prebendary of the
 Cathedral Church of St. Paul's ; and forty-seven years Rector of St. Anne's,
 Westminster.

He died the 30th March, 1750. Aged 82 years.
 And his remains were interred in the Chancel of St. Anne's, Soho,

April 7th, 1750.

His Pall was supported by the Bishops of Worcester, Bristol, Norwich,
 St. David's, Carlisle, and Peterborough."

SAMUEL SQUIRE.

1713-1766.

FORTUNATELY we are able to obtain a considerable amount of information about Bishop Samuel Squire, the third rector of St. Anne's. In the British Museum there is a manuscript biography of him written by his son Mr. Samuel Squire, and prefixed to a printed collection of his works. From this biography we learn the main facts of his life. He was born at Warminster in 1713, and was the son of Thomas Squire, druggist and apothecary, and probably received the rudiments of his education at the grammar school in that town. He entered as a pensioner at St. John's College, Cambridge, on June 23, 1730. He took his degree in 1733, was elected Craven Scholar in 1734, and became a fellow of his college in 1735. His college expenses were mainly paid by scholarships, and by what he received from pupils, and it was his boast that during seven years he had only cost his father £314. He was ordained in 1739, and in 1741 he was presented by his college to the living of Minting, Lincolnshire. Soon after he was appointed Chaplain to the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Archdeacon of Bath. In 1748 George II. presented him to the Crown living of Toppesfield in Essex, and in the same year he was chosen by the Duke of Newcastle to be his domestic chaplain. In 1750 he was collated by Archbishop Herring to the Rectory of St. Anne's, Westminster, resigning the living of Toppesfield in favour of a relative of the Archbishop. Soon after he was presented to the valuable living of Greenwich, and became Clerk of the Closet to the Prince of Wales. He married Charlotte, the eldest daughter of Mrs. Ardesoif, a widow lady of fortune living in Soho Square. In 1760 he was appointed to the Deanery of Bristol, and in the following year to the Bishopric of St. David's, being the first Bishop appointed by George III. He died at the age of 53, after a short illness caused by his anxiety about the health of one of his sons. The following is a list of the most important of his writings :

“ 1. Ancient History of the Jews Vindicated, 1741.

2. Two Essays By Theophanes Cantabrigiensis; (a) A Defence of the Ancient Greek Chronology; (b) An Inquiry into the origin of the Greek Language, 1741.

3. *Plutarchi de Iside et Osiride liber, Graece et Anglicae.*
4. *An Inquiry into the English Constitution, 1745.*
5. *A letter to a Tory Friend on the present Critical Situation of our Affairs, 1746. (Invasion by Pretender.)*
6. *Remarks on Mr. Carte's Specimen of his General History of England.*
7. *Historical Essay on the balance of civil power in England, 1748.*
8. *Remarks on the Academie . . . 1751; an attack on some regulations of Cambridge University.*



SAMUEL SQUIRE, 1713—1766.

9. *Indifference to Religion inexcusable, 1758. Dedicated to George, Prince of Wales.*
10. *The Principles of Religion made easy to young persons, in a short and familiar catechism, 1763. Dedicated to Prince Frederick William."*

It is interesting to read what the men of his own time thought of him. Thomas Gray, the poet, who wrote the Elegy in a churchyard, frequently mentions him in his letters. Writing

to his friend the Rev. William Mason, who had lately been appointed Chaplain-in-Ordinary to George II., he says, "You are welcome to the land of the living, to the sunshine of a court, to the dirt of a chaplain's table, and to the society of Dr. Squire."

Again, in a sketch of character, Gray says :

"A place, a pension he did not desire.

But left Church and State to Charles Townsend and Squire."

And in a letter to his friend Dr. Wharton, soon after Squire's appointment to the Bishopric of St. David's, he says : " I wish you joy of Dr. Squire's Bishoprick ; he keeps both his livings, and is the happiest of devils."

When Warburton was Bishop of Gloucester there were two men expecting the Deanery of Bristol—one was Dr. Josiah Tucker, who had written and done many things with regard to trade which had won him popularity with the people of Bristol ; and the other was Dr. Squire, the Rector of St. Anne's, who got the Deanery. Dr. Warburton made the sarcastic remark that Squire made *religion his trade*, and that Tucker made *trade his religion*.

Dr. Squire during his Cambridge days assumed the office of a literary critic ; but his criticisms were not appreciated. Bishop Warburton, writing to Dr. Philip Doddridge in 1739, says : " The author of 'Theophanes Cambrigenensis' is a young man whose name is Squire, fellow of St. John's of that university. All that I have seen of Morgan is in that pamphlet ; and for my part I am amazed that anyone should think it worth while to answer the most senseless and abandoned scribbler that ever came from Bedlam or the Mint."

Dr. William King ridicules him under the name of " Samuel Squib."

" This is one *Samuel Squib*, a furious fanatic preacher, and Sir Thomas Duke's Chaplain ; to which post he recommended himself by that kind of parasitical Impudence and Adulation, which is generally successful in the houses of great men. Squib is a great Pretender to Learning of all Sorts. He would persuade you that he is the most sagacious Antiquary of the Age, and no man living is better versed in Natural Philosophy and the Belles Lettres. But he would be chiefly renowned for his extraordinary Skill in Criticism, in which in his own Estimation of himself, he far excels all the Scaliger's Causabon's, etc.

. . . . In short our Squib is a composition of Malice, Ignorance, and Impudence; Qualities indeed which have been very useful to him in these iniquitous times. He is an eternal Talker, and his discourse is a Rhapsody of Nonsense and Blunders, etc., etc."

But it is fair in forming an estimate of Dr. Squire to make due allowance for the extravagant way in which divines as well as others wrote in the eighteenth century.

We have come across two anecdotes which at least show him to have been at times a generous patron. The first has a special interest because it concerns one whose long and faithful service to the parish is recorded in our Vestry chronicles. The Rev. Henry Pynyott had been a "reader of prayers" at a salary of £30 a year for ten years before the Bishop was appointed to the living of St. Anne's. He was the descendant of a refugee family, a man of learning, and a devoted parish priest, respected and loved by the whole parish. But he had never asked for promotion, even when his rector became a bishop. This was a matter of much surprise to Bishop Squire, who invited Mr. Pynyott to dinner, and after the other guests were gone, said to him " You have been to me a most able and indefatigable assistant, and I wonder that while so many who have no claim upon me have applied to me to use my power and patronage on their behalf, you who have the strongest claim have never once intimated to me, that I could be of service to you. This is a matter of surprise to me as I know that you are not in affluent circumstances."

To this Mr. Pynyott is said to have replied: " It is true I might have taken advantage of the intimacy with which during a long series of years you have honoured me, but this I had no mind to do, as I was sure that you would promote me if you deemed me worthy of promotion."

" This, my esteemed friend, I certainly do. I have, perhaps, with less merit, been more fortunate in this world than yourself, and I am glad that I have it in my power to offer you now a valuable living which has fallen to my gift. The presentation is executed in your name: it is here" (handing the papers to him). Mr. Pynyott was about to speak his gratitude, but the Bishop stopped him, saying, " I will have no acknowledgments, my friend, I have never done anything in my life that has given

me more pleasure. You must not walk home. A chair waits in the hall to convey the Rector of to Meard's Court."

Another story is told of Bishop Squire. In 1761 a living was vacant in Carmarthenshire which was in his gift. The Earl of B— wrote strongly recommending a Mr. L——and promising that the Bishop might command his (the Earl's) interest for himself or friends at any time, etc. It happened that before he replied to the Earl's letter that a poor curate, miserably dressed, came to the Bishop's house, and sent in a letter to his Lordship setting forth that he had a wife and five children, that his income was only —, that he wanted the common necessities of life, that he had no friend to recommend him, and that he must throw himself upon the Bishop's consideration in connection with the living of The Bishop ordered him in, gave him a dinner, for he had walked twenty Welsh miles, required a testimonium of his good behaviour, which he produced, found him to be a good scholar, and then not only presented him to the living, but gave him money to pay the expenses connected with his institution.

Amongst those who received kindness from Bishop Squire was his chaplain, the gifted and unfortunate Dr. William Dodd, who mentions the Bishop over and over again in his writings. In "An Ode written in the Walks of Brecknock" he expresses his gratitude to his friend and patron. At the Bishop's death he preached his funeral sermon, which was published with a dedicatory letter to Mrs. Squire. It is full of expressions of regard and affection for the Bishop. And in his "Thoughts in Prison," week iv., just before his execution, he writes:—

"And still more, when urged, approved
And blessed by thee, St. David's, honour'd friend,
Alike in Wisdom's and in Learning's school
Advanced and sage, etc., etc."

RICHARD HIND,

1713—1790.

THE late Archbishop of Canterbury used to say "History is comforting," and this is especially true of the history of the time during which Bishop Samuel Squire, Dr. Richard Hind and Dr.

Robert Richardson were rectors of St. Anne's. Whatever there may be to deplore in the Church life of to-day, we may take comfort when we learn what it was in the middle of the eighteenth century. The ministry of Dr. Richard Hind, the fourth Rector of St. Anne's, so far as we can form an idea of it, is even less inviting than that of Bishop Squire. He was the son of the Rev. Thomas Hind, Chaplain of the Bishop of London, and was born at Boddington, Northampton, in 1713. He was student of Christ Church, Oxford, and took his degree in 1733, at the early age of twenty. In 1744 he was proctor of his university. Ten years later, in 1754, he became domestic chaplain to the Bishop of Norwich, and was presented by his college to the living of Sheering, near Harlow, Essex. In 1766, at the age of 53, he was collated to the Rectory of St. Anne's, and we find the following notice of the event in our vestry minutes :

Memorandum. That the Rev. Dr. Samuel Squire, Bishop of St. David's, died 7th of May, 1766, and was deposited in the Old Vault on the 13th of the same month, and was succeeded by the *Rev. Richard Hind.*

At the time of his appointment to St. Anne's, Dr. Hind was chaplain to Dr. Terrick, Bishop of London, and had not resigned his living of Sheering, Essex. He was also secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.* As the Bishop's examining chaplain he had not endeared himself to the candidates for Holy Orders. He is mentioned in no flattering terms in "A Letter to the Bishop of London on his public conduct. Pointing out amongst other particulars, his Lordship's inattention to Public Ordinations, and Hireling Preachers, in which is delineated the character of a late examining chaplain. By a Curate, 1772." In this letter, Dr. Hind is described as a "pedantic bully," as a "tyrant chaplain," and as the "pompous Dr. Hind." Reference is made to his unpopularity when proctor at the University of Oxford, and to his overbearing treatment of candidates for Holy Orders. We refer to this letter chiefly because of what it has to say of Dr. Hind, but we feel that we can hardly put it on one side without noticing the lurid light which it throws upon Church matters at that time.

*Dr. Hind was Secretary of the S.P.G. from 1773-1778, and St. Anne's Westminster, was the official address of the Chief Secretary from 1772-1778.

The writer refers to the fact that the bishop was, amongs^t other things, "Lord Commissioner of trade regulations," and says that he never answered letters from his clergy because he was too busy assisting at the Board of Trade, and doing other things outside his proper episcopal work. At the ordination season the Bishop was hardly seen by the candidates, and at the ordination service itself did not make his appearance until after the prayers and ordination sermon. Half a crown "was insolently demanded, in the bishop's presence, from each of the candidates for furnishing them with dirty surplices." After the ordination they were bidden to go to the bishop's house in Bond Street for their letters of Orders, then told to call again next evening as his Lordship was engaged. This involved the candidates in additional hotel expenses as no hospitality was offered. This is part of the picture which the letter gives of an ordination in 1772.

But to return to Dr. Hind. He did not find St. Anne's a bed of roses, and it would seem that this was largely due to his own contentious disposition and his exaggerated notion of what was due to him. At the time of his appointment Dr. Jackson, the clerk-in-orders and curate of the late rector, was in office. Dr. Hind "demanded the services of the clerk-in-orders *as a right.*" The right was disputed and the question was taken before the Exchequer Court with the result that the rector did not establish his right to use the services of the clerk-in-orders as if he were his curate. He had also to pay the costs of the suit. But he was soon after engaged in another contention which lasted to the end of his ministry at St. Anne's. On the 13th of February, 1769, Dr. Hind gave a title for orders to Thomas Martin, and engaged his services as curate for 50 guineas a year, undertaking "to continue him to officiate in his said church until he should be otherwise provided with some ecclesiastical preferment, unless by fault of him committed he should be lawfully removed from the same." Mr. Martin was ordained on this title by the Bishop of London, Dr. Terrick, and at a meeting of the parishioners in vestry on the 26th day of June

"The Rev. Mr. Thomas Martyn was unanimously appointed Reader of extra Prayers in this parish Church at eleven and four o'clock in the room

of the late Rev. Mr. Moore, deceased." Resolved That the said Thomas Martin be allowed the sum of Thirty pounds per Annum for the performance of his said Duty and that the same be paid by the Churchwardens for the time being and be charged in his Account. And that said salary do commence from Midsummer last."

On November 26th, 1774, Dr. Hind, without assigning any reason, gave Mr. Martyn three months' notice to quit the curacy. Mr. Martyn refused to go though the bishop also required him to withdraw. He kept to his post and then demanded his salary from the rector. This was refused, and Mr. Martyn brought an action in the Court of King's Bench which was heard before Lord Mansfield and a jury of Middlesex, and was decided in his favour. "Dr. Hind immediately renewed hostilities in two other courts—the Chancery and the Common Pleas. (See *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. 47, p. 281.) Mr. Martyn then published an address with the following title page:—

"An address to the inhabitants of the parish of St. Anne, Westminster; by the Rev. Thomas Martyn, containing a full State of the Case with the Rev. Dr. Hind, and the Opinion of the Court of King's Bench upon the subject of their contest; in which the Clergy in General are materially Interested; and by which the Rights of the Inferior Clergy in particular are clearly ascertained 1777. [Price one shilling.]"

The address states that there had been more curates during Dr. Hind's incumbency than in almost a century before, attributes these changes to the "haughty, imperious, tyrannical temper" of the rector. Mr. Martyn speaks sarcastically of the welcome which his London parishioners gave the doctor when he returned to the parish from his "summer residence," referring, no doubt, to his living in Essex. He compares his own situation to that of Æsop's crow, and Dr. Hind to the cunning fox, and so on. A little later there appeared a satirical pamphlet entitled "Ecclesiastical Gallantry: or, The Mystery Unravelled," the authorship of which was attributed to Mr. Martyn. It is dedicated, without permission, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and is full of clever but vulgar, indecent abuse. (See *Gentleman's Magazine*, Jan., 1779, p. 36.) Under the title "Remarkable Ecclesiastical Case," Vol. 55 of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, pp. 146-147, gives the following information:

"The Court of Delegates decreed in this unhappy case of libel promoted by Dr. Hind against Mr. Martyn in 1776, that all the charges except defiance, were decreed by the Ecclesiastical Court to be void of foundation or proof. And yet Dr. Wynne, judge of the Consistory Court, pronounced in 1779 that Mr. Martyn ought to be removed from the curacy, and condemned him in costs which in that court alone amounted to £400. From this sentence Mr. Martin appealed to the Arches Court and the sentence of the Consistory Court was confirmed, and the costs nearly doubled by the appeal. The last resort was to the Delegates. The hearing came on January 31st, 1782. The final decree was then given when the Judge Delegates pronounced for the appeal, and annulled the sentence of the Ecclesiastical Courts, by which, as Mr. Martyn said, he was 'delivered from a persecution as cruel, unjust, and oppressive as ever came before a Court.' Mr. Martyn, who pleaded for himself, received every indulgence and encouragement from the Court."

In the course of the litigation attention was drawn to an important clause in the Act of the 13th year of Charles II., by which certain emoluments were secured to the Rectors of St. Anne's. After reciting these emoluments, the Act contains the following clause :

"Provided always, that such Rector and Rectors shall and are hereby enjoined to reside four parts in five of every year in the said parish."

The question was raised as to the operation of this clause in the case of Dr. Hind, who was non-resident a considerable part of the year, but we cannot ascertain the answer that was given. It is clear, however, that the raising of the question would not help to make Dr. Hind's position more comfortable at St. Anne's. The Vestry of the Parish became involved to a certain extent in this quarrel between the Rector and the Curate as appears from the Vestry Minutes of March 5, March 15, and May 6, 1778.

On the 5th March, 1778, the Vestry met to consider a notice received by the Churchwardens from Mr. Martyn with reference to the burial of non-residents. The Churchwardens had waited upon Dr. Hind to inform him of the notice which had been received, and to "request" his opinion and determination thereon, and the Doctor had signified to them that he would give his answer thereto at the Vestry. The following letter was read from Mr. Martyn :

"CHURCH ST., Feb. 20th, 1778.

"GENTLEMEN,

"It hath been determined by the Judgment of the Ecclesiastical Court, in a Cause instituted against me by Dr. Hind, that 'tis no part of my duty to officiate at the burial of such persons as were neither Parishioners or

Inhabitants of this Parish. I therefore take the Liberty to acquaint you that I hold myself discharged from that Office, and (unless Salary be appointed equivalent to the service) that I will bury such only as shall Die in or belong to the parish of St. Anne. But as the interest of the parish may suffer if my attendance be abruptly discontinued, I think it proper likewise to acquaint you that I shall continue to bury without distinction till it be determined by whom and at whose expense the Duty shall be performed. In this Enquiry I must intreat you to be as expeditious as possible, for though my service is a compliment which the Parish may command, the burial of a single corpse to accommodate the Rector, is a Favour which he neither deserves nor (without meanness) can desire from

“Yours and the Parish’s most obedt. Hble. Servt.

“THOS. MARTYN.”

Dr. Hind said that he considered the burial of non-parishioners part of the duty for which the Curate was paid, and it was his “final resolution not to pay anything more for such burials.” “Mr. Martyn being also present declared that if the said duty was to be paid for by Dr. Hind he would not do it any more; but if it was to be paid for by the parish, he would do it and not put them to any expense.” Finally it was resolved to obtain counsel’s opinion. This was done, and the opinion was laid before the Vestry at their meeting on the 6th day of May, 1778. Dr. Hind, though specially invited to attend the Vestry refused to do so, and said that “if the duty had to be done by him, or if he had to pay for it, he would not consent to opening the ground, and also that he should very soon leave the parish.”

The intimation that he was about to leave the parish would be very welcome to the parishioners, and it would seem that at this time he knew that the chance of leaving St. Anne’s was near at hand, for in the following month, June 6th, 1778, he was presented to the more valuable living of Rochdale. In the same year he resigned the living of Sheering, and was presented by Christ Church, Oxford, to the living of Skipton in Craven, Yorkshire.* The Bishop of London had made him Prebendary of St. Paul’s in 1772, and these three appointments he held to the end of his life.

The Vicar of Skipton sends the following note from the Skipton Parish Register;

“Richard Hind, B.D., inducted into the Vicarage of Skipton on the eighth day of August, 1778, by the Rev. Mr. Plumer, Master of the Grammar School in Skipton.”

The scandal, however, of this unclerical and unchristian contest did not cease with Dr. Hind's departure to Rochdale. A writer published in 1779 a satirical letter in verse upon the treatment which Mr. Martyn had received. The writer of the Epistle assumed the name of Dr. Richardson, the new Rector of St. Anne's, and addressed his letter to the Vicar of Rochdale. It was supposed to be the production of Mr. Martyn. The Bishop of London is abused in the "Dedication," and Dr. Hind and Dr. Richardson come in for much satire and abuse in the epistle itself. The following quotations are sufficient to give an idea of the pamphlet:

" The point you maintained
 The Conquest *he* gained,
 'Twere needless for me to recite;
 In Country and Town the case is well known,
 And talked of with savage delight.

" I never shall fail
 Your fate to bewail,
 Nor cease to behold with Regret!
 Your Curate avow,
 And Justice allow,
 His Right independent—*to eat.*

" Your banishment too,
 With Horror I view,
 As Felons the Gallows behold;
 And read in your Fate
 What *may* soon or late
 Of more than one Rector be told."

For information about Dr. Hind's ministry at Rochdale we turn to the late Canon Raines' "Lives of the Vicars of Rochdale." The materials for this book were collected as early as 1835, and Canon Raines tells us that he had spoken to many old parishioners who had known Dr. Hind. The general impression which these conversations left was not very favourable, but on the whole Dr. Hind's ministry in Rochdale was happier than at St. Anne's. At the outset he took a step which was very characteristic. It had been the custom for the curates in charge of the chapelries connected with the parish church to close their churches on high Festivals, and attend the Mother Church with their congregations. This custom had been more or less discontinued, but Dr. Hind determined to revive it and commanded

the curates to attend. This was an assertion of Vicarial authority which was not relished, and only some of the Curates obeyed. From one parishioner Canon Baines elicited the information :

“ The Doctor was dignified, reserved, and very aristocratic. He was a good preacher and the Church was well attended in his time. Mr. Bellas, who was Dr. Hind’s curate, had a high opinion of his Rector, and used to say he had been badly used by his London curate.”

Canon Raines says “ Mr. Hugh Oldham, the old school-master of Rochdale, told me that he knew and remembered Dr. Hind well. He described him as wearing a powdered wig, shovel hat, silk stockings, and shoe buckles, and as being of a tall and commanding figure and florid complexion. He also said that the doctor improved with age, and grew ‘ less sour, less petulant, less offensive to the people in his latter years.’ ”

Dr. Hind was remembered as having had a close carriage and livery servants, and having a great taste in floral and horticultural pursuits.

He is described as having much dignity of manner, as limiting his social intercourse to a few of the leading families in the parish. He was censured for not associating with those who were known to be making large fortunes, but he did not regard them as sufficiently educated and refined to be admitted within the private circle of his friends. No one durst oppose his will or dispute his authority.

It was to his credit that in association with Lord Grey de Wilton, he established the Lancashire Humane Society in 1789 (See *Gentleman’s Magazine*, 1790, Vol. ii. p. 600.)

One act of liberality is also recorded, during his Rochdale ministry. He assisted the Churchwardens in 1789 in purchasing the musical clock which was formerly in the tower of the church, the works of which were said to be as good in 1858 as they were when first made. The cost was £193.

The following sermons were published by Dr. Hind :

“ 1. The Abuse of Miraculous Powers in the Church of Corinth considered ; being a sermon preached before the University of Oxford, Feb. 2nd, 1755.”

“ 2. A Sermon before the Sons of the Clergy, in St. Paul’s Cathedral, May 10th, 1764.”

£1,008 1s. 9d. was collected at the service.

"3. A sermon preached before the House of Commons, Jan. 30th, 1765."

For this sermon he received the thanks of the House, and was requested to publish the same. Dr. T. D. Whitaker, in his "History of Whalley," says of the first two sermons that "they were excellently written, and would want no advantage of person, deportment or elocution in the delivery, and yet Dr. Hind was a handsome-looking man, elegant in his deportment and distinguished as an orator."

Dr. Hind died at the Vicarage, Rochdale, where he had almost always resided, and was buried within the altar rails, where on a plain flagstone there is inscribed :

"Richard Hind, D.D., 12 years Vicar of this Parish. Died 18th February, 1790, A.E. 75."

ROBERT RICHARDSON.

ROBERT RICHARDSON, D.D., F.R.S.; and F.S.A., the fifth Rector of St. Anne's, was instituted in 1778. We find the following memorandum in the Vestry Minutes :

"On the 6th Day of July, 1778, the Rev. Richard Hind resigned the Rectorship of this parish. And the Rev. Dr. Robert Richardson was presented and inducted in his stead."

He was the only son of Dr. William Richardson, a famous antiquary and Master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. We can obtain very little information about his early life. He was admitted as a member of his father's college in 1745, took his B.A. in 1749, his M.A. in 1753, and his D.D. in 1765.

In 1759 he was nominated by his father, and appointed by his college, to the rectory of Wallington, Herts. About the same time he became Prebendary of Lincoln, and chaplain at the Hague. A little later he became chaplain to the Earl of Gainsborough, and Chaplain in Ordinary to George III. In the British Museum there is preserved an eloquent and thoughtful sermon preached by him during his chaplaincy at the Hague, and at the conclusion of the Peace of Paris. The title of the sermon is as follows :

"A Discourse delivered in the Chapel at the Hague on Thursday, the 5th of May, 1763, being the day appointed for a General Thanksgiving to

Almighty God, on account of the late happy conclusion of a just and honourable peace. By Robert Richardson, M.A., Prebendary of Lincoln; Rector of Wallington, Herts; Chaplain to the R.H. the Earl of Gainsborough, and to His Excellency, 1763."

During the time that he held the chaplaincy at the Hague, the great legal case of "Douglas against Hamilton" was before the public, and the documents on both sides were sent out to Sir Joseph Yorke. These were handed to Dr. Richardson, who thoroughly studied the papers, and then drew up a statement of the case which was printed for private distribution. This statement was considered so able that it was used as their brief by counsel on the side which he espoused. Afterwards he had the satisfaction of seeing the opinion* which he supported confirmed by the House of Lords. After the trial the successful side offered him £400, but he declined to accept it.

Dr. Richardson came to St. Anne's at a time of excitement and ill-will, caused by the disputes between Dr. Hinde, the preceding Rector, and Mr. Martyn, his curate. The parishioners, who had given their support to Mr. Martyn, still retained his services as "reader of prayers," an office to which they made the appointment, and which he held until the incumbency of Archdeacon Eaton. By that time his popularity seems to have declined, and his resignation appears to have been accepted without regret. Dr. Richardson's incumbency of St. Anne's only lasted three years, and his ministry was not distinguished by anything remarkable.

A memorandum in the Vestry minutes is as follows:

"That Dr. Robert Richardson, Rector of this parish, died the 27th day of Sept. 1781, and was interred in the Chancel on the 4th day of October following:

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 51, p. 490, has a notice of his death:

* The vol. containing Dr. Richardson's "opinion" can still be seen in the British Museum under the title: "A State of the evidence of a cause between His Grace the Duke of Hamilton and others, Pursuers, and Archibald Douglas, of Douglas, with Remarks by Robert Richardson, D.D., Prebendary of Lincoln, 1769." It states that Dr. Richardson began his enquiry, Sept., 1767.

"Sept 27th, 1781:

"In Dean St., Soho, aged 50, Rev. Robert Richardson, D.D., F.R.S., and A.S.S., Prebendary of Lincoln, Rector of St. Anne's, Westminster, and of Wallington, Herts, and Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty. The Rectory of St. Anne's is in the gift of the Bishop of London; the value is about £550 a year, resulting from a good glebe land and a parish rate of £100 a year, in addition to the Easter offerings and surplice fees. The Glebe land alone is above £200 of the money."

In addition to the writings already mentioned there is a sermon of Dr. Richardson in the British Museum, preached at the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy in 1779.

We may mention also that in turning over the minutes of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel for December 4th, 1778, we find that on that date Dr. Richardson and the Rev. Stephen Eaton, his successor at St. Anne's, were proposed as members of the Society.

STEPHEN EATON.

THE Vestry Minutes inform us that Stephen Eaton, the sixth Rector of St. Anne's" was inducted to the living on Saturday, the 3rd day of November, 1781."

He was educated at Merton College, Oxford, matriculated on the 28th of March, 1757, took his B.A. in 1760, and his M.A. in 1763. He was Rector of St. George the Martyr, Holborn, from 1765 to 1781. At the same time he held the living of Thorley which he resigned in 1780. About the same time he was appointed to the Rectory of Northall or Northolt, near Harrow. Turning to Lyson's "Environs of London" (vol. iii. 407), we find an acknowledgment of the "valuable contributions which he made to the history of Northall," and an interesting account of his sinking a well at his own expense, and mainly for the benefit of his poorer neighbours.

"In consequence of the scarcity of water at Northall Mr. Eaton had a well sunk in the court adjoining the vicarage to the depth of 164 feet, and he kindly permitted the inhabitants of the parish to have full access to it, altho' it was in such close proximity to his house, with the hope that his successors would not withhold from them a blessing which they have no other means of securing."

At St. George the Martyr he also gained the character of a hardworking parish priest. Upon the minutes of the Vestry

of that parish there is recorded a "vote of thanks to the Rev. Stephen Eaton for his diligence care and attention to the rights and interests of the parish."*

He fully maintained this reputation for energy and liberality during his ministry of twenty-five years at St. Anne's. He was appointed at a time when the parish greatly needed a man of his gifts and devotion, for the pulse of Church life was beating feebly, and poverty and distress abounded.



STEPHEN EATON.

The better rendering of the Church services was his first anxiety. He began by stirring up the parishioners to "take into consideration the bad state of the organ and also some necessary repairs and alterations to the Church." This improvement to the organ was carried out by Messrs. Dodo Tollner and Co., organ builders, and those who have an affection for our old and interesting organ may like to read the following estimate and specification.

* See "Miller's History of the Parish of St. George the Martyr, Holborn."

"Jan. 24th, 1782.

- " To make a new open Diapason in Front in the said Organ.
- " To thorough repair the Cornet in the great Organ.
- " To repair the Sexqui altra in D°.
- " To make a new Trumpet in D° and to mend what odd Pipes may want it in D°.
- " And in the Choir Organ and Swell to thorough repair the Bellows and to thorough clean the great Organ, the Choir Organ, and Swell, to regulate the Keys, and put in Order and tune, will be done for 60 guineas. The Gilding, the front pipes excepted.
- " And to finish and compleat the same by the first Sunday in June next."

The chief services on Sunday were held in the morning and afternoon, but there was an additional service at 6.30 in the evening. This had fallen into neglect, and not only did the "Clerk, Sexton, and Pew-keepers" attend irregularly, but the "Reader of Prayers" often sent a deputy. To improve matters, the organist was required, in future, to play at the evening service and extra remuneration was given him.

The *warming* of the Church was next taken in hand, and it would seem that for the first time stoves were introduced. Oil lamps had hitherto served the double purpose of light and heat. He also introduced the singing of the *new version of the Psalms* which the older ones amongst us remember in our younger days before our modern hymn books came into use. Soon after the *steeple* of the church received attention, and Archdeacon Eaton (he became Archdeacon of Middlesex immediately after his appointment to St. Anne's) advanced £200 by way of loan towards the expense of carrying out the work. Soon afterwards he proposed the erection of a new *organ* at a cost of £420, and contributed £100 himself.

From this time to the end of his ministry at St. Anne's we find abundant evidence of his *zeal*, not only for all that concerned the services of the Church, but also for the welfare of the poor. We have mentioned his kindness to his poorer neighbours at Northolt in allowing them the use of the well he had sunk. He also allowed his poor neighbours in Soho to use the well "in the Rector's Churchyard." This well was near the N.E. entrance to the churchyard. In 1821 another well was sunk 200 feet deep, opposite to the Watch House, and the old well closed.

He was unmarried, and probably a man of considerable

private means, and we find him continually giving or lending money to meet the needs of the church, or to carry out public improvements in the parish. He was also greatly helped by his curate, the Rev. Joseph Jefferson, with whom he worked in great harmony for many years and who, like his rector, was a liberal giver and an energetic worker. Mr. Jefferson continued his work of evening lecturer for two years after Archdeacon Eaton's death, but resigned it on his appointment to the rectory of Weeley in Essex in 1808. On his leaving, the Vestry passed the following resolutions :

" That the parishioners are sensible of the sincere and constant attention which Mr. Jefferson has given to their temporal advantages and religious comforts during the long and important connection which has subsisted between him and them.

" That Mr. Jefferson has uniformly guarded the interests of this parish as an active and independent Magistrate, that he has been particularly attentive to the good order and prosperity of its charitable Institutions, and that he has contributed greatly to the comfort and happiness of every description of the poor. The parishioners therefore embrace the opportunity of returning to Mr. Jefferson their most grateful acknowledgments for his very valuable services."

But to return to Archdeacon Eaton. The parochial event of most importance during his incumbency was the rebuilding of the Tower. On May 20, 1800, Mr. Cockerill was asked to make a survey and report as to the condition of the Tower, and his report showed the absolute necessity of taking it down without delay, and rebuilding it. The Vestry decided to take the work in hand at once. They also resolved, about the same time, that "the watch-house and engine-house be taken down and rebuilt with vaults under, and a Vestry room over the same."

" Considering the distresses of the times" and the difficulty of at once raising money for so large a scheme it was resolved to apply for an Act of Parliament to enable them to raise by annuities and bonds the sum of £6000 upon the security of the rates. It was also resolved on April 27, 1801, to apply for a Faculty from the Ecclesiastical authorities "to make them to proceed in re-building the Tower and to remove such bodies as interfere with the erection of a watchhouse and Engine House, and making a vault under the same." The Act of Parliament was obtained and a clause was introduced, abolishing the separate

collection of the "rector's rate" and charging the same upon the poor rate. A Faculty was also granted on June 7th, 1802, giving "licence to build." The expenditure imposed a burden upon the parish for about thirty years.

Archdeacon Eaton died on March 14, 1806. The following notice is given of him in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 76, 284:

"Died 14th, 1806, after an illness so unexampled in its duration as in the meekness and patience with which it was sustained, the Rev. Stephen Eaton, M.A. Few have lived so universally admired and respected as a clergyman, and so entirely esteemed and beloved as a man."

His will is dated April 20, 1804. He left liberal legacies to his servants, £300 to the Rev. Joseph Jefferson,* his old friend and curate, and £50 to the Trustees of St. Anne's Charity School.†

RODERICK MACLEOD.

RODERICK MACLEOD was the seventh rector of St. Anne's. He was born in 1753, and in 1806 was instituted to the living of St. Anne's, which he held for nearly forty years. He was the sixth child of Norman MacLeod, fourth of Drynoch, known among his countrymen as Tormod Mor.‡ He matriculated at King's

* "On Friday morning last, at Witham, after an illness of a very few hours, the Very Rev. J. Jefferson, Archdeacon of Colchester, Rector of Weeley, and Vicar of Witham, in the county of Essex. As a member of the Established Church the Archdeacon was one of its most able defenders, as a magistrate the firm friend of the laws, and a kind mediator in all cases of complaint which admitted of amicable adjustment; as a man the warm advocate of charitable and useful works, in general, and of those of the diocese over which he presided, in particular; to his indefatigable zeal Colchester is indebted for an asylum for the afflicted poor, and as long as this benevolent institution exists his memory will live, and be more revered especially by those who in the hour of disease are sheltered and succoured by that successful exertion of his philanthropy."—*Courier*.

† For this information we are indebted to his great-nephew, C. O. Eaton, Esq., of Tolethorpe Hall, Stamford.

‡ See "History of MacLeod's," pp. 216-219. R. MacLeod married a sister of Admiral Middleton, with issue: Sons; 1. George, who held an appointment in Somerset House; 2. Norman, Bengal Civil Service; 3. Alexander, R.N.; 4. Charles, in Holy Orders many years at St. John the Baptist, Harlow. Daughters; 1. Elizabeth; 2. Sybilla; 3. Wilhelmina; 4. Margaret Gambier, who married her distant cousin Roderick Macleod, M.D., a celebrated physician and member of the Talisker family. To their daughter, Lady Caithness, we are indebted for the interesting "Recollections," which are included in this notice of Dr. MacLeod.

College, Aberdeen, in 1769. He was the head of his class and took Founder's Bursary. He took his M.A. in 1773. We have not been able to ascertain where he began his work as



DR. RODERICK MACLEOD.

From a portrait ascribed to Sir Thomas Lawrence.

a clergyman. But in a letter to Sir John Macpherson,* his cousin, dated Jan. 21, 1782, from "Prince's Square, London," he

* This Sir John Macpherson became Governor-General of India and his virtues are recorded on a tablet on the north wall of St. Anne's Church.

describes himself as a poor curate" and some of his sermons of this date are marked as having been preached at "Spitalfields Chapel." We conclude, therefore, that some of his early ministerial experience was gained in the East of London. His first promotion was to St. Paul's, Aberdeen, in 1782, an incumbency which he held until 1793.* Through the kindness of the Rev. E. E. Marshall, the present Rector of St. Paul's, we have received the following Memorandum of Dr. MacLeod's appointment to St. Paul's.

"Mr. Macleod, Prince's Square, Ratcliff Highway, London, was called on the 21st of March, 1782, as an "Assistant Minister and Pastor" of St. Paul's Chapel, and as "successor to the first ministerial office that may become vacant in the said chapel" at a salary of £70 sterling yearly, while an assistant, and upon his succeeding to the first vacancy, as above, to be allowed such addition to the aforesaid salary as the congregation may think the funds will allow. The Minutes do not show where Mr. MacLeod previously officiated, but from his letter of acceptance dated 8th of April, 1782, he refers to his "present charge," merely giving his address as above. Dr. Paterson appears to have died immediately after Mr. MacLeod's appointment was made, and before he (Mr. MacLeod) arrived in Aberdeen, which he did in time to officiate Trinity Sunday, 26th May, 1782. At the meeting of Managers held on June 3rd, 1782, twenty guineas were voted to Mr. McLeod, to pay the expenses of his journey to Aberdeen; and on 29th Nov., 1782, his salary was fixed at £85 10s. He seems to have had a dwelling house as well during the latter part of his Incumbency. In Nov. 1789, Mr. MacLeod's salary was increased to £100. He resigned his Incumbency as at Whitsunday, 1793, "having been presented by the Bishop of London to a benefice in the county of Essex."

The last-named benefice was that of Great Bentley, near Colchester, which he held until his appointment to St. Anne's in 1806.

* The date of Dr. MacLeod's presentation on the Bishop's seal shows that he was Vicar of Bentley in 1791, so that he held the living two years before he came into residence there. A letter from the Vicar of Bentley confirms this.

The "Recollections" of Lady Caithness give us so many details of Dr. MacLeod and his work at St. Anne's that it will only be necessary to allude briefly to what we find in the Vestry Minutes. These minutes and the records of the school show how heartily Dr. MacLeod threw himself into the work for St. Anne's.

In 1810 we come across a minute which shows that he had some of the same difficulties to contend with which confront us still. On May 3 in that year he brought before the Vestry a communication from a Committee which had been formed to deal with the mode in which vice flaunted itself without let or hindrance in the public streets, and if possible to bring about, by a bill to be submitted to Parliament, "an improvement of the police on the subject." The result was that a parochial Committee was formed for promoting the bill in St. Anne's as well as in the neighbouring parishes.

Dr. MacLeod's efforts to bring about a better observance of the Lord's Day are alluded to in the Recollections of Lady Caithness. The account of these efforts occupy many pages of the Vestry minutes.

There was another matter in which Dr. MacLeod, as a Guardian of the Poor, was deeply interested—the proper care of the "poor children," which he brought before the Vestry in June, 1822. The "boarding-out" system had been followed for fifty-five years, and had proved a failure owing, it would seem, to the want of proper supervision. It was therefore thought advisable to secure School premises at Edmonton, where the children were placed, with improved results both as to their moral tone and bodily health.

As a rule the most friendly relations existed between Dr. MacLeod and the Vestry, and on more than one occasion they passed votes of thanks to the Rector for his "care and attention to the interests of the parish." But as the Vestry appointed the Lecturers and Readers of Prayers a difference of view occasionally arose, as in 1827, when Dr. MacLeod refused his permission to officiate to the Reader of Prayers appointed by the Vestry. In this case the Vestry decided to pay the salary to the clergyman they had appointed whether he officiated or not. How the matter ended does not appear.

Dr. MacLeod was not spared the trouble of a restoration of the Church. In 1830 it became clear that the Church needed a new roof and extensive repairs. Mr. Abraham and Mr. Savage* were asked for reports, and it was found that nearly £6000 would be required to carry out the work. This was ordered to be done. As in 1802, the money was borrowed on the security of the rates. Mr. Abraham was the architect.

As Dr. MacLeod advanced in years the income from pew rents considerably diminished and, in 1835, a Committee was appointed by the Vestry "to consider the best means of improving the Church revenue." In their report they say, amongst other things, that they had suggested "to the Rector (whose age and infirmity have impaired the usefulness and efficiency which gained him the regard of his parishioners and their undiminished esteem) that a gentleman should be engaged to preach alternately on Sunday mornings, and they were happy to state that the Rector entered earnestly and cheerfully into their view, and, after hearing three clergymen deliver on successive Sunday mornings probationary sermons the Rev. Thomas Tunstall Haverfield has been appointed by the Rector, at his own charge, alternate morning preacher."

They also proposed that efforts should be made to improve the *musical portion* of the services—"That, in addition to the twelve boys and twelve girls who sang in Church there should always be six of each sex in preparation to take the places of those who left. That, instead of being merely taught by ear, they should be made acquainted with musical notation. That some portion of the congregation be induced to assist in singing the Psalms, Chants, and Responses in Harmony. That a gentleman had offered to provide copies of the music gratuitously."

Shall we ever have vestries or Church Councils who will take a deeper interest in the services than did the Vestry of St. Anne's in 1834?

* In his report Mr. Savage incidentally settles the question as to who was the architect of the original Church. He says "The Church was built about the year 1685 (Mr. William Talman, architect), Sir Christopher Wren being named as a Commissioner, but it does not appear that he acted as such, and although he was occasionally consulted, his numerous avocations about that period doubtless prevented his giving much time to this concern."

RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. RODERICK MACLEOD.

BY THE COUNTESS OF CAITHNESS.

I HAVE a vivid recollection of my grandfather, Dr. Roderick MacLeod, and spent many happy days as a child at the old rectory in Dean Street. At that time there was a porch over the step to the front door, and what is now Mr. Müller's shop was then the dining room. The present fine oak staircase led up to the drawing room, which was on the first floor above the dining room.

I remember my grandfather as a very earnest and popular clergyman, bright, warm-hearted, full of vivacity, and fond of his joke. He had a short, thin, well-proportioned, wiry frame. With age he became so short that he could with difficulty be seen in the high pulpit. He wore knee breeches, black silk stockings, and silver buckles, with the shovel hat of a Doctor of Divinity. He took snuff and powdered his hair. He was a good preacher, and the Church was well attended during his time. As a child, I used to be much impressed by the opening of the vestry door at the west end of the church, and the appearance of the procession of two beadle^s in rich toggery, with cocked hat in hand followed by the Rector. My brother recalls the fact that the beadle^s also escorted him, when the prayers were over, from his pew to the vestry, and when "gowned," conducted him again to the pulpit stairs. St. Anne's had then a "three-decker." The fine organ was at the west end, and the charity children in their picturesque dress sat in lofty galleries on each side of the organ. I remember a curious old custom on Christmas Day. On the ledge in front of the galleries large quartern loaves were placed, and after service, they were reached down by means of ladders, and given to the poor people who had been invited to receive them. Another tradition is that of the two beadle^s, before mentioned, standing on either side of the chief door upon Collection days, holding two gilt plates and repeating every second "Please remember the poor." Speaking of curious customs, there was always wine and a biscuit in the Vestry to recruit the preacher before the sermon, and I have been told that Mr. Selwyn, afterwards the famous Bishop of New Zealand, when he was officiating at St. Anne's for a few weeks in my grandfather's

absence, attempted to abolish this custom, but his action met with no approval from the Rector.

On the Queen's accession Dr. MacLeod was selected to present an address from the London clergy, being the oldest in office and years. On that occasion, having handed the address, in returning backwards he tripped on his robe. To save his falling the Queen stepped forward and caught his arm. At that time he was eighty-four years of age. He was a genuine Highlander, for it is stated that he would get very excited at the sound of the bagpipes, and would snap his fingers with delight when anyone came and played in front of the windows of the house. He retained his activity to a very advanced age, when my brother remembers his joining the children's round dances in the drawing-room. The old rectory was the place for many happy family meetings, and for much kindly hospitality. In a letter from an old curate, the Rev. Samuel Gamlen, written Dec. 16, 1845, just after Dr. MacLeod's death there is the following reference to the genial character of the Rector :

" The house has long been the centre of so many friendly gatherings, so much kindly hospitality and cheerful social intercourse. The whole was a sort of emanation of his own spirit and character which drew together, blended and harmonized the elements and materials of the social circle which surrounded him—and which was the cause that so many different persons of dissimilar habits, callings, views, and professions, felt while passing a day under his roof that they were among relations and friends, and in a kind of temporary home. I am thinking now rather of bygone times than of the more recent period in which his age and infirmities have necessarily produced changes." *

I have another letter of Mr. Gamlen, written to his mother from 10 Frith Street, which is interesting as it gives a somewhat striking picture of the duties of the clergy of St. Anne's in 1807. The letter is dated Feb. 14, 1807, and is written with reference to Mr. Gamlen's leaving his curacy at St. Anne's :

" In regard to Sedgefield, I have consulted Dr. MacLeod, and although he wishes me much to remain, and I should be very well pleased to stay, yet it appeared to both of us hardly possible for me, after what had passed, to retract with honour. We have, however, agreed that I shall retain my extra-readership some time longer, so that I have still an opening to return, should my successor wish to change, and Sedgefield not prove agreeable to me.

* There is a letter written by Mr. Gamlen on Oct. 10, 1807, which alludes to Dr. MacLeod as " a worthy rector whose particular kindness to me and his general benevolence to all, entitle him at once to my affection and respect."

A Mr. Briggs, who is engaged to succeed me, is consumptive, and I am convinced will not stand the fatigue of the duty; three months at this time of the year it is particularly trying, as I have to bury every evening in a cold damp churchyard, without a hat, sometimes standing in a puddle of water, with a cutting wind and drizzling rain blowing about my ears; which on a Sunday especially, to a person coming warm from the pulpit or desk, is by no means an agreeable transition. I sometimes get a cold in the head in consequence, but on the whole escape tolerably well, which I attribute in a great degree to my having been so thoroughly weather beaten in Scotland the summer before last. A good old lady had the conscience to be offended and to write an angry remonstrance to the Rector a short time ago, because, after having read prayers and preached in a church which would contain two thousand, burying six persons, christening as many, churching twice and catechising the children, I did not immediately obey a summons to read prayers to her and her family in her own house, as she was prevented by a sprained ankle from attending church. The fact was, I mistook the time, and went the next day."

This reference to the Curate's labours leads me to speak of the Rector's daughter, Miss Wilhelmina MacLeod. She was his right hand in all parish work, indeed Bishop Blomfield used to call her "the Rector of St. Anne's." She lives in the memory of all who knew her as a singularly gifted woman, and as one who devoted her gifts of mind and heart to her father's parish. I well remember how she bore the burden of that exhausting work, as the old man's infirmities increased. Her fund of good spirits, and of keen appreciation of the ludicrous, never deserted her. How she brought home many an amusing story of her intercourse with the poor, which she would afterwards recount with the richest sense of humour! She was one of the early converts of the Oxford revival, and thoroughly grasped the ideas of the movement. She died at the age of sixty-two, and for years before her death courageously visited the haunts of vice and poverty, in spite of weakness and bad health. A letter which she wrote on March 2, 1838, shows her active and cheerful disposition, and gives a glimpse of the parish of St. Anne at the beginning of the Queen's reign. She says:

"I have been very busy of late, trudging in the mud, and on dirty stairs, down into kitchens, and up to garrets, to find out which of the poor people stand most in need of relief, as we have had a subscription for them in consequence of the late severe weather."

The following letter written to a curate shows the good terms on which the Rector worked with his colleagues and the keen interest which he took in his parish at the age of eight-four.

It is dated August 27, 1838:

"MY DEAR SIR,

" You are a naughty man. I fully expected to have heard from you by Mr. Langton, but received only three lines from George, with this conclusion, 'No news whatever.' Now I expect much news of what has been done in the parish since I left it. In this expectation I meet with no sympathy from my young folks here. They ask 'Why do you think so much of dirty Dean Street?' They do all they can to make me forget it, and pull me about often against my will, and say, as usual, it is all for my good. I have much cause to be thankful for their affectionate care of me, and am better in health than I have any right to expect. I sleep well at night, and they do all they can to amuse me through the day—but I still wish to get back to the old Church, and to relieve you of some part of your duty which must, I fear, press hard upon you, in my absence. Pray tell Sawyer tho' he has done so much for me, I shall go back as poor as any Church rat, and I hope he will endeavour to get the remainder of my Midsr. rents paid up before I return . . . Who is to assist you at the Sacrt. the first Sunday in Septr. I am forbidden by the Dr. to write, and you may see I am unfit for it, but it will drive no blood into *your* head to write me a long letter, and I shall be most thankful for it. Pray accept our united best regards, and believe me to be, my dear Sir,

"Yours very faithfully,

RODK. MACLEOD."

" 27th Augt. 1838.

" Aug. 28th. I have received yours and am, as I promised, most thankful for it. I own I liked to see the Sunday School children before me at the Altar, but as the Teacher seems reconciled to the change, I must submit . . .

" Ever yours,

" RODK. MACLEOD "

This same Curate remarked to a relative of mine that when Dr. MacLeod was about eighty-eight he could always trust to a clear answer on any difficult question arising in the parish if he saw him in the morning; but he forgot all about the subject later in the day.

During his ministry at St. Anne's, my grandfather made an attempt to stop the profanation of the Lord's Day by the tradesmen of the parish, and a Committee was formed to prosecute offenders. The following notice was issued:

ST. ANNE, WESTMINSTER.
TO BUTCHERS, GREENGROCERS, AND OTHERS.

This is to give notice

That in consequence of numerous complaints made by many of the Inhabitants of the *Open Violation of the Law on the Sabbath*, the Churchwardens have resolved to prosecute every person within this Parish, who shall expose to sale, or sell any Meat, Wares, Merchandise, Fruits, Goods, or Chattels, whatsoever on the *Lord's Day*.

GEORGE WM. LYNDON, }
THOMAS DE VEAR, } Churchwardens.

September 26th, 1832.

It appears that the efforts of the Committee were not successful, for I find a paragraph in one of my grandfather's sermons, dated September 30, 1832, as follows:

"But the well-meant efforts of the Committee were soon defeated and over-powered thro' the want of that co-operation which they earnestly solicited from the neighbouring parishes. Thus the divine commandment to keep holy the Sabbath day is openly violated with impunity, while they who profited by its transgression were encouraged to presume by the smallness of the fine which the law imposed upon them. . . . And they carried on their usual occupations on the Lord's Day with even more noise and bustle than on any other day of the week."

I remember my grandfather's habit of reading the *Times* from end to end—advertisements included, it was alleged. He was never known to require glasses to the day of his death. He appears to have been much interested in the events of the Peninsular War, for he made a special study of the Wellington Despatches, which he read word for word on their publication.* During the last few years the Bible was his sole reading, his favourite chapters being those of St. John from the 14th to the 16th. His mind became slightly confused during the last year. He would imagine country scenes from the windows. The setting sun could not be seen from the rectory, but a few months before the end he was living near town, and he frequently sat gazing at the sunset with thoughts far afield. Very touching to remark! An accident shortened his days. Rising from his arm-chair (as was his custom) to replenish the fire, he sat down on the arm of the chair, which upset on him, breaking his thigh. It is a curious fact that in his last illness he said his prayers to himself in Gaelic, which he could seldom have heard spoken since his boyhood.

* St. Anne's Vestry minutes are interesting reading at the time of the victory of Waterloo. A resolution was passed as follows:—"That having been lately engaged in the primary and bounden duty of offering our united praise and thanksgiving to God for the great and signal deliverance wrought in behalf of our own and the other nations of Europe, it becomes us next to testify our gratitude to the gallant heroes of our country who have been employed as instruments in His Hands in effecting that deliverance. That for this purpose a subscription be opened and followed up by a collection from house to house in this parish for the relief and benefit of those of the British Army who fell, and for the relief of such as suffered by loss of limb or otherwise in the late glorious battle of Waterloo, or who may be sufferers in the future progress of the Allied Armies during the present campaign." £313 13s. was collected in St. Anne's "exclusive of several individual subscriptions."

He died on December 14, 1845, in his ninety-second year.

My brother was at the funeral which was, in accordance with the custom of that time, a very elaborate and costly ceremony. The vault extended under the length and breadth of the Church. The procession entered at the west end, and walked up the broad centre span. Coffins were arranged on each side, some covered in gorgeous gilt and crimson velvet. Dr. MacLeod's remains were placed under the altar, in a space allotted to the Rectors. I possess the bill for the funeral, which was carried out by Messrs. Chittenden Bros., of 43 Greek Street. It amounted to £96 15s., of which £50 16s. 6d. was for scarves, hat-bands, and gloves, and the remainder for the coffins and church dues. This expenditure was an extravagant concession to the taste of the times.

NUGENT WADE.

1845-1891.

WE have now arrived, in the course of our parochial annals, at the life of the eighth, and last, of the deceased Rectors of St. Anne's, Soho. In attempting a sketch, ministerial and personal, of Canon Wade, we have not been able to find a contributor to our task, who can do anything like as much for us, through the possession of continuous and affectionate knowledge, faculty for vivid presentment, and tenacious memory, as was accomplished by the Countess of Caithness for the chronicler of Canon Wade's predecessor, Dr. Robert Macleod. There is no eye-witness, for example, to record for our readers any incident so picturesque as the stumbling of old Dr. Macleod over his robe, when he presented an address to our lamented Queen Victoria at her Accession, and his being saved from falling by the gracious interposition of the royal and maiden hand. We have no pen and ink picture as forcible and suggestive as the ancient schoolmaster of Rochdale's remembrance of Dr. Hind, with that autocrat's powdered wig, shovel hat, silk stockings, and shoe buckles, setting off a burly figure and a florid complexion. Unlike Archdeacon Eaton, whom, of all his predecessors, he would otherwise seem to have most resembled, the

eighth Rector had no well to open for the refreshment of his poorer parishioners, if, indeed, by his day, they had not lost their love for Nature's innocent potations. Many of them, indeed, during their scholarly Pastor's earlier years, were too narrow and bigoted to listen with pleasure or profit even to his "well", from the Pulpit, "of English pure and undefiled." Canon Wade was no Bishop, as was the potent pluralist Squire. We shall not be allowed to see him inviting his patient, hard-working, and underpaid Curate to dinner, unexpectedly thrusting the presentation of the most valuable Benefice in his gift into the astonished Levite's hands, ignoring his thanks, and theatrically ordering a coach to convey the new-fledged Rector, whose plumes must have seemed as precarious as Cinderella's, to his lodgings in Meard's Court.

Dramatic episodes and purple patches of this nature are rare indeed in the lengthy but (save for occasional vestry and parochial squalls) tolerably placid and uneventful career of the gentle and uneffusive scholar, who was born in (the same year as Mr. Gladstone) 1809. Dublin was Wade's birthplace, and he came of an old Meath family. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and, as Prebendary Kempe says in an interview which will follow this article, and upon the interesting details of which we desire not to trespass, he obtained a full share of classical and collegiate honours. After taking his brilliant degree, in the acquisition of which he seems to have rather impaired his health, he recruited his energies by a year's travel, and it is likely that at this period he laid the foundation of that marked love of continental life, languages, and manners, which was characteristic of him to the end of his days. He became an expert linguist; one of his Curates tells us that this accomplishment was of considerable value to him in his intercourse with the aliens among his Soho parishioners. To quite the close of his life, his favourite form of summer recreation was a foreign Chaplaincy. It is to this habit which we owe the agreeable reminiscences of Pontresina, and of Professor Tyndall, which are to be found in the supplementary interview of which we have spoken. The only drawback which some of his colleagues and parishioners found, in later days, to the custom of spending the summer months

abroad, was that, as this vacation usually came just after the Canon's three months' residence in Bristol, it seemed to take the Rector of St. Anne's away from his distinctively parochial duties, for too continuous a period in the year.

On his return from his earliest exile, Mr. Wade was ordained, and served, for about a year, in the Irish diocese of Kilmore. He had been so fortunate, we know not by what means, as to form an acquaintance with Blomfield, Bishop of London, which evidently ripened into confidence and esteem. To this appreciative Prelate, he owed three successive pieces of preferment. Glad, as it would seem, to exchange the obscure labours of his Kilmore curacy for work in the foreign lands which he had already learnt to enjoy, he accepted an offer from Lord Palmerston, made at the instance of Bishop Blomfield, of the Consular Chaplaincy at Elsinore. This seaport of Zealand, in spite of its actual lack of those beetling cliffs which Shakespeare so graphically describes, is usually associated with the tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. Far from tragic, however, from the fugitive glimpses we get of them, appear to have been the six years' ministry in Elsinore, as they glided usefully and pleasantly away. We learn that the scholarly and courtly Chaplain gained the respect and affection of all the British residents, was esteemed in his office, popular in society, and a good friend to those of his countrymen, who found themselves stranded upon strange shores. We are told that he "fully entered into the spirit of his work." If a Consular Chaplain keeps his eyes open, he has unusual opportunities for observing manifold sides of life, often rather seamy than otherwise, and it must have been with a riper knowledge of human nature, that Wade, at thirty years of age, accepted the next invitation of his invaluable patron, set his face towards his native land, and became Incumbent of St. Paul's, Finsbury. This was the fourth of the "fifty new churches," of which mention has often been made, and it was the centre of a freshly-formed district. He had at this time two brothers in Holy Orders; the first, the Rev. Benjamin Wade, was Rector of Armagh, while a second had a parish in the Isle of Wight. The best commentary on the success of the six years' work at St. Paul's, Bunhill Row,

is to be found in the fact that, in 1845, Bishop Blomfield preferred the Perpetual Curate to the Rectory of St. Anne's, Soho, and the Irishman, Nugent Wade, succeeded the Scotchman, Robert Macleod. As Canon Wade resigned the Living in 1891, his tenure of office lasted forty-six years.

Since we are now to deal with by far the longest and most important epoch in the career of this eighth Rector of St. Anne's, it is advisable that we should say something as to the limits and the nature of our sources of information. The latter portion of these forty-six years impinges upon the experiences of many men and women still living, and it is not easy to write as impersonally of Canon Wade, as one might of a Rector whose body has already mouldered, for a couple of centuries, amid the gold and crimson velvet covered coffins in the crypt, below the nave and altar of St. Anne's. We stated at first that we were unsuccessful in finding any survivor who has been able to help us to the same degree as the Countess of Caithness helped her grandfather's biographer. At the same time, no pains have been spared to discover all that is now possible of the truth. It is hardly too much to say that every colleague, now alive, who ever worked with Canon Wade, has received a letter, or has been interviewed; every relative, everybody, in fact, who might be supposed to be able to contribute a reminiscence of real value. We would wish to thank all (and they are many) to whose courtesy and pains we are indebted. The materials for our survey are a bundle of letters; each of which contains, as a rule, two or three facts of interest; a few rather barren scraps of newspaper; a sermon, grimy with age, and torn right across the middle; and extracts from such of St. Anne's Vestry Minutes as are of importance, from 1846 onwards. Out of these bits of information the pattern of the mosaic must be constructed. The craftsman can do little but drop each varying detail into its proper place, and try to achieve a result neither too disjointed, nor too contradictory.

The new Rector took the chair at the Vestry Meeting for the first time on April 13, 1846, and the deliberations for a short while, were of a comparatively peaceful character. In the same year a Committee was formed to procure the closing of the

Churchyard for burials, and, in the meantime, regulations were drawn up to limit the number of permitted interments. It was not until a few years afterwards that the Churchyard was finally closed. There is the presentation of a cheerful memorial on April 9, 1849, which advocates the lighting of the Parish Church by gas, "to increase the beauty and warmth of that sacred edifice." This suggestion, so much more sensible than many which succeeded it, was duly carried out.

Little as we really know of those first pastoral days, we can imagine the Rector of St. Anne's, who was still on the sunny side of forty, and had obtained high preferment at an unusually early age, installed in that old-fashioned and comfortable house, close by the Church, which was then the Rectory, and is now a watchmaker's establishment. He was married, and a young family, among them the matchless singers of the future, had begun to grow up around him. Love for children was ever a dominant note in his character, and one of his most congenial and successful acts, which belongs to this period, was the foundation of the Infants' School. A tribute of nearly fifty years later may best come in here. It has been written by one who knew and venerated the Canon in his old age. "The great school function in Canon Wade's time was the Infants' Treat. A dainty confectionery tea was laid out in the Girls' class room. Canon Wade used to walk about the room, with a cup of tea in his hand, talking to everyone near him, making those little complimentary speeches in which he, as an Irishman, was such an adept. After the infants had been dismissed, the teachers were assembled in the Infants' School, round a table on which lay a number of presents, each bearing the name of the intended recipient. One of the Misses Wade, generally the youngest, called the name, and the Canon, taking the gift from her, presented it, with a kindly, friendly, remark on the appropriateness to some known or fancied peculiarity of taste on the part of the receiver. The presents were of no intrinsic value, but everyone prized his or her gift for its individuality, and felt curious beforehand to know what peculiarity would be hit off this year. I have all my presents yet. They are seven; and I remember the years, and the reasons for which they were given."



NUGENT WADE.

Leaving this happy glimpse of light at eventide, and travelling back whence we started, we find dark clouds gathering round the morning of the young Rector's career. It is difficult to state exactly how the trouble arose. Four points are at least plain enough: (1) Mr. Wade had come to the parish with the reputation, rightly or wrongly acquired, of being, according to the judgment of those primæval days, an extreme High Churchman. (2) Either from conviction, or from an understanding with the Bishop previous to his presentation, or from a hardly censurable desire to please his threefold Patron on a matter of little moment to a sensible man, he had complied with an injunction in the famous Charge of Bishop Blomfield that the surplice should be worn instead of the black gown in all pulpits throughout the London diocese. As Prebendary Kempe tells us (*vide interview*) Wade had already made this change, with episcopal approval, at St. Paul's, Finsbury. (3) There was in St. Anne's, during the forties and fifties, a company of narrow-minded and cantankerous Evangelicals, who bitterly resented the surplice innovation, and anything which could possibly be labelled "Puseyism," that convenient poison-bag of the middle century. (4) From the beginning of Wade's Incumbency to the end, a certain number of troubles, of one sort or another, grouped themselves round the Church in Crown Street, Soho, afterwards famous under the joint ægis of Mr. Gladstone and Canon Liddon, as St. Mary's, Charing Cross Road. It was the Rector of St. Anne's, who rescued this old Huguenot Place of Worship from the impending fate of being turned into a Music Hall, and who promoted the formation of the new parish. During its first decade or two of individual life, St. Mary's was served by a succession of energetic and devoted Priests, such as the Rev. Archer Gurney, and the Rev. J. C. Chambers; but, as the ritual of the daughter Church always seems to have been in advance of that obtaining at St. Anne's, this fact was turned by his enemies into an additional weapon with which to wound the Rector, who was unjustly held responsible. In the hope, probably, of destroying further chances of discord, a Curate of St. Anne's, the Rev. Robert Gwynne, a distinguished oriental scholar, but of unobtrusive ecclesiastical views, and of no

aggressive energy, was appointed Vicar of St. Mary's in 1874. Even this compromise, though doubtless well-meant, does not appear to have been completely successful.

These early years at St. Anne's are tempestuous with the much vexed question of Wade's "Churchmanship." We have carefully studied all the indications now available, and, personally, we have no doubt whatever as to the real truth of the case. It is contained, as we believe, in these words, written to us, by one of the most thoughtful and earnest of his many colleagues. It was the Rector's singular lot, as a rule, to have Curates more advanced than himself, but the contributor of this letter is an exception. "To tell the truth, St. Anne's was a somewhat dreary church in my days. Canon Wade was one of the Clergy who, at a time of considerable excitement, conformed to the Bishop's wish that the Clergy should adopt the surplice when preaching, and, however unintelligible it may seem in these days, it was this that led the Rector to make a wrong start, from which his ministry never recovered." (We do not pledge ourselves as to entire agreement with this opinion). "From the outset, the Parish was 'sulky and unreasonable, and the best points in his character were appreciated only by a few. There was a knot of very vulgar, unlovely, agitators, who laid themselves out to bully him, and, unhappily, he allowed himself to be bullied. And then he lost heart. I think also that he was more or less worried by what he deemed to be the tendency at St. Mary's, Crown Street, to go much further in the ritualistic direction than he could approve, for though, theoretically, he was a High Churchman, *his Churchmanship was of a very moderate sort.*" This extract, (with the possible exception we have noted), fairly gives the conclusion to which the present writer has been brought as regards Canon Wade's views, after a candid and comprehensive survey. Another colleague, however, writes to us a good deal more strongly as against the "Puseyite" allegations. "I know that my sometime Rector had the reputation of being an extremely High Churchman, and, in his day, no doubt he was, but, like many others, he did not advance with the tide. If there was one thing he detested more than another, it was Ritualism, and, as a rule, he completely lost his temper

when speaking of it. He was an Anglican, not a Catholic, to use the party terms of the present day. Fasting Communion he really abhorred, or even a Celebration with music, etc. He once heard a Confession, and from what he said, I think it must have been the only one he ever heard." We have expressed our own firm conviction as to the Rector's most moderate Churchmanship, but justice compels us to add, that there is a certain amount of evidence (not very much), the other way. A letter lies before us from one of the oldest and most influential men of business in Soho, in which he describes how his mother "left St. Anne's Church, and went to St. Giles's, because Mr. Wade was supposed to be a Puseyite, and adopted the surplice instead of the black gown in the pulpit." It is but fair to observe that our correspondent continues, "There were, no doubt, strong statements in the Vestry at this time, but I believe the Services were always of a most moderate type. During the two years that I was Churchwarden, and when the Church was re-painted, and seats placed in the west gallery, I always found Canon Wade most courteous and gentlemanly, most reasonable and moderate in his views, and anxious for the good of the Church." This critic, whose communication we began to copy out to support the "ritualistic" estimate of the Rector, somewhat resembles Balaam, for, summoned to curse, he has decidedly ended by blessing. Prebendary Kempe, however, tells us in his supplementary "Interview," that he believes Bishop Baring withdrew from the Clerical Club, because of the presence therein of the Puseyite Wade. With all the faults of modern ecclesiasticism, it would be hard to find a parallel among living Churchmen, for such a piece of senseless and brutal intolerance.

And then there is the evidence, for what it is worth (very little in our opinion), of St. Anne's violent and virulent Vestry Minutes. These sadly unedifying and eminently un-Christian documents certainly do their best to paint the spiritual Head of the Parish, as a Puseyite of the deepest dye. They deal mostly with the first two years of the fifties, which seem to have witnessed the worst of the parochial storms. We come across a letter dated August 7, 1850, from the Churchwarden, Mr. Joseph George, to Bishop Blomfield, in which he speaks of a "large

congregation being estranged from their Parish Church by the introduction of obsolete forms and objectionable doctrines." On November 8 of the same year mention is made in the Minutes of the "histrionic mode of worship now practised at St. Mary's, Crown Street," and of the "obsolete forms lately introduced into the Parish Church, which have so diminished the attendance." An appeal is made to the Rector "to adopt such an alteration as will prevent any further division or estrangement amongst the members of the Established Church." On April 21, 1851, thanks are given to Churchwardens George and Tozer, and mention is made of the fact that they have to "contend with the continued opposition of the Rector, who, having introduced into the Church the doctrine and forms of the Middle Ages, and obtained the approval of the Bishop of the Diocese thereto, has estranged and divided his flock, which has conduced to the almost total desertion of the Church." With reference to this last statement, it is indeed a remarkable circumstance that within a few months, the pew rents actually went down from £460 to £80. This decline testifies how real and intense was the congregational agitation against Wade's supposed Puseyite proclivities. To us it also stands as an indication that, at any rate, during the more vigorous portion of the Rector's life, he must have had a due share of "grit" in his composition. He has been understood to have possessed little in the way of private means, and this sudden and startling diminution of his income must have hit him hard in that pocket, which even pious and courageous men occasionally find to be rather a tender place. With this disinterested attitude we find it difficult to reconcile a remark made by a colleague whose letter we quoted, as expressing in the main our own conclusions, and with most of whose statements we so thoroughly agree; "He was only too gentle; very wanting in 'staying power.'" "Though there was real good being done in the Parish, there was no aggressive spiritual work going on amongst the people." Did this criticism refer to his comparatively failing days? The words which follow, we can well appreciate and understand. "He suffered greatly from headaches, which often laid him by. They were partly (I am sure), brought on by parochial anxieties. Indi-

ividually he was, I believe, a sincere Christian man, very free from ambition, and with no pride whatever." The Vestry continued on the rampage. In a resolution, passed on October 21, 1852, we find the following: "As regards the new Church in Crown Street, imposed on the Parish without consulting its opinions or wish; at that place the most extravagant forms of histrionic worship are practised, under the control and sanction of the Rector, alike offensive to decency and good taste, and in the highest degree objectionable to the religious feelings and intelligence of a Protestant community." During all these degrading discussions, the Rector asserted his dignity by refusing to attend the Vestry meetings. We discover him again occupying the chair on February 10, 1853. A present well-known inhabitant of Soho Square, who did not take up his abode in Central London till 1857, tells us that, even at that period, he began to hear at once of the hard time the Rector had with his Vestry and Wardens. He adduces the subjoined example, which cannot, he thinks, be earlier than from 1858 to 1860. He says, "The Rector desired to usher in Christmas with a midnight Celebration of the Holy Communion. The Church-wardens would not allow the organ to be used, as it was 'not needed in the Communion,' nor would they permit the Church to be lighted at the West End, where the organ then stood. I believe the Rector only wished for two, or three, hymns to be sung. The gossip was that he had a very hard time of it." This same correspondent has furnished us with a happier little vignette, which, since it belongs to nearly the same date, may take its place here. "My first knowledge of Wade was in the early fifties, when a dear old-fashioned friend returned home (to his own house) on Sunday evening, saying he had been to St. Anne's, Soho, where there was 'a very nice service, sung by a lot of boys in uniform' (Rose Street Parish School) 'who sat by the Communion' (*sic*), under the eye of the Rector, aye! and didn't they behave well!'"

At one point these frothy Vestry Minutes of the fifties do crystallise into actual history. On November 14, 1850, we come across a requisition for calling a meeting of the Vestry "to oppose the aggression of the Pope of Rome in distributing the

various counties of England and Wales into ecclesiastical divisions, and nominating thereto Roman Catholic Bishops." This refers to the famous apostolical Letter of Pius IX., re-establishing the Hierarchy in England, and, by a Brief, naming Cardinal Wiseman as Archbishop of Westminster. We are fortunate enough to have received the loan of a sermon preached in St. Anne's by Mr. Wade, at this important crisis. It is the only specimen of his pulpit work which we possess, and, to use the words of his son, Mr. Nugent C. Wade, who has kindly entrusted his damaged copy to us, "A sermon on what was, at the time it was written, one of the uppermost questions of the day, may add some little interest to your researches." We propose to quote a rather long extract, which (though continuous), we will break up into two parts. As we read the former of the sections, let us bear in mind, that the discourse was delivered in St. Anne's, on November 17, 1850, and also that, on November 8 of the same year, the cruel Vestry Minute (already copied), about "obsolete forms" and "diminished attendance," had been written. This knowledge adds poignancy to the Preacher's plea for the cherished and legitimate principles of the Church of England, and pathos to his appeal for the exercise, in religious matters, of ordinary Christian charity.

" Brethren, what would it avail us to have protested ever so loudly against the errors of others in respect of the faith, if, not 'holding a good conscience' in respect of our own use of a purer faith and our own conduct, *we make shipwreck of our faith, and lose our own souls?* There is such a thing as a law of charity and a law of truth proceeding from the same God Who has entrusted *the faith* to our keeping; 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself;' 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.' Let us see that, in our professed zeal against Romish errors, we violate not charity in our judgment or our conduct towards the persons deluded by them; let us beware lest, in the like professed zeal, we violate charity and truth together in indiscriminating charges against our own brethren: let us beware lest, while our thoughts are directed and our voices raised against one species of error, however flagrant and deadly, we give countenance to, and nurture, errors of an opposite but no less dangerous kind; lest, while renouncing and protesting, as we ought, against corruptions of the faith within the Catholic Church, we lose our discrimination of the erroneous and dangerous position of those who are without; or be tempted, as now so many seem to be, to join with all classes, no matter what their error or character, if only it be not Popery, nay, though they be not even professed Christians, in an indiscriminating outcry, which we have every reason to fear, if persisted in after such a fashion, will soon seek to involve in its condemnation and assault the very legitimate and long cherished principles and practices of our

own Church, as well as those against which men profess to aim, the errors of the Church of Rome. ‘Holding faith and a good conscience,’ what will it profit us, I repeat, yea, what exaggerated judgment will it not bring down upon us, to have had so much light as to protest against Romish error, if we ourselves hold not Catholic truth, or hold it in unrighteousness, not ‘holding a good conscience’ in respect of it, inasmuch as we are not influenced by it to the love of God, and holiness, to conform with its dictates, practise its ordinances, obey its commands?’”

Our next quotation is especially valuable, in consideration of the conflicting evidence as to Wade’s Churchmanship. Here, at probably the most critical moment of his career, and surrounded by enemies, the Rector clearly and decisively expresses his views upon the principal subject of controversy, both in those days and our own, the Holy Communion. His deliberate judgment appears to us the very concentration of Anglican orthodoxy. It is easy to conceive, however, that such doctrinal statements, since they are in harmony with the Bible, the Church Catechism, and the pronouncements of the greatest minds of Christendom, would ill commend themselves to the hearts and intelligences which produced the Vestry Minutes of that generation.

“Nobdy,” the great and gifted Creighton is reported to have answered an objector, a short time before his death, “denies the Real Presence, it is only the manner of it that is in dispute.” Whether this optimistic verdict holds good or not in the London of to-day, it would assuredly have been quashed at St. Anne’s-within-the-liberties-of-Westminster, in that year of grace (and persecution), eighteen hundred and fifty.

“What will it profit us, for instance, to have protested against the TYRAN-NICAL SWAY OF THE POPE, and renounced, *as we ought*, the spiritual slavery in which he would involve us, if any of us tamely submit, and willingly yield ourselves up to the terrific tyranny of the Prince of darkness and father of lies, holding us in deadly bondage by the chains of our own sinful lusts and passions; what avail us to have renounced and protested against the contradictions to the evidence of our senses in their novel teaching concerning the Lord’s Supper, in the doctrine of TRANSUBSTANTIATION; if we any of us err as widely from its vital truth, treating it as a *mere memorial*, losing all sight of its being a *Sacrament*, in which, with ‘the outward and visible sign, bread and wine,’ ‘which the Lord hath commanded to be received,’ there is also ‘an inward and spiritual grace,’ ‘the Body and Blood of Christ, which are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful,’ so that, while what we eat is indeed still bread, and what we drink is indeed still wine, ‘the bread which we break,’ is, nevertheless, as the Apostle teaches, ‘the communion of the Body

of Christ,' and 'the cup of blessing which we bless, is the communion of the Blood of Christ:' or what avails any doctrine, however sound on the subject, if any in practice wholly neglect the grace which this Sacrament provides, weekly, monthly, yearly, yea, some all their lives turning their backs upon God's holy table, or taking no care to let the benefit of communion there shine forth in their lives? Surely, such are still worse, and far more blameable in the sight of God, than those unhappy members of that Church, who, however piously disposed, and desirous of all God's grace provided in that ordinance, they might be, are at best deprived (we know not to what extent) of its full blessing, by the novel practice of COMMUNION IN ONE KIND."

Referring, for the last time, to the Vestry Minutes, we see that, on June 16, 1854, opposition to Church Rates was vigorously started. The Vestry declared such imposts to be "vexations, unnecessary, and unjust." A preliminary attempt to raise a voluntary subscription to defray Churchwardens' expenses had been made on April 17, 1854, and the result of the first labours of the Committee appointed for this excellent purpose was not encouraging, as the collections only amounted to £43 3s. 6d. It was on June 16 that this discouraging report was handed in. During Mr. Wade's régime the whole method of Church finance underwent a change; the voluntary system was enormously developed, and reached the height of its success in the early seventies, when, owing mostly to the attractions of the music, the Offertory exceeded £2000 a year.

The final sentence of the preceding paragraph brings us to the comparatively little which we have to say about Wade's last thirty years of office. It is possibly true of churches, as of individuals, that, as they become more prosperous, they tend to be less historically interesting. The decade between 1860 and 1870 seems to have been lacking in notable events, other than the Church restoration during Mr. T. F. Blackwell's churchwardenship. Let us trust that it was a period of peace and quietness for a man of a naturally studious, tolerant, and philanthropic disposition, who, after so many struggles, had certainly deserved rest—*post tot naufragia tutus*, as he might himself have sighed, in that gentle vein of classic allusion, which, we are told, he loved so well. During a portion of this period, a Mission was worked, in conjunction with the Clewer Sisters, in St. Anne's Court. A Curate, who had special charge of it for a few months, writes to us, "I remember Mr. Wade as

extremely kind, courteous, gentle, and pleasant to work with. His remarkable linguistic powers enabled him to labour among the foreigners of Soho, but he was completely overweighted by the size and poverty of the Parish."

The area of the seventies is distinguished by three landmarks deserving of mention, the development of the schools, the rise and growth of the music, and the Rector's canonry. It was during the seventies that the Church touched, not perhaps its spiritual, but certainly its splendid and popular zenith. The eighties added nothing either to its fame or fortune. Other London churches had by that time provided an ornate musical Service. But to concentrate ourselves upon the golden era. With the assistance of Mr. Blackwell, the Rector begged the money to buy Caudwell's Dancing Academy in Dean Street; and turned the building into what has always been known since, as St. Anne's Voluntary Schools. By this sagacious enterprise, the parochial "plant" was enriched to the extent of about £10,000. In one of the letters from colleagues, which have helped us, we find a reference to happy hours spent by this particular Curate in scriptural instruction, and an ungrudging testimony to the energy and abilities of the Head Master, who resigned his office, after forty years' teaching, in 1899, but, who was then in his prime.

From being the "somewhat dreary Church" to which allusion has been made, St. Anne's became famous for the introduction of a musical Service more elaborate and perfect than was to be heard in most English cathedrals. The Rector's sons were men of unusual vocal gifts, and admirers speak of the eldest, Mr. Arthur Wade, as "that wonderful tenor" still. On Sunday mornings during the London Season, the Church was crowded by grand folks, whose names and titles in Debrett we have no desire, at this distance of time, to disinter. Dives occupied the seats of which Lazarus had been disdainful, and Mayfair seized the opportunities which had been offered to Meard's Court in vain. A popular actress who took the part of a fine lady in a fashionable farce of the period, mentioned, as one of the penalties of aristocratic poverty, the fact that she would be obliged to give up her "seat at St. Anne's." Mr. (after-

wards Sir Joseph) Barnby extended and consolidated the choral work which Mr. Wade and his five sons had begun. Under his leadership the Bach's Passion Services secured a hold upon the musical portion of the metropolis which they have never lost, and he was twice commanded by the late Queen to take the choir to Windsor. During St. Anne's sovereignty in the seventies, the offerings made at her shrine were lavish, and, occasionally, unexpected. A Churchwarden has told us that he once saw a man sitting in a side aisle, so poorly dressed, that it hardly appeared worth while to hand him the plate. The prudent official, however, was unwilling to lose the chance of a pauper's penny, and was rewarded by a prompt five-pound note.

It was in 1872 that the Lord Chancellor bestowed the stall in Bristol Cathedral, vacant by the death of Canon Moseley, upon the Rector of St. Anne's. No one could be surprised; Canon Wade had bravely borne the burden and heat of the day; and, what is ecclesiastically of a good deal more importance, was known to be a favourite in high places. Besides, almost for centuries, additional dignity of some sort has been associated with this particular parochial post. The present Incumbent of the Living is the only one of the series of Rectors of St. Anne's, who has not been either a Bishop, Archdeacon, Prebendary, or Doctor of Divinity. He is also the only Rector who has possessed two Christian names. Let us hope this is some compensation!

Prebendary Kempe tells us how simple his friend was in his way of living. It is worthy of record that the Canon, at least in his later years, enjoyed one small luxury which is common to the even more ascetic Roman Pontiff, Leo XIII.—that of taking considerable quantities of snuff.

A short newspaper memoir, which has been lent us, and which was published while Canon Wade was still Rector, asserts, we know not whether with authenticity, that the relief afforded pecuniarily by the additional income of the Canony was so great, as to grant its venerable possessor a new lease of life. He was at any rate privileged to enjoy his well-earned increment for more than twenty years, for he died in the summer

of 1893 (on Sunday, August 6), having resigned the Living of St. Anne's about three years earlier. He passed away in Wales, whither he had gone for health, after preaching in his three months' turn as Canon at Bristol Cathedral. He was buried on the Thursday afternoon after his death, in the graveyard which once formed part of the destroyed Bishop's Palace at Bristol. He was eighty-five years of age, and had been Rector of St. Anne's for forty-six years.

"If I were writing a notice of him," said a colleague who was very intimately connected with his Rector for five years,—"it would certainly be, I think, on the three characteristics of his unaffected piety, his tenderheartedness, and his courtesy, that I should lay stress. He was keenly alive to the cultured, the humorous, and the pathetic sides of life. With no air of pedantry, he would adorn his talk when in congenial company, with an occasional quotation from Horace, or more, rarely, Juvenal, quite in the ancient style. Sketching was one of his favourite recreations, and a great delight to him in his holidays abroad; while the pictures he brought back, if they did not display any remarkable technical skill, at least showed considerable aptitude for this branch of art. Few men could tell or enjoy a good story with a more delicate appreciation of its wit. On the other hand, I have stood by the dear old man's side in the Bach's Passion Services, and have observed that, in the more moving passages, he was unobtrusively sobbing like a child. He always seemed bowed down by the musical presentment of the Passion. His, in fact, was an intensely emotional temperament. Few men, perhaps, can blush at eighty. Anything that ran in the least counter to his religious or moral sense, caused him acute pain. Though he had intense personal sympathy, I do not think he could easily put himself in the mental attitude of those who looked at old truths in new ways, and he thus perhaps lost a certain amount of influence. It is just on account of their fragrance and rarity, that the dead Canon's virtues may seem, to those who knew him not, bald and ineffective in the cold hard light of print."

The present biographer is spared the difficult task of attempting to appraise the strength or weakness of the character

of Canon Wade. During the course of the narrative he has endeavoured to record, fairly and faithfully, the impressions of those who knew their subject well. His duty is done, if he has dropped his minute and manifold bits of mosaic into their proper places ; and the resultant pattern is not of his fashioning. The world moves quickly, and remembrances are brief, in Central London. Lives glimmer for a moment, upon the crest of the hurrying waters of progress, and then they are overwhelmed for ever. The sharp jostle of events soon hews out, for all but the very greatest names, a sepulchre of deep oblivion. But in the hearts of a few inhabitants of the parish, where, during nearly half a century, the shy and sensitive Rector passed, through much tribulation, to perhaps never perfect happiness, the memory of Nugent Wade is still green. "The more you knew him the better you liked him," remarks a lady who recalls the Rector's kind and pastoral words to her at her Confirmation, in the days of long ago. "He soon found a way to speak to me, when he missed me from Holy Communion," is the tribute of another parishioner, a man now in the prime of life. "That obituary notice in the *World* was quite right ; my father did make, at one time, a point of visiting every resident in his large parish," is the testimony given us by one of his sons. "Get in a word or two about the Atonement, or some saving truth, even if it be just at the end of your sermon," he suggested to an assistant whose rhetoric was apt to be rather of the flowery or frothy type. A former Curate of the present Rector was once preaching at St. Anne's, and was laying stress on, what seemed to him, certain advantages of the new rectorial dispensation. To a loyal and distrustful hearer, who was full of tender thoughts for days that were dead, he seemed to be attacking the old. Within two hours, the hapless Preacher received a vehement letter, which intended no offence, and at which, most certainly, no offence was taken ; but the words were strong. "Let us have no throwing of stones : Canon Wade has done for St. Anne's that which no other Rector, whatever may be his merits, *can* ever, or *will* ever do." It is something to have inspired such loyalty. What a true and universal law of human life is enshrined in this fair apologist's

reproof! One man is never able to accomplish exactly another's work.

“The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways.”

APPENDIX I.

A FEW PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REV. CANON WADE, COMMUNICATED IN CONVERSATION BY THE REV. PREBENDARY KEMPE, LATE RECTOR OF ST. JAMES'S, PICCADILLY, AND REPORTED BY THE PRESENT RECTOR OF ST. ANNE'S.

WHEN I first took duty in the Diocese of London, Wade was Vicar of St. Paul's, Finsbury. I first heard of him during the excitement which had been caused by Bishop Blomfield's request that the clergy would banish the black gown from the services. I had been recommended by the Bishop for the sole charge of the parish of Barnet, and had worn the surplice on my first appearance in the pulpit. On my second or third Sunday, I had laid stress on responding, and had referred to the well-worn illustration from Chrysostom of the Amen coming out as a clap of thunder. On the following morning this printed notice was found to have been posted during the night on the shutters of nearly every shop in the town:

“*¶ yes! ¶ yes! ¶ yes!* Lost from Barnet Church a long, large, loud Amen. Supposed to have been taken by the old gentleman in black. If any one will return it to the young gentleman in white he shall be rewarded by hearing the School children sing the evening hymn.”

It was believed that the parish clerk, who was a printer, was the author of this.—But about Wade. Visiting during the following week some ladies who had a brother living in St. Paul's, Finsbury, I was told of the determined opposition which he had encountered in introducing the surplice into the pulpit. He, however, stuck to his guns, and shortly afterwards was appointed by the Bishop to St. Anne's, as a reward, it was said, for his resolute obedience.

When I became Rector of St. James's, I made his more intimate acquaintance, for I often saw him as my near neighbour at St. Anne's, and as a member of the Clerical Club. This club was originally constituted for bringing together a few London

clergy for the interchange of parochial experiences and plans. It was founded, I believe, by Mackenzie of St. Martin's (afterwards Bishop of Nottingham); Jackson, of St. James's (afterwards Bishop of London); Howarth, Rector of St. George's; and Wade, who acted as secretary, and continued to do so until he left London. The Society consisted of twelve members, who met and dined by turns at one another's houses. After dinner there were discussions, but not on pre-arranged subjects. Amongst our members I may mention, in addition to those already named: Baring, afterwards Bishop of Durham; F. D. Maurice; Trench, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin; Canon Wordsworth, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln; Derwent Coleridge; Thorold, afterwards Bishop of Winchester; Humphry, of St. Martin's; Spence, afterwards Dean of Gloucester; Archdeacon Hessey; Dr. Irons; Canon Cook, editor of the Speaker's *Commentary*"; Alford, afterwards Dean of Canterbury; Farrar, now Dean of Canterbury; Moorhouse, now Bishop of Manchester; Maclagan, now Archbishop of York; Dr. Wace, Ernest Hawkins, and Canon Bullock: and I remember, one evening, as we went in to dinner, Mackenzie took Wade by the arm, and said "Wade—*mecum!*" Baring had withdrawn from the Club when I joined it, on the ground, as I understood, of the introduction into it, of such a Puseyite as Wade.

Wade generally took his holiday abroad, going most frequently to Switzerland, where he performed duty as Chaplain at the hotels. There he did his utmost to make the Services attractive, by forming a choir of the visitors, and practising them for the Sunday Services. When I was at the Riffel Alp one year, I met Professor Tyndal, who mentioned the pleasure he had derived from attending the practice of the hymns at Pontresina, under Wade's direction. He could not join in the worship, he said, but he enjoyed the music.

There was one thing which struck me in Wade, and that is, the amount of personal discomfort to which he would submit. I recollect paying him a visit at Pontresina, when he was Chaplain there, and being struck with the small, uncomfortable, and wretchedly furnished room which he occupied, and with which he seemed quite content.

As a scholar, he had distinguished himself at Dublin by gaining the gold medal, the highest University distinction of the year. I have been told that, after taking his degree, he was recommended to travel for the recovery of his health, which had suffered much from his hard work in preparing for it. He reached Rome, and, after a short stay, found himself so low in pocket, that he had not enough money left to pay for his return home. Walking back seemed his only chance, so he at once set out on the journey, but, in town after town, he succeeded so well in making friends among travellers, that he got lifts enough to leave him very little walking to do.

The music at St. Anne's attracted the Gladstone family to the Church, and Wade's assistance to Mrs. Gladstone in founding,* and for several years maintaining, the House of Charity, together with Mr. Gladstone's appreciation of his Church work, are supposed to have recommended him to the Prime Minister for the Canony of Bristol.†

APPENDIX II.—By MR. RICHARD POSTON.

As I was Head Master of St. Anne's Schools for the forty-four years from 1855 to 1899, during thirty-five years of which I worked under the late Canon Wade, it has been suggested that I might furnish a few Recollections of the Canon's work in the parish.

The Rev. Nugent Wade, at the date of my appointment, had been Rector of St. Anne's about ten years. He found existing a Parochial School, founded for Boys in 1699, and for Girls in 1704, but no Infants' Department. His earliest efforts were therefore directed towards the establishment of this branch, which he rightly regarded as necessary. In 1846, the year of his appointment as Rector, the matter was taken in hand, and the New Schools were opened at Midsummer, 1847. They were managed and financed by the exertions of Canon Wade till December, 1857, when the Committee of the Parochial Schools undertook the responsibility.

* Dr. Munro was the actual founder of the House of Charity.

† Lord Hatherley presented the Rev. N. Wade to the Canony, though Mr. Gladstone's influence may have brought it about.

Canon Wade's earnest and successful labours for the extension and improvement of education entitle him to the grateful remembrance of all friends of St. Anne's. In all this work he was ably seconded by the Members of the School Committee, among the chief of whom should be remembered Messrs. C. Nicholls, C. Jefferys, W. Addis, W. Bacon, and Mr. T. J. F. Blackwell.

The growth and development of the Schools between 1857 and 1887 will be best illustrated by the following comparative view of the School Accommodation and Income :

1857.

Freehold Premises in Rose Street, valued at from £1500 to £2000.

Dividends on £6,900 Stock, £210.

Numbers on Books: Boys, 102; Girls, 50; Infants, £150.

School Pence, £71.

Subscriptions, £60.

Government Grant: (1) Capitation Grant, about £34.

 " " (2) Teachers' Certificate Money, £49.

1887.

Freehold Premises in Dean Street, Cost of Freehold and Reconstruction, £9000.

Rent of Rose Street and Cellars, £160.

Numbers on Book, between 950 and 1000.

School Pence, £590.

Subscriptions, £100.

Government Grant, £671.

Canon Wade from the first evinced much interest in the Schools, especially in the religious instruction. He was frequently present at Morning Prayer. For some fifteen years onwards from 1856, the old custom was continued of taking all the children to Church at 11 o'clock for catechising (the Boys on Wednesday and the Girls on Friday). This was only discontinued on the introduction of the Revised Code, with its regulation as to "secular" instruction.

His fondness for music was very noticeable. For many years, at the time fixed by the Time Table for the singing lesson, he was a frequent visitor.

It was also an arrangement that the assistant clergy should take the Scripture lesson in both Boys' and Girls' Schools once a week.

As to the choir I have already written in my "Reminis-

cences" in the Rev. J. H. Cardwell's Book, "The Story of a Charity School," and a few words only need be added.

Canon Wade's earlier efforts for the improvement of the Choir were later on much assisted by the valuable help of his sons (especially Messrs. Arthur and Charles Wade) who possessed great musical taste and ability. In 1871, by their influence Mr. (afterwards Sir) Joseph Barnby was appointed Director of the Choir, and from that time its reputation was established, and has been fully maintained to the present.

In the earlier period of Canon Wade's incumbency, with a view to the promotion of thrift among the poorer classes, a Penny Bank was in existence. It was managed by the Rector or one of the Curates. At one time there were about 600 Depositors, and it was discontinued only on the withdrawal of the Grant in Aid from the Metropolitan Association, and the establishment of the Government Post Office Savings Bank.

Mr. Carter, of the Carlton Library, Waterloo Place, and a member of the congregation, established a Circulating Library of considerable size, which was much used by parishioners at a very small charge.

Canon Wade's efforts to secure funds for the relief of the deserving poor, met with considerable support, and in this matter Mr. E. Thornton and Mr. C. Nicholls gave much help. A Subscription List arranged in streets was printed and circulated, and a Special Committee and Visitors were appointed.

I have heard many reports of the kind and consoling way Canon Wade had in his visits to the sick and dying.

It was while engaged as Collector to the District Visiting Society and Schools, shortly after coming to St. Anne's, that I became aware of the unpleasant state of feeling that had existed some years before, in the Parish and Vestry, with regard to the Rector. This was no doubt due to the changes introduced into the Church Services, but which, in my opinion, were only designed to make these services more hearty and devotional. Happily this state of things had passed away, mainly through the kindly co-operation of such men as Mr. Addis, Mr. C. Jeffery, and Mr. C. Wakeling. Mr. C. Jeffery, the well-known music publisher, and composer of ballad poems, etc.,

was Churchwarden in '55 or '56, and again in '63 and '64, shortly before his death. Mr. Wakeling was Churchwarden in '64, '65, and '66.

Statements, I know, have been more or less prevalent, in and out of the parish, that Ritualistic practices were carried on in the Church. This has always been a matter of surprise to me, as from a long experience I can say that neither in the Services, nor in Canon Wade's views as expressed in sermon or conversation, have I seen or heard anything to justify such statements.

APPENDIX III.

A COMPLETE List of the Rectors of St. Anne's may be found interesting, and is subjoined. Their average age has been seventy-three and their average incumbency twenty-five years. Three have covered 131 years of pastoral care, though not consecutively; and the last three have covered 110 years.

NAME.	DATE.	YEARS OF OFFICE.	AGE AT DEATH.
John Hearn	1686-1704	18	...
John Pelling	1704-1750	46	82
Samuel Squire	1750-1766	16	53
Richard Hinde	1766-1778	12	77
Robert Richardson ...	1778-1781	3	55
Stephen Eaton	1781-1806	25	70
Roderick Macleod ...	1806-1845	39	92
Nugent Wade	1845-1891	46	84
John Henry Cardwell ...	1891		

CLERGY OF ST. MARY'S, SOHO.

I. DR. R. F. LITTLEDALE.

It is not intended, in this short series of articles, to give a complete account of all the clergy of St. Mary's, Soho. To do this adequately would need the knowledge of a Creighton, and the tact of a Court Chamberlain, to neither of which virtues does the present writer lay claim. Knowledge would be necessary to do full justice to the days when St. Mary's was a Greek Church, from 1677 to 1682; then a Huguenot Church, for a century and a half, until 1822; then the spiritual home of a congregation of

Calvinist Pædo-Baptists until 1849. Tact would be not less necessary in dealing fully with all the Church of England clergy who have ministered within its walls since 1850, for many of them are still living, and as Mr. Dooley somewhere says: "It's the worst thing in the wurruld f'r a man to hear the praises of



DR. R. F. LITTLEDALE.

himsilf that only ought to be spake efther he's dead." Convenience, therefore, joins with prudence in restricting our present aim to an account of several clergy of St. Mary's, now gone from us, who were well-known locally, or in the larger sphere of national Church life. It would be difficult to find, amongst these latter, a more prominent name than that of Dr. Richard

Frederick Littledale, who was an assistant priest of St. Mary's from 1857 to 1861. This was, in fact, the only connection of his with regular parochial work in London.

There must be many who can recollect the days when he had rooms in the old house that formerly stood in Crown Street, near the east end of old St. Mary's. A personal reminiscence of one who, as a boy, heard Dr. Littledale preach several times, and "thought him dull," serves to remind us that his vast learning made him more readily appreciated by older, rather than younger minds. Not that Dr. Littledale was a dull theologian. Shortly after his death the *Guardian* said: "He had, in an eminent degree, that excellent thing in controversialists, the inability to be dull." But his sermons were those of a man who knows. His speeches and pamphlets were stuffed with learning. The wide range of his reading, coupled with the great tenacity of his memory, made him able to meet any man with confidence in controversy or discussion. He was a worthy example of those learned and devout clergy who justified the old proverb: *Clerus Anglicana Stupor Mundi.*

It is as a champion of the position of the English Church that Dr. Littledale is best known. A Canadian Churchman, not long after his death, said of him: "In the good providence of God he was raised up to be our David against the giant antagonist of Rome. At a very critical period of his controversial fight, when many men less learned, and forgetful of their inestimable privileges, were being tempted to desert to the enemy, shrinking from the conflict with the overpowering host of adversaries, the sling and pebble of the 'Plain Reasons' settled the question, and kept thousands loyal to their English Mother."

His most widely known book, "Plain Reasons against joining the Church of Rome," has had a most unusual sale for a book of that kind. Although the matter is closely condensed, yet this book is generally recognised to be one of the most formidable indictments of the Roman claims written in our day. The book gains most in influence, because it is written by a prominent member of that school of thought in the Church, which is accused by some of sympathy with Roman claims.

But though this book is the best known of Dr. Littledale's works, it represents but a minute portion of his literary work in defence and explanation of the Church position. A glance at an *In Memoriam* article by the Rev. J. E. Vaux, which appeared in the *Church Times* of January 17, 1890, and to which the present writer acknowledges great indebtedness, shows how industrious was Dr. Littledale's pen, and how fertile his brain.

Besides numberless pamphlets Dr. Littledale contributed many leaders and reviews to London daily and weekly newspapers, and many articles on current Church topics in the *Contemporary* and other monthly magazines. In 1874 Dr. Littledale began a long series of articles on sisterhoods, which appeared from time to time in the *Monthly Packet*. He wrote eight important articles, including one on the Council of Trent, for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and was joint editor of "Offices of the Holy Eastern Church," and "The Priest's Prayer Book," which latter book has had an unusually large sale for a book appealing chiefly to clergy, its current issue being the twentieth thousand.

Dr. Littledale was never married. His very relaxations were literary. The acrostics in the *World* over the signature "L'Abbé" were from his fertile mind. They were always intensely difficult, and of the most intricate character, and were generally inserted at the end of the quarter as a final test for the winners during the previous three months. He was a great devourer of novels, though it is but fair to say that it was as reviewer for the *Academy* that he read many from the piles of new books constantly on his table.

About 1867 a branch of the Sisterhood of St. Margaret's, East Grinstead, was established in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, as a School of Embroidery. Dr. Littledale had been a clerical associate from the early days of the Community, and he at once offered his services as voluntary chaplain. He took rooms at 9 Red Lion Square, in order to be near his duties, and continued his ministrations in the little Chapel of St. Catherine's, Queen Square, until his death in January, 1890. It is in this Chapel that the only memorial, a reredos, at present erected in London to Dr. Littledale's unceasing labours for the Church is to be found. It has lately been felt that the restoration of the only

London parish church with which Dr. Littledale was officially connected gave a unique opportunity of recording his work in a more public way than has hitherto been done. A mosaic tablet is being placed in St. Mary's Church, and two massive sanctuary candlesticks. If sufficient support is forthcoming it is intended to complete the memorial by placing a new pulpit in the church. The whole memorial would then fitly commemorate one who was, above all else, a Priest and a Teacher.

II. REV. J. C. CHAMBERS.

1819-1874

THE Rev. J. C. Chambers, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, was the first Vicar of St. Mary's, Soho, and also Warden of the House of Charity, Greek Street. Though his name may not be so widely known as that of Dr. Littledale, who acted for four years as his assistant priest at St. Mary's, yet there is no doubt that the man who founded Sunday schools at Cambridge, and St. Ninian's Cathedral at Perth, to say nothing of his work in London, did as valuable service for his Mother Church, as he who wrote "Plain Reasons against joining the Church of Rome."

Mr. Chambers was of a Worcestershire family. His father was a man of independent means, and of a literary turn of mind, being much interested in County Histories. John Charles Chambers was born at Norwich, about the year 1819. He was educated at "Valpy's," the high school there. A school-friend describes him as "a boy above the average in ability, and of more than usual force of character. He had always a good place in class, and did his work better than most of his school-fellows. He was popular with them in and out of school, but there was nothing remarkable in his school career, which could be taken to foreshadow the kind of man he was to be."

At Cambridge, where he was elected a Foundation Scholar of Emmanuel College, Chambers came under the influence of Professor Scholefield, a successor of Charles Simeon, the great Evangelical preacher. The recollections of Canon Ainslie, formerly of Grimsby, a fellow undergraduate, throw much

interesting light on this part of Mr. Chambers' life. A hard-reading, self-denying, religious man, as Mr. Chambers was at Cambridge, was not likely to be in high favour either with the rough and roistering undergraduates of those days, or with the "Dons," the majority of whom were not much better. Mr.



REV. J. C. CHAMBERS, 1819-1874.

Chambers was prevented by an accident, in early life, from taking much exercise, but adopted music as his recreation, and, when he did go walks, devoted himself to visiting the poor, and distributing tracts in the neighbouring villages.

Besides his Foundation scholarship, Mr. Chambers gained a second one which had been founded by a benefactor named

Thorpe. The bequest had appended to it a condition that on Founders' Day a certain quantity of wine should be given to the scholar with which he should entertain his friends. This gave occasion to a boisterous wine party which the scholar was expected to give, and at which there was usually a considerable amount of excess. Chambers broke through this custom, putting the wine given him on the College Hall dinner table, instead of entertaining a small and select party of friends, and thereby incurring the odium and ridicule meted out to those who have the courage to break through an evil tradition.

Mr. Ainslie and Mr. Chambers used to go together to hear the sermons of Professor Scholefield, after their own College service was over on Sunday evenings. The preacher was an earnest, pious man, of the strong Puritan type. Mr. Chambers took to him, rightly, as the best of spiritual guides then to be had in Cambridge. But, as the Oxford Tracts came out, his mind was gradually widened. During an illness he had much opportunity for prayerful consideration, and came to the conclusion, to which he steadily adhered in all his after life, that the principles of the Oxford Movement were the true ones. His degree was a "Double Second," but he never was elected to a Fellowship, owing to the opposition of the other Fellows to the one who seemed so dangerously in earnest. This fear of earnestness, so characteristic of the early part of last century, sometimes led to what appear to us ludicrous results. Mr. Chambers and others in the College got up a petition to the Master, praying that the organ of the College Chapel might be mended. It needed renovation and was never used. Though the humble petitioners offered to raise the required money, their prayer was summarily refused, as in the Master's opinion the use of the organ might have led to most dangerous results.

After taking his degree Mr. Chambers was ordained in 1842 to the curacy of Sedbergh, a small town among the wild fells of Yorkshire. Here he remained four years, and was instrumental in erecting a little chapel on the hills for an out-lying district of the scattered parish. He himself gave £100 towards its erection. At the end of 1846 Mr. Chambers left Sedbergh, and went still further north to Perth.

He opened St. Ninian's Mission, which afterwards grew to be a Cathedral, in a room in Athole Street, on St. Andrew's Day. By the first Christmas Day thirty communicants had been enrolled. His work here was steadily and bravely carried on, in spite of many serious discouragements. He founded, and himself taught in a school for poor children. So successful was the work of St. Ninian's Mission, that in 1849 the foundation stone was laid by the Bishop of Brechin, of a building designed to be the first cathedral erected in Scotland since the Reformation. In all details of the building Mr. Chambers took the deepest interest. Though it was not built expressly for the congregation he had gathered, yet it was well understood that his people would be invited to worship within its walls, and that he himself would have a place amongst its dignitaries. On December 11, 1850, the Choir, Transepts, and one bay of the Nave were consecrated by the Bishop of Brechin, who again officiated in place of the Venerable Bishop Torry. In October, 1852, Bishop Torry died, and the election of Dr. Wordsworth to succeed him in the following year was made the occasion of a strong expression of feeling against "Tractarianism" on the part of a large and influential body of the laymen of the united diocese. This opposition to Dr. Chambers' principles was again shown when the other stalls were endowed, but the stall held by Mr. Chambers (that of Chancellor of the Cathedral) left without endowment. Mr. Chambers felt that this was intended to suggest his resignation, and he left Perth during the summer of 1853.

For a short time he took duty at St. John's, Aberdeen, and then returned to England. On his way back he was requested to stop for a night in Perth in order that his friends amongst the poor might present him with a token of their esteem. It was a gift of no great value, a chimney piece clock, but no rich gem was ever more highly prized. There may be some who remember it standing constantly on the mantelpiece of his room in Rose Street, and afterwards in the House of Charity. To the last his heart warmed towards Perth. He used to speak sportively of his marriage, which took place about the time of his going there, as being prompted by his wish to have a curate at Perth, and his inability to pay one. His house was at all times open to Church

people from a distance, and to clergy from all parts of Scotland. Amongst the poor in Perth his name was one to conjure with, and in the lowest parts of the city, even amongst those who never joined the Church, his influence was surprisingly wide spread and deep.

After leaving Scotland, Mr. Chambers undertook the charge of St. Mary Magdalene's, a district church of the Parish of Harlow in Essex. The Vicar of Harlow was Mr. Charles Miller, who had been a tutor of J. H. Newman. In 1855 Mr. Chambers was appointed Chaplain to the Essex Union Workhouse, and during an outbreak of cholera showed great zeal and disregard of all danger where duty was concerned. In 1856 his preference for city work led him to exchange duty with the Rev. W. B. Atkins, at that time in charge of St. Mary-the-Virgin, Soho. From that time until his death, in 1874, his labours were incessant for the welfare of the poor in Soho. Their spiritual needs were indeed great. Years of neglect, overcrowding and apathy had produced a state of things more like heathenism than anything else. Great numbers of the people were not even baptised, though energetic work had been begun by Mr. Chambers' predecessor. On May 27, 1855, thirty-five persons were baptised in St. Mary's Church, seven of whom were named Stagg, five were Baileys, and five Wells, while four were Mathews. Mr. Chambers, aided by able assistant priests, carried the Church's work to a striking measure of success. By his untiring exertions schools, chancel, north aisle and clergy house were built. The foundation-stone of the clergy house was laid by Mrs. Gladstone in 1869, and that of the chancel by Canon Liddon on April 17, 1872; at Mr. Chambers' death, two years later, the spiritual life of the parish was in full tide of usefulness, not only amongst the poorest, but amongst great numbers of Londoners of all ranks and ages.

Of Mr. Chambers' learning and literary power there is now little space left to speak. Its extent, may, however, be barely illustrated by the mention of two pamphlets from his pen, published by the S.P.C.K. (1). "The Unity of the Holy Catholic Church Independent of a Visible Human Universal Head;" and (2). "The Witness of the Ante-Nicene Fathers against the Claims of the Roman Patriarchate."

From November, 1856, until his death in 1874, Mr. Chambers was Warden of the House of Charity in Greek Street, and the writer of this notice wishes to express his best thanks to the present Warden of that Institution, the Rev. J. J. Elkington, for much valuable aid in obtaining information for a sketch which must, perforce, be but an incomplete account of one whose life work was as varied and valuable as that of John Charles Chambers.

III. ROBERT GWYNNE.

VICAR, 1874 TO 1899.

AN interesting sketch of the second Vicar of St. Mary's, Soho, was contributed to the ST. ANNE'S MONTHLY PAPER more than a year ago, over the initials H.S.R. It will probably prove the most graphic method of giving an account of his career by reprinting this article from the pen of one who was a close personal friend. This short series of sketches of the Clergy of St. Mary's will then be concluded by a list of their names, compiled from various sources, though probably far from complete. The present Vicar of St. Mary's will gladly receive help in making the record more accurate.

"It has been thought that a few reminiscences of the late Vicar of St. Mary's may be welcomed by some who, like the writer, knew Mr. Gwynne in his brighter days, and may not be wholly uninteresting even to those whose impressions of him may have been formed in the clouded years which came before the end.

"My acquaintance with Robert Gwynne began in 1864, when he came as curate to Mr. Bradley Abbot, at Clapham, the scene of some of the disgraceful disturbances which at that time were only too common in churches of the 'advanced type.' His portrait at that time hangs before me as I write these lines—clean-shaved, alert and bright in expression, and with features almost handsome. A ludicrous occurrence one Sunday evening during Mr. Gwynne's curacy reverts to my memory. An 'aggrieved parishioner' of the most militant type, placed

himself beneath the pulpit, and, armed with a note-book literally as large as a copy-book and a pencil of similarly pantomimic proportions, proceeded to take notes in the most ostentatious manner of the Sermon on Confession. At last the gyration of the pencil and the pencil-wielder were too much for the Vicar, who stopped and said, 'It's quite impossible for me to preach if you go on like this.' 'I'm taking notes of your sermon to send to the Bishop,' said the A.P. 'Save yourself the trouble, I'll post the sermon to his Lordship myself,' was the adroit reply, to the total discomfiture of the enemy.

"Mr. Gwynne was very popular with the police of the Division, whose station faces the church, and the 'Crusher's Service,' which he and Mr. Abbott got up, was very largely attended by the force.

"An early curacy was under the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Liddell, of St. Paul's, Wilton Place; there also they had a 'thorn in the flesh,' in the person of Westerton, the librarian.

"His connections were in fact all with men of note in different ways. The eccentric John Purchas, of St. James', Brighton, was assisted for a year or two by Mr. Gwynne, whose portrait, in conjunction with that of Purchas himself, in every conceivable vestment and attitude, was familiar in every stationer's window from Hove to Kemp Town. The periods of his life to which he looked back, I think, with the greatest pleasure, were, however, his curacies under Mr. Nugent Wade at Soho, and Dr. Evans at St. Mary-le-Strand. Of the former I need not speak here; suffice it to say that he always held Mr. Wade in grateful and affectionate esteem. At St. Mary-le-Strand he was associated with a brilliant preacher, though at that time a disappointed failing man, who keenly felt the isolation of a mere handful of a congregation, mainly personal friends, after the crowded and distinguished audiences to which, as Evening Lecturer at St. Andrew's, Wells Street, he had been accustomed. Dr. Evans was a strikingly original preacher, with a quaint, albeit attractive, personality, and used to declare that Archbishop Tait gave him his Lambeth D.D. degree, because he was the smallest clergyman in the Church of England, and that the initials stood for Doctor Duodecimus.

“If I am not mistaken, Mr. Gwynne’s last curacy before his presentation to St. Mary’s was with Mr. Walker at St. Saviour’s, Pimlico. I have neither the wish, nor the power, to chronicle, still less to criticise, the career of my friend at St. Mary’s. He stood at a great disadvantage in coming after a man of the striking personality of Mr. Chambers, and his action in transferring his schools to the School Board provoked much controversy at the time, and drew upon him the wrath of many members of the party to which he was supposed to belong, as well as the fierce denunciation of the class of critics who always know more about everyone’s business than the persons most intimately concerned.

“It cost him, too, the loss of a friend (and contemporary at Trin. College, Dublin,) the late Dr. Littledale, who declared that he would ‘never forgive him.’ I am happy indeed to add that this breach was healed before the Doctor’s death, and on the last occasion of my calling in Red Lion Square very shortly before that sad event, Littledale said as I left the room: ‘Good-bye; I shall never see you again. My love to Gwynne.’ Nor did I ever see again that brilliant man, who said of his old college chum: ‘Gwynne could have done anything he liked—if he chose.’ High appreciation this from the lips of a man to whom Canon Liddon told me he himself owed much in the preparation of many of the sermons which filled St. Paul’s in April, August and December for twenty years.’

“Mr. Gwynne’s friendships were of the most cosmopolitan and Catholic character, and his high standing as an Oriental scholar brought him in contact with many foreign scientists—Professor Zachan, Professor Ulrich, the Chevalier de Bunsen (at whose house in Regent’s Park he was a constant visitor), etc. He would take immense pains in routing out obscure and difficult passages in any antiquarian research, and was greatly helped therein by a very retentive memory—a memory not only for things abstract, but like that of the King—for faces and names. He never forgot one or the other, and always spoke of the merest acquaintance as ‘my friend So-and-So.’ He was more really interested in his schools than in any other part of his work at Soho, and retained that interest long after he had ceased

all other. With teachers and taught he was always popular, and the children liked his cheery word and joke. He had (as who has not?) one sore point: he never would tell,—and did not like to be asked,—his age.

“As, however, this amiable and not uncommon weakness signifies no longer, I may say that as I know he was slightly the senior of Dr. Littledale, he must have been about seventy at the time of his release from a life which for some years must have been a burden, and which none of his friends, nor he himself could have wished to see prolonged. But I for one prefer to keep my memory green, not of these later days, but of the genial friend and bright companion I first knew, and of whom I, and many more, will say, ‘*Requiescat in Pace, Amen.*’ ”

LIST OF CLERGY OF ST. MARY'S, SOHO.

<i>Greek Church.</i>	1677	JOSEPH GEORGEIRENES.	Archbishop of Samos.
<i>Huguenots.</i>	1715	JACQUES DURAND.	
		DARVILLIERS.	
	1725	JEAN HUDEL.	
	1727	THOMAS HERVE (cp. Hogarth's “Noon.”)	
	1751	JACQUES SEVERIN.	
<i>Pædo-Baptists.</i>	1824	J. REES.	
		THOMAS SHARP.	Died 1837.
<i>Church of England.</i>	1850	WALTER BLUNT.	Curate-in-Charge.
		ARCHER GURNEY.	do.
		W. B. ATKINS.	do.
	1857	JOHN CHARLES CHAMBERS.	1st Vicar.
		J. J. ELKINGTON.	Assistant Curate.
		W. W. TALFOURD.	do.
		Dr. R. F. LITLEDALE.	do.
		V. G. BORRADAILE.	do.
		NEWDIGATE POYNTZ.	do.
	1874	ROBERT GWYNNE.	2nd Vicar.
		W. MOLL.	Assistant Curate.
		R. W. RUMANN.	do.
		W. BUSBY.	do.
		R. E. KNIGHTLEY.	do.
	1899	GEORGE CLEMENT WILTON.	3rd Vicar.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGY.
(*ST. PATRICK'S.*)

I. FATHER O'LEARY.

ST. PATRICK's Church, in Soho Square, contains a monument to the memory of the Rev. Arthur O'Leary. This good friar spent the latter years of his life in labouring among the Roman Catholic poor of Soho, and deserves thereof a brief sketch among the worthies of this historic district. Although he was never Rector of St. Patrick's, yet so closely was he connected with it, that the old building on the site of the present church was known as "Father O'Leary's Chapel."

The Rev. Arthur O'Leary was a Franciscan Friar, and, as a member of the "Regular" Clergy, was under the then existing penal laws, subject to "transportation or death." He came to London in 1789. The ignorance and poverty of his countrymen, the Irish in Soho, greatly touched him. He determined to minister to the spiritual wants of those of his countrymen, who, impelled by want in Ireland, had flocked to London.

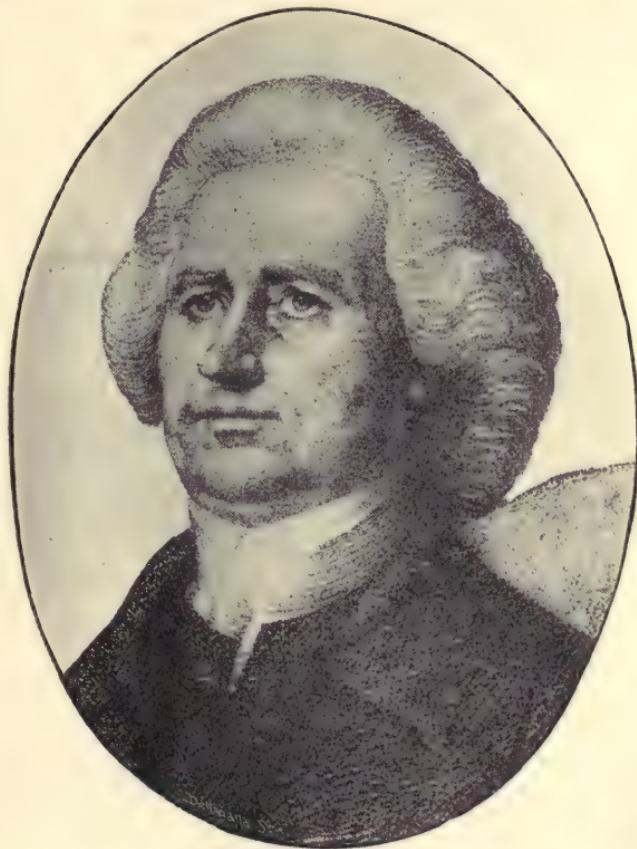
The time was opportune. In 1791 an Act had been passed by which the schools and religious worship of Roman Catholics were tolerated. Father O'Leary was then living in Wardour Street. The large concert and banqueting hall, standing in the rear of Carlisle House in Sutton Street, was rented for a period of years, and was solemnly opened in 1791 by Bishop Douglas and the sermon was preached by Father O'Leary. His sermons, delivered in St. Patrick's chapel, we are told, "were universally admired, and his auditory consisted of every class and description of persons." He had the consolation of seeing the happy fruits of his labours in the improved condition of the morals of the neglected poor.

Speaking in the House of Commons on February 26, 1772, Mr. Grattan said he could not hear the name of Father O'Leary mentioned without paying him that tribute of acknowledgment so justly due to his merit. "A man of learning, a philosopher, a Franciscan, he did the most eminent service to his country in the hour of its greatest danger."

Towards the end of 1801 he fell into ill-health, and he passed away in the seventy-first year of his age.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* wrote of his funeral :

"A congregation of nearly 2,000 real mourners concurred in the tribute of regret for the loss of so great and so good a man. He has gone to receive



FATHER O'LEARY.

the reward of his admirable exertions, and may the bright example of his virtues direct and animate others in the same career."

His remains were interred in St. Pancras Churchyard, and a monument placed over them by the Marquis of Hastings, who highly valued his character. Eighty-nine years afterwards his mortal remains were removed by Dean Vere to the Roman Catholic Cemetery at Kensal Green. The old monument has been restored and placed over his grave.

II. VERY REV. CANON LONG.

THIS zealous worker in Soho became Rector of St. Patrick's in the year 1848. He was one of the London priests who were chosen by Cardinal Wiseman to form his Chapter when the



THE VERY REV. CANON LONG.

Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Westminster was constituted during the administration of Canon Long. St. Patrick's Chapel continued to be one of the most fashionable Roman Catholic churches in London. Money was collected towards the purchase of ground and the erection of a new church, designs for which were prepared by Pugin and Wardell. The plans show the

intention of building a large and spacious church, which was to have served as a cathedral. The ground, however, which was required, could not be obtained, and the project fell through. One of the principal benefactors during the lifetime of Canon Long was Miss Leigh, the niece of Martha Grazebrook, a relative of David Garrick, the actor. It was her wish that in the new church an altar should be erected, dedicated to God under the patronage of St. Martha and St. Mary Magdalene. The picture over this altar in St. Patrick's Church, representing Our Divine Lord and St. Martha and St. Mary, was painted by Mr. T. F. Curtis.

III. REV. THOMAS BARGE.

IN 1860, Canon Long was succeeded by the Rev. Thomas Barge. This good priest laboured most zealously for nearly forty years among the poor of Soho and St. Giles's. He was educated at the English College at Lisbon, and in the early forties came to St. Patrick's, which mission he served during the whole of his priestly career. When he first came among the poor they used to call him "the handsome curate." He had a most wonderful love for the little ones of the flock. The children used to gather about him wherever he went. The School Report, as far back as 1849, speaks of his "enlightened zeal, benevolence, and energetic exertions" among the children. He used to spend hours together in the schools, where he would give instructions in secular as well as religious knowledge. Towards the end of his life, when he could not go to the Schools he would have the children, class by class, at the Presbytery.

In 1863, Father Barge was appointed President of the English College, Lisbon, but the Congregation memorialized the Archbishop, and he was allowed to remain at Soho. The lease of the old Chapel had been renewed in 1853 at an increased rent. In 1865 the freehold with two houses adjoining in Soho Square

was purchased. Father Barge always expressed his most sincere gratitude to Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell for their kind, generous, and most neighbourly conduct at the sale of the property, and on all other occasions. The clergy of St. Patrick's



REV. THOMAS BARGE.

assure us that the same considerate and neighbourly kindness has always been extended by this firm towards them and to the many Roman Catholics in their employ.

Father Barge gathered funds towards the erection of the new church: and the vestments, church plate, and church furniture which he acquired were always of the best. He spent large sums in trying to make the old building more worthy of religious

worship. He was always most zealous for the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of the poor. He instituted temperance and teetotal Societies, and guilds for men, women, and children : he also started a Penny Bank, and he had Schools in four parts of the Mission.

The Rev. Thomas Barge died on October 13, 1885, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. Those who were present at his Requiem will not easily forget the devotion of the poor to the memory of their beloved pastor. Not only was the Church crowded, but Sutton Street, Crown Street, and Soho Square, were thronged with thousands of the Irish poor, who had learned to love and venerate one who had indeed been to all a real father and friend.

DRAMATISTS AND NOVELISTS.

SIR WALTER BESANT

(By the Rev. H. B. Freeman, M.A.)

My only excuse for venturing to put my name in front of the words I have been specially asked to write, consists in the fact that much of what I wish to say has a certain individual note, and I should find it awkward, as I went on, to confine myself entirely to the third person.

So many reliable memoirs of the great novelist, topographer, and philanthropist, whom we have lost, have appeared in the Journals of all English-speaking countries, since his unexpected death, that I shall concern myself with nothing less than with the events of Sir Walter's actual career. What my humble tribute loses in method, it may possibly gain in variety.

Because, in his later years, the creator of "The People's Palace" came to the front on questions of national importance, the faithful chronicler of his many sided activities must not omit to lay due stress upon the position which the author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," occupied as a novelist during the last third of the last century. "Besant has had a run of five and twenty years," a lesser writer of fiction observed to me not long ago. Men of middle age may appreciate this literary eminence better than those who are young. Charles Dickens died in 1870, and it may truly be said that the novels which did the most towards filling the great void in imaginative literature during the next decade, were those of the partners, Walter Besant and James Rice. Some of us were school boys or undergraduates then, and we can yet remember with what amazing zest we devoured each story in the wonderful catalogue as it came out. How we pitied poor, prodigal, kind-hearted "Dick Mortiboy." How our pulses tingled, when, in "My Little Girl," the drunken

Scotch schoolmaster, who had tricked the lovely heroine into a bogus marriage with the villain, received a thrashing "grim and great." How in "*By Celia's Arbour*," we laughed at Mr. Pontifex, the dry old evangelical Clergyman of Portsmouth, who was forced by his tyrannical wife, to abstain, at dinner



SIR WALTER BESANT.

parties, from all dishes which he really liked, and who was always relating, in the absence of his acid spouse, the wicked story of the only time he ever swore in his life, which was, when some gravy from a goose he was carving, squirted over his coat in his gay youth, at College. It may be difficult to make a later and more frigid generation realise the intense delight which these human and humorous Besant and Rice novels were to us young

people in the seventies. The culminating glories of "The Golden Butterfly" and "The Monks of Thelema" appeared in the columns of *The World*, which was then at its zenith under the editorship of Edmund Yates. I used to write poems for *The World* in those far off days, and I well remember how proud I was when some of my verses chanced to be printed on the same page as the end of a chapter of "The Monks of Thelema."

Christmas by Christmas, these authors were commissioned to write a complete story for the Yule Tide Number of "All the Year Round." The last Romance of this splendid Christmas Series was called "Over the Sea with a Sailor," which I once saw justly criticised as "one of the best short stories ever written by anybody." About this tale, there is, for me, a precious and pathetic reminiscence. I seized it, to read, as usual, directly it came out. The name of this particular heroine was Avis, and she told her adventures, as I am writing these memories, in the first person. Suddenly, however, and for no reason whatever, she lapsed into the third, saying, of herself, "she," instead of "I." It was obvious to me that the mistake had arisen from the fact of two men writing together, and I sent a letter to my favourite authors at their publishers', pointing out the error. Within a few days, I had a most kind letter from James Rice, (it was dated January 1st, 1880, and he died that year), thanking me for my valuable information, and saying he had corrected the slip for the Volume edition. He also forwarded me a presentation copy of the Story, bound in white and gold, and with my name inside. It is still among my most cherished literary possessions. Mr. Rice I never knew, but I mentioned this incident to Mr. Besant, when I had the privilege of a long talk with him a few years afterwards. He said he should like to send me a photograph of his partner and himself, taken together, as a souvenir of my admiration for their united labours. Though he jotted down my address at the moment, this is one of the few good deeds Sir Walter never found time to accomplish, nor had I the heart to remind him. The manner of Rice's death, his partner told me, was exceptionally sad. He was stricken down, in full health and energy, by a mysterious disease. For months

he refused to allow Besant to come and see him, though he wrote every day. He fought for life most vigorously, to the last, and never gave up hope. Shortly before he died, his letter contained the cheerful prophecy that he would be walking on Brighton sands in a month's time. Mr. Besant, who was in France, received the last communication on a Monday, and, on the Wednesday, heard of his partner's death. It was found that a fungus was growing in his windpipe, so that, if the immediate cause of his collapse had not been a complication of heart trouble, he must have been starved. Thus tragically ended, what was perhaps the most successful and fruitful partnership ever known in the history of English Letters. The novels of Besant and Rice certainly imbued the young men and women of their own generation with noble, chivalrous, and unselfish thoughts, and afforded a vast amount of harmless pleasure and entertainment besides. "Let James Rice have the benefit of what is kind in them," says Besant in one of his generous later prefaces. In their own line, they are the greatest works of fiction since Dickens. Personally, I believe that, on his share in these novels (nobody knows how great or how little it was), rests Sir Walter's real claim to the abiding remembrance of posterity. I cannot expect this, however, now-a-days, to be a popular opinion.

A certain prolixity in the treatment of our subject may be condoned, because the words which I put into Sir Walter's mouth, were in every case, unless I state to the contrary, said to myself. They certainly represent the exact sense of what he told me. I feel grateful to the full and careful notes, (to which I have already been indebted), made by me of a long, varied, and deeply instructive conversation, (to which I have already alluded) in the spring of 1885. This talk was the outcome of an interesting occasion. "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," Mr. Besant's first long novel, "off his own bat," had excited a wide-spread interest in the East End of London, and had given an additional impetus to the Rev. Samuel Barnett's admirable work at Toynbee Hall. It was on the evening when Mr. and Mrs. Besant came down to pay their first visit to "Toynbee," that I was so fortunate as to be placed next to the famous novelist at dinner. He was good enough to allow me to turn the talk, first to the

great "Besant and Rice" romances, and then to his own. I think my intimate acquaintance with almost every piece of fiction he had written, or helped to write, sufficiently showed him that my zeal was not actuated by an impertinent curiosity. "Dorothy Forster," which, up to the day of his death, Sir Walter is supposed to have regarded as his best "single handed" story, had just been published, and he spoke most interestingly about its composition and origin.

We had been discussing Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth," and, he said, he once told Reade what a splendid historical novel he thought it was. "Like all of us, Reade had no objection to being praised, and he answered, 'Well, Besant, I put twenty years' work into it.'" He added, that he had found great bits of Erasmus, copied bodily into the book. "It must be very difficult," I observed, "to write a historical novel." "Yes," he replied, "at least, I found it so, on the one or two occasions on which I have tried it." (He has tried it often enough since 1885.) With regard to "Dorothy Forster," "It was in 1868," he went on, "long before I had any idea of being a novelist, that I first went to Bamborough, and heard Dorothy's history. I thought, then, what a good story it would make. I visited Bamborough again, a few years afterwards, and it was during that visit that the scheme of the novel took shape in my mind. I had lately got engaged and married, and, curiously enough, my wife was a connection of the Forster family. So, at last, I wrote the story." He added, that Dorothy's journey to London was quite historical, but that the character of the repentant ne'er-do-well, Antony Hilyard, who is the gem of the book, was, (he was sorry to say), practically his own invention. Before writing these lines, I have just re-read the "Postscriptum" to Dorothy Forster, supposed to be appended, after the death of his idol Dorothy, by "The Reverend Antony Hilyard, Canon of Durham." I still think it one of the most perfect specimens of restrained and simple English to be found in our language. "What an immense amount of work there must be to do, before one can start on an historical novel!" I exclaimed on this occasion. His reply was a decidedly emphatic affirmative.

Deeply fascinating as this, by far the most illustrious facet of

Sir Walter's manifold genius, is, to myself, and as I would hope, to many among my readers, we must not hold ourselves any longer aloof from those particular aspects of his varied service to Humanity by reason of which I feel that I was requested to attempt this estimate of his work. At the dinner of which I have been speaking, he gave abundant evidence of his interest in the condition of the poor. His remarks on this topic were addressed, not so much to myself, as to the Rev. T. G. Gardiner, at that remote epoch an assistant Curate at St. Jude's, Whitechapel, who was his neighbour on the other side. Mr. Gardiner spoke of the difficulty which a Parson at the East End had in getting any influence over the Jews. "You must concede to a Hebrew," said Mr. Besant, "that he is socially, morally, intellectually, in fact, in every way, your superior, and then he will be a very good friend." Mr. Gardiner remarked that the Jewish girls were very fond of dancing. "Girls are always fonder of it than boys," was the reply, "and the street barrel organ is the parent of the ballet. In the same way, women are more vivid creatures than men, especially in their powers of observation and description, this is why we have, in some respects, such good lady novelists." He was desirous to find out from Mr. Gardiner, what the poor read, and enquired whether Hugh Conway's "Called Back," (a story of immense vogue at that period), was popular amongst them. "No," said Mr. Gardiner, "they would not read it any more than they would read a novel by Thackeray; Sunday is their great day for reading, and *****'s newspaper is far too widely circulated among them." "I had an offer, the other day," said Mr. Besant, "to start a newspaper for the masses, and I was strongly tempted to accept it. A man like I am has such difficulty in reaching the poor, to try and do them good, but they are, to me, objects of intense interest." At this juncture, Mr. Gardiner had to leave his dinner half finished, and take a Mothers' Meeting. I bore his absence with a calm resignation, for by this means, I had the hero of the evening to my unworthy self. We were on the topic of the poor, and I alluded to a pathetic story he had lately written about a London work girl, called "Julia." The tale had begun rather happily, and the sad end was unexpected. "How could you kill poor Julia?"

“Because she died,” was the dry answer, “she did not die quite as I made her die in the story, but she did die. Julia was a real girl, I knew her. She was a bookbinder’s apprentice, and a *figurante* at the Strand Theatre; she had big eyes, and a narrow chest. She was a good girl, Julia !”

Vastly as I admire “Dorothy Forster,” and one or two more of Sir Walter’s “single handed” novels, I could not possibly profess to be among those who consider that the death of James Rice made no difference, or a difference for the better, in Besant as a writer of Fiction. The great novelist (I am speaking of the two authors as one) of “The Golden Butterfly” and “The Chaplain of the Fleet,” the master and interpreter of actual human passions, joys and sorrows, and of real men and women, seemed to me to be transformed by Rice’s immature death, into an exceedingly clever man, with a most generous heart, who wrote clear and beautiful English, and thought noble and inspiring thoughts, but whose head was often in the clouds, while his characters did not always quite belong to earth, and who usually had a purpose, sometimes rather vague and impracticable, before his kindly eyes. There are some points at which the Philanthropist and the Artist are almost incompatibles.

Those who would wish to read the finest sample of the Besant novels dealing with the oppressions of the London poor, may be recommended to the terrible, but infinitely moving, chapter in “Children of Gibeon,” (xxiii) “How Melenda was drilled.” The author describes how a wretched girl, whose work, through no fault of her own, had proved unsatisfactory, was made by her employers, to stand, hour after hour, during three or four working days, without receiving a fresh job, or the pay due to her for what she had already brought. Melenda knew that if she ventured to sit down, (but there was nowhere to sit), or to go out before each nightfall, to procure a morsel of food, no work would be given her again. Finally, the victim is rescued from this fiendish torture, but not till she is nearly dead from fatigue and starvation.

“Some of the women about the place whispered her that it was a shame. It was all that the women could do. ‘It is a shame,’ they whispered low, so that the men should not hear. The whole history of woman seems somehow contained and summed up in those four short words, ‘It is a shame.’

“If you think of it, the chivalrous sentiment and the Christian sentiment and

the humanitarian sentiment, all combined, have done but little as yet to remove the truth and force of those four little words. Everywhere the woman gets the worst of it. She is the hardest worked, and has to do all the nastiest kinds of work ; she is the worst paid ; she is always bullied, scolded, threatened, nagged, and sworn at ; she has the worst food ; she has the lion's share of the trouble and the lamb's share of the pleasure ; she has no holidays ; she has the fewest amusements. Even in those circles where women do not work and are never kicked, she has the worst of it. For the great broad lower stratum of the social pyramid there is but one sentence that will express the truth.

“ You will hear it from the lips of women and girls wherever working women and girls meet together ; on the pavement and outside the shops it is cried aloud ; in the shops and workrooms it is only whispered. One short sentence in four short words, ‘ It is a shame.’ ”

“ All day long to stand and wait. It seems a cruel thing. And very likely at home the children crying for their bread, or sitting empty and hungry at school, while the figures swim and reel upon the black board, and the teachers wonder how children can be expected to learn when they have had no breakfast and no dinner. To be made stand and wait from half-past nine in the morning until seven in the evening. And women, my Christian brothers, are not really so strong as men, though we treat them as if they were capable of far more endurance than we ourselves ever give to our own work. It seems cruel.”

In reading of such cruelties, we can but echo the author's noble and impassioned outburst, “ When will some man arise, who will swear that, by the Living God, these things shall be no longer ? ”

For about five years, Sir Walter Besant was an almost daily visitor to Soho Square. He used to work next door but one to my house, and I was continually meeting him in the mornings ; walking down Soho Street with his little black bag. I often wondered what was in it. “ Summer has really come at last,” I would observe to my wife, each year, when our capricious climate first gave promise of settled sunshine, “ Sir Walter has put on his white waistcoat ! ” He had a large room in the Publishing Office of Messrs. A. & C. Black, and he used to devote some hours, on most days, to his topographical hobby of “ The Survey of London.” From his youth he had been greatly interested in geographical and antiquarian research. For seventeen years he was Secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and his “ History of Jerusalem,” compiled in conjunction with his friend, Professor Palmer, was published as long ago as 1871. For London his love amounted to a passion. All sensible men, it is to be hoped, are enamoured of London ; but few can have loved the world's

City better than Sir Walter, and it is doubtful if, with the possible exception of Charles Dickens, any man lived within the last century, who has known London as well. When the Rector of St. Anne's brought out his "Two Centuries of Soho," in 1898, our distinguished Sojourner willingly and gratuitously wrote him a Preface, in which he expressed his warmest sympathy with the undertaking, and his sincere approval of the manner of its execution. Of this Preface, (for the Rector and those who helped him to write "Two Centuries," may justly consider its contribution an honour,) I must quote a few lines. Sir Walter alludes to the "years of pleasantly laborious days" which he has passed looking out upon "the garden" of Soho Square, (the artist and poet is quite right; there are few fairer or more inspiring scenes upon the face of the globe,) and then, he goes on to say :

" In Soho the interest is varied. It was once the home of Fashion. The number of distinguished persons who have lived in Soho from time to time is very great. The world of Fashion has long since left the place, but the solid and beautiful houses still remain. The interest which attaches to the Soho of the present, apart from its associations, lies in the extraordinary amount of Religious, Philanthropic, and Charitable work carried on within the limits of the district. There is also the interest, known to the fullest extent only by those who work in the place, that attaches to the vice and poverty of Soho, always present, against which these agencies are continually fighting. Little is said about the subject in these pages; it should be sufficient to know that the Clergy of all denominations never cease in their efforts to beat down and expel the profligacy of which Soho is the modern centre."

When the old Besant and Rice novels of the seventies dealt with the metropolis, they were always remarkable for the reality of their London "atmosphere." Both authors evidently knew and loved the "Great City" well, but I do not recall that Soho has ever been so fully described, and with such vividness of detail, by Sir Walter or his partner, as in the former's comparatively recent story, "The Orange Girl," the period of which is supposed to be about the middle of the eighteenth century. I do not know the exact date at which the novel was composed, but it would be pleasant to believe that the writer drew his inspirations from his almost daily sojourn amongst us during the later part of his life. As the story can now be purchased, capitally printed, and in the neatest and most appropriate orange paper cover, for

fourpence halfpenny, it is needless for me to give copious extracts. The hero and his benefactress, who is known, in Soho, as "Madame Vallance," drive into "a noble square with a garden surrounded by great houses, of which the greatest was built for the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth. The coachman stopped before one of these houses on the East side of the Square. It was a very fine and noble mansion indeed." It was in this mansion of old Soho that "Madame Vallance" had the Assembly Rooms for her nightly Masquerades, the ticket of admission for which cost five guineas. The hero says: "I amused myself by going round and seeing the rooms all lit up with candles in sconces, or candelabra, and painted with flowers, and fruit, and Cupids even to the ceiling, and hung with costly curtains. It is a large and spacious house, of commanding appearance, built by an Earl of Carlisle. There is a grand staircase, broad and stately; when a well-dressed Company are going up and down, it looks like the staircase of a Palace." These grand staircases, (most of them so time-worn and dingy now,) used, for me, to be crowded with memories of a splendid Past, as I trudged up and down them, during seven years, to visit some tailor, or shoemaker, or seamstress, in the attics of disenchanted Soho. But it needs a Magician like Sir Walter, to evoke the gorgeous spectres of Soho's prime. Here is one of the novelist's Rembrandt pictures: "First I begged him to sketch me one of the little girls who run about the streets in Soho. There are hundreds of them: they are barefooted: bareheaded: dressed in a sack, in a flannel petticoat: in anything: they have no schooling: they are not taught anything at all: their parents, and their brothers and sisters, and their cousins and their grand-parents are all thieves and rogues together: what can they become? What hope is there for them?" Sir Walter would be the first to acknowledge that "Two Centuries of Soho" had given this grim question a favourable answer, had softened the horrid outlines of this Impression from an Inferno. Listen to his sunny and sanguine words in his Preface to the Rector's Book: "There are Clubs of all kinds in Soho: clubs for men; clubs for boys; clubs for women. There are Hospitals; there are Houses of Charity; there are Missions; there are Foreign Workmen's Associations; there are

Working Men's Institutes; there are Anglican and Roman Catholic Schools; there is all the machinery of modern organized parish work." I must resist temptation to dwell more upon "The Orange Girl," this great Soho romance. To confess the truth, I had not read it when I began to write this "Appreciation," and I can confidently affirm that it is one of the very best and most exciting of Besant's "single handed" novels. Readers will watch the hero on the night he was waylaid and kidnapped: "My way lay through Dean Street as far as St. Ann's Church. . . . they" (his assailants) "ran down Greek Street to meet me at the other end, where there are fewer people"—and so on. When "Madame Vallance's" mansion is attacked by the St. Giles's mob, they will see the inhabitants quietly escaping from the back, into the deserted "Hog Lane," afterwards Crown Street, and now the bustling Charing Cross Road. They will shudder at the dreadful Pillory scene in Soho Square; and, while they rejoice at the blessed results of "Two Centuries" of Christianity and civilization in mid London, they will be grateful to the departed Genius, (for a space a Sojourner amongst us,) whose gift it has been to lift, for the eyes of our generation, the curtain from those dark days of horror and of heathendom, which, so happily, are dead.

It has not been my province to touch on nearly all the manifestations of our "Sojourner's" many-sided talent. He was an expert in old French poetry; a careful and picturesque historian; as a pioneer in Palestinian exploration, he combined enthusiasm and erudition. He was the founder and bulwark of the Authors' Society. He once spoke slightly to me of his attempts at poetry. "Most young men do it," he said. But no one who has read the verses scattered, (rarely of late years), up and down his novels, could deny that Besant was more of a true poet, than scores who have flooded the markets with their mediocrity. With regard to the topography of the City of his Dreams, he was probably the greatest living authority: and his big book on East London, published a month or more ago, has been described to me as more engrossing than nine novels out of ten.

But since I have ventured, from the first, to give this attempt

at an appreciation, a personal tone, I will say that, for me, and it may be for others, it will be Besant's Fiction, and, more especially his earlier Fiction, which will keep his memory green. When I remember the pleasure and the inspiration which the Besant and Rice novels were to my youth, I hope I shall be pardoned for having accorded these an equal prominence with the Soho, and social, subjects, about which I was asked principally to write. I rejoice that Sir Walter's knighthood was conferred, in Lord Rosebery's exact words, "on account of your services to the general cause, interest and dignity of Literature."

When we consider what the motive Power may have been, which urged this man along his manifold beneficent activities, we cannot doubt that it was the Highest. He was unwilling to accede to the desire of the friends of his youth, that he should take Holy Orders, and he is understood to have made no great outward profession of Religion. I remember some words which he spoke to me years ago: "People are blaming me, because, in my book about my friend, Professor Palmer, I have not said more about his 'religion.' The man was too busy to be religious. He was 'Church of England,' and that should be enough. Palmer's life was his religion." But without prying impertinently into what concerns us not, none can doubt Besant's absolute passion for Humanity. What does he say to us, in his most widely-read Story, in that verbal music, to the strains of which the walls of the People's Palace rose? "His heart, which was large and generous, burned within him, and he had visions of a time when the voices of the poor shall not be raised against the rich, nor the minds of the rich hardened against the poor. Perhaps he came unconsciously nearer to Christianity . . . that night, than he had ever been before. To have faith in the future, forms, indeed, a larger part of the Christian religion than some of us ever realise. And to believe in a single woman is one step, however small, towards believing in the Divine Man."

If I had to choose an epitaph for Walter Besant, it should be the line which he and James Rice picked out for poor Dick Mortiboy's monument at Market Basing, thirty years ago:

"WRITE ME AS ONE WHO LOVES HIS FELLOW MEN."

WILLIAM DUNCOMBE.

FRITH STREET has changed since the days when William Duncombe took a house there. He chose it because he wanted to live in a quiet, though fashionable, street, for he was making his mark in the literary world, and his old home in Hatton Garden was too far from the taverns where he and his brother writers used to meet, and streets were dangerous late at night.

He was born in 1690, and at the age of 16 became a clerk in the Navy Office. This was in the days when army and navy reform was not yet talked of, even a junior clerk could fill up his time pretty well as he pleased if he only knew how, and Duncombe managed to tie himself up so well in red tape, that no one could interfere with him, so for twenty years he kept his post and pursued his favourite literary studies undisturbed.

His father had put him into the tontine (annuities increasing by survivorship); this, by 1725, brought him in a good income, and having the good fortune to win half a lottery prize of £1,000, he began to look about for a wife, and eventually married the lady who had won the other half.

This was just when "The Beggar's Opera" was the rage. Gay wrote it partly to spite an influential member of the Court, so that whether a man praised it or not generally depended on his politics. There were others who defended or attacked it on moral grounds, some saying that a play which depicted crime and vice in vivid colours served as a wholesome warning, others that a play which had a highwayman as its hero was to be condemned, if for no other reason. The question is still under debate among theatre-goers and non-goers, and although Duncombe's pamphlet against the play attracted a great deal of attention, and gained him several friends, it has not settled the question.

He is next interesting to us because his son was married at St. Anne's, and was then appointed assistant preacher there, after a brilliant career at St. Benet's (Corpus Christi), Cambridge. Three of John Duncombe's sermons were published, quaint examples of the popular preaching of the day. 1759 was

a year of victories, Horace Walpole wrote: "It is necessary to ask every morning what new victory there is, for fear of missing one." Wolfe had captured Quebec, and the French were defeated at Minden, Lagos, and Quiberon.

As in the case of Trafalgar, we best remember these battles from sayings of the day. Wolfe had a desperate task, and was mortally wounded; someone cried "They run!" "Who run?" he asked. "The French." "Then I die happy."



WILLIAM DUNCOMBE.

And at Quiberon, when Admiral Hawke ordered his pilot to lay him alongside of the French admiral, the pilot pointed out the dangers of the coast and the fury of the gale. "You have done your duty in showing me the danger, now obey your orders and let me do mine."

Add to all this our successes in India, and we understand his enthusiastic sermon: "On the Thanksgiving, November 29, 1759." In it he found a parallel for all the events of the war in the history of the children of Israel, and showed a knowledge of his subject which would be hard to beat in these days of cheap Bibles and newspapers. The minutest detail of our campaigns

in the Bible, and he must have sent his congregation home thoroughly satisfied that they were the chosen people of modern times.

John Duncombe also helped his father in his translations of the Latin classics, chiefly Horace. When we think of the dozens and dozens of published translations of Horace (they fill a whole volume of Catalogue in the British Museum) we wonder that there are words left for a new translation. It reminds us of Gray's line, "The plowman homeward plods his weary way," which can be re-arranged in a dozen different ways, and yet keep the sense.

These translations were published in an edition known as the Wits' Horace, to which Pope, Swift, Cowper, Prior and others were contributors, not to mention more than one anonymous lady, too modest to allow her name to appear, for blue stockings were not fashionable, and if women went to Cambridge, it was rather to the nunnery, which is now Jesus College, than to Girton.

An example of these translations we quote from Book 1, Ode xxx., "O Venus, regina cynidi"—

O Venus, joy of men and gods,
Forsake for once thy blest abodes,
And deign to visit my land,
Quit Paphos and the Cyprian vale,
On thy fond votary kindly smile
And come to my duck island.

How familiar Horace must have been to every one for a man to write in such jocular style! Nowadays, Horace suggests weary mastering of "notes" and "readings" to some of us, and as to quotations they are out of date and fall flat. The above parody suggests the good old song "Daddy Neptune," which our fathers used to admire. Some of the younger Duncombe's poems are published in Roach's "Beauties of the Poets," and his parody on Gray's Elegy, will, perhaps appeal to Cambridge readers. I can only give a very few verses, but the whole is most telling:

The Curfew tolls the hour of closing gates,
With jarring sound the porter turns his key,
Then in his dreary gate-house slumbering waits,
To slowly sternly open it for me.

Within those walls, when through the glimmering shade
 Appear the pamphlets in a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow bed till morning laid
 The peaceful fellows of the College sleep.

* * * * *

No chattering females crowd their social fire,
 No dread have they of discord and of strife,
 Unknown the name of husband and of sire,
 Unfelt the plagues of matrimonial life.

This was in the days of unmarried Fellows, and Duncombe evidently approves of that, though we must not jump to the conclusion that his married life was stormy (although he did marry a “literary lady”). He goes on to tell how one of these Benedicks became a married man :

Haply some friend may shake his hoary head,
 And say “each morn unchilled by frosts he ran
 With hose ungartered o'er yon turf' bed,
 To reach the chapel *e'er the Psalms began.*”

* * * * *

One morn we missed him at the hour of prayer,
 Nor in the hall nor on his favourite green.
 Another came, nor yet within the choir,
 Nor yet at bowls or chapel was he seen.

* * * * *

The next we heard that in a neighbouring shire
 That day to Church he led a blushing bride,
 A nymph whose snowy vest and maiden fear
 Improved her beauty while the knot was tied.

You see he had had to “flit” to escape the jeers of his fellow dons, but he wrote a charming letter of apology, ending with this verse :

Seek not to draw me from this calm retreat
 In loftier spheres unfit, untaught to move,
 Content with plain domestic life, where meet
 “The sweets of friendship and the smiles of loves.”

So much for the Duncombes, father and son. They both lived to a good old age, but both left Frith Street before the end came. There let us leave them.

ELIZABETH INCHBALD, 1753—1821.

NOVELIST, DRAMATIST AND ACTRESS.

OF all the inhabitants of Frith Street whose names have been handed down to our times, none is more charming than Elizabeth Inchbald. Tall, handsome, and golden-haired, "a piquante mixture between a lady and a milkmaid," as Godwin describes her; bewitching in her movements, and tasteful in her dress which was "seldom worth so much as eightpence," we are not surprised at the verdict of a rival beauty, "when she is in the room everyone gathers around her, and no other woman can gain attention." To this we may add that she was gentle and sympathetic, liberal though business-like, full of fun, of unusual mental power, and irreproachable conduct.

She was the youngest of the ten children of John Simpson, a farmer of Bury St. Edmund's, and like Miss Burney, whose equal she was in much of her writing, she never had a governess or preceptor, but picked up her education how and when she could, reading with avidity every book that was brought into the house. Of social talent she had no lack, and at the age of sixteen had a list of a hundred families, with whom she was on calling terms!

Her father died when she was eight years old, and she spent much of her time visiting her brother and three married sisters in London. Her brother was an actor, and she met many players in his house, so that we are not altogether surprised that she resolved to run away from home to seek fame and a fortune by writing dramas.

Unfortunately she spoke very indistinctly, and stammered a great deal, so that at first she was utterly unsuccessful and might have returned home, had not Joseph Inchbald, actor and portrait painter, whom she had often met at her sister's, proposed marriage to her. She consented, was married on the following day, and at once went to Bristol to play Cordelia to her husband's Lear. She happily found that she could speak on the stage without stuttering; some words troubled her, but she kept a list of these, and learned to speak them plainly.

After four years' touring, which was not on the whole successful, her husband conceived the wild idea of going to France

to gain a living there by portrait-painting, whilst she was to write plays! They had a stormy sixteen days' passage to S. Valleri, and settled in Paris, but in eleven weeks they returned almost penniless, so that at Brighton, where they lodged, they were even reduced to eating raw turnips in the fields for want of a better dinner.

However, they soon obtained an engagement in Liverpool, where they made the acquaintance of Mrs. Siddons and her



ELIZABETH INCHBALD.

brother, J. P. Kemble, uncle of Fanny Kemble, which afterwards ripened into a warm friendship. They acted in various places till 1780, when Mr. Inchbald died suddenly at York.

By this time Mrs. Inchbald's name was well known, and she had little difficulty in obtaining engagements both at the Hay-market and at Covent Garden, and though she never obtained any brilliant success, yet in parts in which her own sweet nature had full play she carried the day. She was unfailingly industrious, rising early to attend Mass, studying and writing during the day (between 1782 and 1805 she published about forty plays, some original, others translations from French or German), dining out, sometimes because she had no money to dine at

home, and acting in the evening (we must remember that the dinner-hour of those days was 4 o'clock, and theatre-hours equally early). At one of these dinners, she refused oysters, saying, "Oh no, I-I-I never could,—what! eat the eyes, and the nose, and the teeth, and the toes, and the a-a-all of the creature?" Another time, on alighting from her carriage, the coachman, dripping wet, offered her his arm. "No," she exclaimed, "that w-would be the death of me, bring me a d-dry man." And once, when a titled fop, who met her out walking, wished to accompany her home, she declined, saying, "for my lord, I have got my pockets full of onions." She was much admired by Sir Thomas Lawrence, who painted her portrait; but though courted by talent, position and riches, she always preserved her independent way of life, and even when making a considerable income, used to live within 35s. a week. Her brothers and sisters were singularly unfortunate in money matters, but she constantly and generously helped them with money. We find in a letter written about May, 1803, "As we are going to have war, and, as of course, the bank must now break in good earnest, I am resolved to pay every debt I have in the world, before that event can take place." At her death she was found to have left invested for her poorer relatives more than £6,000.

Besides writing plays, she edited the "British Theatre," and for several years wrote for the *Edinburgh Review*, on the staff of which were soon to be such giants as Scott, Wilson, Hogg, Jeffrey, Brougham, Sidney Smith, Alison and others. She greatly admired the first named of these, and to a friend who did not appreciate his "Lady of the Lake," she wrote: "I can compare your disliking the "Lady of the Lake," to no other phenomenon in my memory, except that of a tiger in Piccadilly."

The year 1801 was spent away from the theatre, mostly making and receiving visits. She visited the Kembles frequently in their house, where Bedford Court Mansions now stands; she met and corresponded with Brinsley Sheridan and dear old Mrs. Barbauld. Lord Brougham and the then Mr. Erskine dined with her, and she interchanged many letters with her admirer Maria Edgeworth. Her letters of this period have lost much of

their picturesque Bohemianism, but gain in interest. Most touching was her interview with Mdme. de Staël, which took place some years later. She needed much persuasion to consent to see her, and when they met, spoke to Mdme. de Staël of her loneliness. "You ask me why I do not like meeting new people? It is too soon over, and then I have no one to go home to, to talk about it all." "Ah," said Mdme. de Staël, "You have no child then." Soon after this her own son, Tucker's grandson, who was aide-de-camp to Bernadotte, was killed in a duel.

Much that is interesting in her life is lost to us. She kept a full diary, for which one publisher offered her £1,000 unread. She deferred to her spiritual adviser, Dr. Poynter, as to the advisability of accepting the offer, but he said "No, burn it;" and she followed his direction.

Part of her dislike to meeting people in her later years was no doubt due to a certain vanity, for she wrote more than once that she feared she was losing her beauty. Her remaining years were spent as a boarder in Kensington House, where she died, after a short illness, in 1821.

I have left all mention of her two novels to the end, because they stand out separately from the rest of her life, and show how much she had read and thought even in her busiest theatre days. The first, "A Simple Story," is anything but simple, the plot is complicated, and her theology as intricate as Mrs. Humphrey Ward's. It is a tragic and exciting story of high life vividly told, and full, almost too full, of animated dialogue. The taste which has called for new editions of Jane Austen's works would find an unexpected treasure in Mrs. Inchbald's novels, which are among the earliest examples of what may be called the novels of passion. Her other novel, "Nature and Art," is short, and one of the most interesting and pathetic stories in the world; indeed, too much so: "the distress is too naked, and the situations hardly to be borne with patience" says Hazlitt. If Mrs. Radcliffe touched the trembling chords of the imagination making wild music there; Mrs. Inchbald has no less power over the springs of the heart. Had she lived a few years later, she would probably have left the stage and ranked high among the writers of the day.

JOHN DRYDEN.

OF all the great names for which Soho is famous, none perhaps is better known than that of John Dryden. He has left his mark, he has become a milestone down the road of literature, which changes its scenery so gradually to the unobservant eye, that it is only by the altered figures on the mile-posts that men realise that they have come near to a new town, and suddenly wake up to all that has been passing ; for of Dryden, Johnson writes : "he was destined, if not to give the laws to the stage of England, at least to defend its liberties, to improve burlesque into satire, to free translation from the fetter of verbal metaphor, and exclude it from the license of paraphrase, to teach posterity the powerful and varied poetical harmony of which their language was capable, and to give an example of the lyric ode of unapproached excellence, and to leave to English literature a name second only to those of Shakespeare and Milton."

But, in spite of the fact that Dryden's plays are not suitable for the modern stage, that his political satires have lost their point, and that his poetry is too old-fashioned for most of us, he still remains a household word, although many of us, like M. Jourdain, quote him without knowing it. Among dozens of well-known lines, "virtue is its own reward," "the remedy is worse than the disease," "none but the brave deserves the fair," "second thoughts are best," "take the goods the gods provide thee," show how his verses must have been in everyone's mouth.

Strangely little is known of Dryden himself, his biographies are largely composed of controversies about his political and religious opinions and conduct rather than with accounts of his actual life and conversation, yet there is piquancy in the thought that in this respect he shares with Shakespeare. They live in their works : as long as we have their works, we have their lives : were their work lost, of what value would their biographies be ? In all the characters Dryden filled he exhibited splendid qualities, and if he sometimes failed, his failures are conspicuous by his triumphs, and in the combination of great and varied powers he stands unrivalled in our literature. Of all our great poets, there in Europe, America, and Asia are compared with some point

is not one who, during his life, occupied so large a share of attention, or who sustained his reputation at its height through so long a period and against such a clamour of jealousy.

*JOHN DRYDEN.*

He was born in 1631 at the vicarage of Aldwinkle, in those dark days which preceded the great rebellion. His family belonged to the Parliamentarian side, and as a boy of thirteen he had the excitement of seeing a hard fight round the parish

church, where some of the villagers had taken refuge till they were finally carried off prisoners by the Royalists. He gave early signs of his literary capacities, he had read Polybius before he was ten years of age, and gained a scholarship at Westminster School, from whence he went to Trinity College, Cambridge. We know next to nothing of his College career, but in later life he wrote several eulogistic poems to the sister University, while we find an extremely unkind reference to Cambridge in his very best manner. Shadwell relates that he got into trouble for having scurrilously traduced a nobleman. But the two were enemies, Dryden writing of him: "The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull with this prophetic blessing—'be thou dull.' "

The year after leaving Cambridge (1658), he wrote his Heroic Stanzas on the death of Oliver Cromwell, which at once brought him into notice. No better eulogy of the Protector has been written, but it is noticeable that while praising Cromwell he never attacked the other side, and we are not surprised that, like the immense majority of the nation, he went over to the Royalist party. His next poem, the "Astræa Redux," celebrates the Restoration.

The beginning of Dryden's career in London was darkened by discouraging circumstances, "I struggled with a great deal of persecution, took up with a lodging that had a window no bigger than a pocket looking glass, dined at a 3d. ordinary, enough to starve a vacation tailor, went clad in homely drugget, and drank wine as seldom as a Rechabite." He seems at this time to have acted as a sort of literary hack to a bookseller till he found a patron in Sir Robert Howard, who in every way behaved generously to him.

In 1663 he married Howard's sister, Lady Elizabeth Howard. Tradition tells us that this marriage was an unhappy one, the truth seems to be that she was a well-meaning woman of small mental capacity, and quite unable to sympathise with her husband in the time of relaxation and low spirits, which so often follow violent mental exertion, or to stand a sarcasm which could jokingly reply to her affectionate wish to be a book, so that she could always be with her husband, "Be an almanack then, my dear, that I may change you once a year."

On his marriage he came to St. Anne's Parish, and lived at No. 43 Gerrard Street ; he gave notice of this change of address to a friend as follows : " should you at any time honour me with a letter, my house is in Gerrard Street, the fifth door on the left hand." He tells us in another letter that he used to study all the morning, dine at 2 o'clock, and then go to Wills' coffee house. Pepys writes of a visit there : " I found Dryden, the poet I used to know at Cambridge, and all the wits of the town." Here a special seat was reserved for him, and he became by common consent the judge in all literary disputes and the general leader of conversation.

What is called Dryden's early period is crowned by the *Annus Mirabilis*, a poem full of rich thought and expression—*vide* the fine lines describing the burning of St. Paul's, beginning :

The daring flames peeped in, and saw from far
 The awful beauties of the sacred quire,
But since it was profaned by civil war
 Heaven thought it fit to have it purged by fire.

In 1668 he was made Poet Laureate and Royal Historiographer, and undertook to write three plays every year for the king at a salary of £300. It is to be regretted that want of money, desire of popularity, and the demands of his patrons turned his talents toward playwriting, for though his *Don Sebastian*, *All for Love*, and *Aurungzebe* are exceedingly fine, most of his plays are not suitable for acting. But the stage, which had declined under James I., and been extinguished during the Commonwealth, revived on the Restoration, and Dryden obeyed the public call, though in his anxiety to fulfil contracts, he wrote too fast for his fame, often repeating himself, and sometimes borrowing wholesale from abroad ; yet, with all this, he failed at one time to produce his three plays a year, as we read " though he received the moneys, we received not the playes, not one in the yeere."

The system of poets and patrons which existed in those days of a small reading public, gave rise to many quarrels both between rival poets and their patrons, sometimes the reasons were political, more often personal. Lord Rochester, who wrote the witty lines :

Here lies our sovereign lord the king
Whose word no man relies on ;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one,

had a quarrel and then a duel with Lord Mulgrave, who was one of Dryden's patrons. Lord Mulgrave wrote some anonymous lines accusing Rochester of cowardice. Suspicion fell upon Dryden, and in revenge, Rochester hired some ruffians on December 18, 1679, who waylaid and severely beat him as he was returning home from Wills' coffee house. £50 was offered for the discovery of the author of the plot, but, of course, nothing came of it. This was the beginning of many attacks on Dryden (though the only one on his person), his chief assailants being two inferior poets of the day, Shadwell and Settle.

In 1681 he began his wonderful series of didactic and satirical poems with "Absalom and Achitophel," and the "Medal"; in these he attacks the persons and principles of the King's opponents with a sting and power which is unmatched, and the account of Slingsby Bethel, the Republican Sheriff, is perhaps the most wonderful and characteristic passage of the whole. Shadwell wrote a sort of reply, "The Medal of John Bayes," one of the most scurrilous pieces of writing extant. This indecent attack drew down upon him Dryden's scathing retort "Mac Flecnoe." Having assailed the Roman Catholics with the account of the Popish plot in "Absalom and Achitophel," he next attacked the dissenters in the "Religio Laici," in praise of the Anglican Church. Consistency was never Dryden's great characteristic, and we need not feel astonished in comparing pious sentiments of the "Religio" with the shady morals of the plays he had just written. In quick succession we have the "Hind and the Panther," a defence of the Church of Rome, on his conversion to that Church.

This occurred at a time when he was in want of money, and with the accession of James II., none but Roman Catholics had much chance of promotion; but his wife was already of that faith, his three children followed their parents; and further, on the accession of William and Mary he declined to take the oath to them, or in any way to curry favour with the powers that were, although he thereby forfeited the Government posts he held

Gerard Street South

W^m Mans his wife and 2 Chil^{ds} o = 40 - 0
 his house 30^t of other — o = 10 = 0

Rob^l Bolles his appentice — o = 1 - 0

Els^z Jonkin^y — — — o = 1 - 0

Cath^z Davy her maid — — o = 1 - 0

Lodger Mrs^z Jonkin^y — — o = 01 = 0

M^{rs} Blackamore his wife & 2

Chil^{ds} o = 04 = 00
 his house 30^t of other — o = 10 = 00

M^{rs} Brown his wife and 2 o = 02 = 0
 maid forend — — o = 01 = 0

Mr^z Harris Lodger o = 01 = 0

Mrs^z Halford Lodger o = 01 = 00

Jas^z Collier his wife & Chil^{ds} —

Mather Conder forend man o = 1 = 0

Els^z Juff forend maid o = 1 = 0

Ann^z Morgan forend maid o = 1 = 0

M^{rs} Drydon his Lad^y — — 1 = 2 = 0

Jane Major forend maid o = 1 = 0

Mary Major forend maid o = 1 = 0

including the Laureateship, which he had the mortification of handing over to Shadwell.

In 1690, we find interesting mention of him in a list (still kept at St. Anne's) of those who were charged in our parish with the poll tax for the French war. The assessment reads "Gerrard Street South" :

Mr. Draydon : his lady ..	£1	2	0
Jane Mason, servant maid ..	0	1	0
Mary Mason, servant maid ..	0	1	0

There was a great question as to how to raise this money, the chimney tax which brought in £200,000 had just been abolished, to introduce fresh taxes on coal would have created as much disturbance then as it did lately, for Charles II. had already farmed out the coal raised at 1s. per chaldron ; one John Hampden advocated a land tax "for as most of our Members are land owners, it is pretty certain that after the war they will take it off again," and perhaps, for this very reason, Viscount Halifax's proposal that a poll tax was an ancient and useful way of taxing on extraordinary occasions, carried more weight. In ten years it brought in over two-and-a-half million pounds sterling.

The parliamentary debates of those days were not very formidable. In a short speech of a quarter of a column's length the House advised the King to go to war with France. Sir Thos. Clarges seconded the motion, another member rose and said : "Mr. Speaker, *I cannot help saying* that it is of absolute necessity to declare war against the Christian Turk," then the King replied that they might consider the matter settled. How refreshing this is compared with our South African debates !

Dryden's later years were chiefly taken up with translations of the classics, for which there was a genuine demand, also some fine translations of Latin hymns, and a rendering of Chaucer's works into modern English. This sums up the wide range of his work in which he possessed the gift of treating of any subject he pleased, poetically. He had been suffering from gout, and the surgeon advised the amputation of a toe, but he declined, though mortification was feared, in the same spirit in which he wrote :

Could we live always, life were worth our cost,
But now we keep with care what must be lost.

On the 30th April, 1700, twenty-six years after Milton's death, the *Post Boy* announced "John Dryden, the famous Poet, lies a-dying." At three o'clock the next morning he died very quietly and peacefully, reminding us of his lines on the Countess of Abingdon :

We think ourselves awake and are asleep,
So softly death succeeded life in her,
She did but dream of heaven and she was there.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, between Chaucer and Cowley.

We have said little of those exquisite gems, his lighter poems. The musical swell and rhythm of those lines of his which were quoted on the death of our late Queen will strike everybody:

As when a great and glorious monarch dies,
Soft whispers first, and mournful murmurs rise
Among the sad attendants; then the sound
Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news around
Through town and country, till the dreadful blast
Is blown to distant colonies at last,
Who then, perhaps, were offering vows in vain
For his long life, and for his happy reign.

What more charming too than the lines beginning :

All things are hushed, as nature's self lay dead,
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head,
The little birds repeat their songs in dreams—

Dryden left to his widow and three sons £100 per annum, enough to support them in those days in decent frugality, though he complains of the increasing expenses of living, "even our snippers go over once a year to France and bring back the newest mode."

His eldest son Charles was Chamberlain of the household of the Pope; there is a curious notice of him in a letter of his father's: "towards the end of this month, Charles will begin to recover his perfect health according to his nativity, which casting it myself, I am sure it is true." He was drowned while bathing. John was also in the Pope's household, Erasmus Henry was a captain in the Pope's Guards. The widow and the sons all died between 1701 and 1714.

MICHAEL KELLY, 1764—1826.

ACTOR, VOCALIST, COMPOSER.

FROM Gerrard Street, where we visited Dryden last month, we pass into Lisle Street ; there lived John Palmer, comedian, and Michael Kelly, whose life we are going to sketch to-day. An actor is for the most part a purveyor to the taste of his day, and as such, passes away when that day is over, but with Kelly an encore is easy, for his journal, which is also a diary of the theatre of his times, gives a full account of everything he did.

Kelly was born in Dublin about 1764 ; his father was Master of the Ceremonies at the Castle, and had eloped with a young lady from a convent school. They had fourteen children, all gifted musically ; Michael, the eldest, used to be put upon the dinner-table to sing at his father's parties when he was three years old. At the age of seven he began to study music under Morland, a wonderfully clever, but dissipated musician, so that he often had to wait for his lesson till one in the morning, to find his master sober. After a year or two of this he changed his master for Signor St. Giorgio. One day, seeing him enter a fruit shop and feasting on its choicest dainties, he resolved to study hard and earn enough money to do the same, a childish resolution, but one which finally led to his taking up music as a profession.

Dublin in those days was famous for its concerts, the greatest performers in Europe used to play there, and among them, Kelly met Rauzzini, the great Italian singer. At that time no woman was allowed to appear on the Roman stage, and he always performed the part of Prima Donna. He was so struck by Kelly's musical talent, that he persuaded the boy's father to send him to the celebrated Conservatoire at Naples where Pergolesi, Paesiello, Scarlatti, and Porpori had studied. Just then it was the Italian Opera season in Dublin, and one night one of the principal actors was taken seriously ill ; there was no one who knew Italian well enough or had a high enough voice to take his part, so Rauzzini recommended Kelly, then only a lad of fifteen, and he played the part so well, that in the

few days he acted, he earned enough money to pay for his journey to Italy. After a month's voyage, during which they narrowly escaped being taken by an American privateer (it was two years since the capitulation at Saratoga), he arrived at Naples, and at once went to present his letters of recommen-



MICHAEL KELLY.

dation. One of these was to Sir William Hamilton, whose wife was the finest pianist in Italy. Kelly was told to call at eight o'clock the following morning, but came late for his appointment; on entering he received a hint, which he never forgot, "My boy, if you do not learn to keep time, you will never be a good musician." Sir William then took him to the Conser-

vatoire, where he began his five years' study in Italy. Kelly was ambitious of high connections, and his cheerful disposition and amusing talents favoured this ; he was patronized by most of the distinguished characters of Europe, and appeared as a singer at all its capitals. He had much of the reckless humour of his country, getting into scrapes and scrambling out of them, and laughing at the danger and the escape in true Irish fashion. His tales of foreign parts, of princes, archdukes, and ambassadors, are well worth listening to, and his "Reminiscences" are a collection of delightful anecdotes.

Kelly was soon introduced to the King of Naples, Ferdinand IV., that unfortunate and illiterate king, who could hardly write his own name, and to his clever consort, a sister of Marie Antoinette, and under their patronage he began to sing in public, not only in Naples, but at Rome, Florence, Venice, and other towns, an unusual honour for a foreigner in those days. At Florence, he sang before Charles Edward, the "Young Pretender" (died 1788), whom the Italians called King of England ; he used to go to the theatre and sleep through the performance every night, and had the royal arms over his gate. At Venice he was left in debt, cheated by a rogue, who ran off saying : "Above all, keep up your spirits : a hundred years of melancholy will not pay one farthing of debt," but he soon joined a company of singers, and went to Gratz, *sans six sous mais sans souci*. He writes amusingly about the horrors of travelling in Germany. He then went to Vienna, where he sang before Joseph II., the Germanic Emperor, brother-in-law of the King of Naples, and thus describes him : "I never saw him that he was not putting chocolate drops from his waistcoat pocket into his mouth, and, when he goes out, he distributes sovereigns among the indigent." He paid a visit to Haydn in the country, and describes many an evening spent with Mozart and with Gluck.

After his appointment as principal tenor at the Court Theatre, he obtained leave of a year's holiday to visit England. The account of his journey and visits to the various little Royal Courts, his adventures when lost in the Black Forest, and his stories of Paris life, are too long to find a place here ; suffice

that he arrived safely in England, in March, 1787. His fame had preceded him, and at once receiving the appointment of first tenor at Drury Lane Theatre, he gave up his Vienna post and decided to live in England. He first lived in Surrey Street, and then took a house in Lisle Street. Here we picture him going to and from Drury Lane, and the King's Theatre (where he obtained the post of manager and "serious tenor!") and making his way through narrow streets now swept away, to Westminster Abbey, where he often sang.

In 1790 he went to Paris with Mrs. Crouch, who, with her husband, lived sometime with him. To us, these years of French History read like a terrible tragedy, rapidly passing from one horror to another, absorbing everybody and everything in its interest, and yet how long these years really were, what intervals of quiet there must have been, for Kelly goes to Paris "to pick up novelties," and he writes casually: "we went to the National Assembly to hear Mirabeau speak," as if he were writing of an ordinary sitting of Parliament. On his return from Paris he made a tour in England, going as far north as Newcastle, and then he paid another visit to Paris. He arrived a few days before the King and Queen had made their escape from Paris; his joy at this was great, then followed their capture at Varennes and return to the Tuilleries. He writes: "The conduct of the populace was most praiseworthy, not a voice was heard . . . nothing but depression and sorrow . . . and nothing could be more majestic than the conduct of the Queen. . . ." He quitted these scenes as soon as possible, reaching Boulogne with difficulty, once "being awakened out of sleep by a monster of a woman, with a pike clenched in her extensive hand," but Kelly assured her in his best French (without which his life wouldn't have been worth two sous), that he was a good citizen, nay, that his companion was drunk with republican toasts. Their drinking, however, had been at a dinner with a young Quaker who was fond of the theatre, though he had to disguise himself when he went there to escape the Elders. On January 24, 1793, the theatre was closed in respect to the memory of Louis XVI., executed that day. I have mentioned Kelly's connection with French affairs rather fully, because of the

interest in the French revolution recently shown here in "The Only Way."

We now come to the time of his connection with Sheridan, and the members of the school of Garrick, Mathews, Charles Kemble, Palmer, and others, and naturally we are introduced to Sheridan's money difficulties and his skill in getting out of them. Once Kelly was arrested in Sheridan's stead, Sheridan arrived, not only pacified the angry tradesman, but managed to borrow £200 from him; on another occasion, when the players would not act till their salaries were paid, Sheridan actually induced his bankers to advance him £3,000 in cash on an overdrawn account!

In 1800, whilst the King, George III., was at the theatre, he was fired at, the man was arrested, the audience demanded "God save the King," and Kelly had to sing a new verse which Sheridan wrote on the spur of the moment, beginning "from every latent foe, from the assassin's blow," which brought down the house. Soon after, he again went to Paris, where he wrote: "I was at once reminded of the revolution by seeing the horses of St. Mark's (Venice) set up in the Place Carousal." He went to a review of the troops by Buonaparte, but "I was presented to him in the person of *my hat only*, which Lord Guildford had borrowed." Lord Guildford was the son of Lord North, and Buonaparte said to him with uncalled-for rudeness: "was not your father he who lost America for England?" Kelly was charmed, however, with Josephine.

In order to improve his monetary position, he was persuaded to open a music shop, but he could not give enough attention to the business, for, besides continually singing and acting, and managing the Italian opera, he wrote sixty-two plays; at one time his wine merchant sent him so many *dozens*, instead of *bottles*, of wine which he had ordered, and he had not the money to pay for them. "Sell them," said Sheridan, "and write over your shop Composer of Wines and Importer of Music." This referred to Kelly's music which was not always very original. He also lost a large sum of money because his theatre was wrecked by the audience when he let fall the curtain at midnight one Saturday in obedience to the Bishop of London's orders,

instead of finishing the piece ; the opera rarely ended before twelve, owing to the difficulty of getting the lady-singers to begin in time.

In 1808 he made his last appearance on the London boards, and then went for his last night at Dublin. While there, he was declared bankrupt, and sadly remarked : “ how is it possible to be a professional and a trader at the same time.” But the King gave him a handsome present and an allowance, so that he was not long in the depths. Some years before, the Income Tax Commissioners had questioned his small return of £500 income, saying he had too many irons in the fire for that to be possible, he replied : “ It is true I am a teacher of singing, but I have no pupils ; a concert singer, with no engagements ; I have a good salary at Drury Lane, but it is never paid ; a benefit, and the expenses exceed the receipts. In fact, I am like St. George’s Hospital, supported by voluntary contributions, and have even less than my vanity has led me to return.” In 1814, he was presented to the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia at the theatre ; in 1816 he lost his greatest friend, Sheridan. These events, with a notice of Kean’s first appearance on the stage, conclude his memories.

He suffered very much from gout in his later years, “ inherited from my parents, for like old Adam, in my youth I never did apply hot and rebellious liquors to my blood. Gout grants to its tenant a long lease of life, but at a rack rent.” He died at Margate in 1826.

JOHN O'KEEFFE, 1747—1813.
PAINTER AND DRAMATIST.

JOHN O'KEEFFE, the son of Irish parents, was born in Dublin in 1747. The O'Keeffes of Fermoy had been a wealthy and important family, but had forfeited the whole of their Irish property because of their attachment to the house of Stewart. His maternal grandfather had equipped a regiment at his own expense to support Divine Right, and John himself was at one time destined for foreign military service. But fate destined that the drama, not war, should be his living, that in the days of his distress, the house of Brunswick, and not Stewart, should come to his relief, and that the Roman Catholic who could sympathize with no other creed, should marry a Protestant.

He went to school when very young and studied Latin, Greek and French under the learned Jesuit Father Austen, he then began military studies, but his excellent drawings induced his father to send him to the Dublin School of Design, where his brother Daniel was already a student. He worked hard and made great progress, so that it was decided that he should become an artist, and he actually exhibited in the Royal Academy later on. His favourite relaxation was to read plays, and gradually he became attracted to the stage. At the age of fifteen he wrote a comedy in five acts, and as, at the same time, his eyesight began to fail, his father agreed to let him devote himself to the stage where he would feel his poor eyesight less than as an artist.

In 1762 he paid a visit to London, when to his great delight he often saw the King, George III, then an attractive young man of twenty-four, "affection to their monarch, was and is and ever will be, native Irish." He also saw the King's three brothers, who lived in Leicester Fields, now Leicester Square, and the Duke of Cumberland who lived "in the Square near Cranbourne Alley"—more exciting to him were the heads stuck up on Temple Bar of those beheaded after the rebellion of '45, and Garrick whom he greatly admired. He was often taken to Covent Garden Theatre where Rousseau was one night pointed out to him.

In 1764 he returned to Dublin, and his diary gives an account of the plays he saw, the men of the day who went to the play, and a list and description of the landscapes and portraits which he

painted at this time. Keeffe kept a full diary which he afterwards published as two large volumes of Recollections, but we look through them in vain for the sparkle and interest of Michael Kelly's Recollections, and feel the justice of Lady Morgan's criticism "Poor Miss Keeffe, her father's book has just come in, what



Engraved by Blackford from a picture by Lawrence.

JOHN O'KEEFFE.

feebleness, but what amiable feeling" (Memoirs by Hepworth Dixon). Ten years after his return to Dublin he married Mary Heaphy whom he describes as uniting in herself all the beauties of Shakespeare's heroines. The six years during which they lived together were stormy ones, he was suspicious of those who praised or admired her, and she was defiantly careless of his suspicions. They parted, and he went to London. Like

Milton's wife, the poet whom he was soon to resemble in his blindness, she followed him and implored him to take her back, (and indeed her only faults were hastiness of temper and impatience of control) but all to no purpose, his jealousy which was his ruling passion, that infirmity of the best hearts and noblest natures, overmastered all other feelings. They had two children living, Adelaide and Tottenham, who he sent to school. He found out that their mother once came and visited them by stealth and shed tears over them, so without a moment's warning, as if afraid that the kindlier side of his nature would prevail, and reconcile him to her and restore to her her children, he sent them to France, the boy to a school, the girl to a convent.

His daughter, in a short account of her father, dwells much on this tragic side of his life, she finds it hard to reconcile this stern and cold husband with the gay, witty and cheerful father whose devoted companion she was. Akin to these characteristics was his dislike of learned men and women, hence his genius and attainments were never fully appreciated, and only his son knew the depths of his father's learning.

When he came to London he took lodgings in Macclesfield Street, next door to his brother Daniel, the miniature painter, who had just moved there from Newport Street, and after an unsuccessful attempt to obtain employment as an actor, he set to work to write plays. In twenty years he wrote about fifty, and we may quote the following criticism on them: "the plays of John O'Keeffe are unexampled for genuine wit, original humour and morality, and will be the admiration of centuries to come, as they most certainly have been for fifty years in all English speaking countries."

George Colman was then "patentee" of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, and to him, in his "fine-looking house to the left of Bateman's Buildings in Soho Square," he took his first play, and received £26 for it; this was followed by "The Son-in-law," a farce full of fun and frolic, and next we have the "excellent and pleasing lessons of virtue" of "The Young Quaker and Wild Oats." The young Quaker Sadboy, had a pretty wit, for when one of the characters, a cowardly Jew hit him, expecting he would not hit back, Sadboy replied, "that which is good, should be

returned ten-fold," and kicked him round the room. He wrote a good many comic operas, into which he introduced songs, which became all the rage, some for their rollicking choruses, such as "With a haily, gaily, gambo, raily, giggling, niggling, galloping galloway draggle tail dreary dree," which delighted the gallery; others, such as "I am a Friar of Orders Grey," "Old Towler," and "Amo amas, I love a lass," have real merit. Shield, Arne and Handel supplied the music for his operas, the "Castle of Andalusia" is one of the best, and it is a pity that "How to Rule a Husband" is not better known.

From Macclesfield Street he moved to Titchfield Street, and there he received his son and daughter when the French Revolution drove them back to England. His son's education had cost him a great deal—Tottenham seems to have had expensive tastes, for he came from France dressed as a "fop, complete with muff and all," but Westminster school taught him to be a boy again, and from there he went to Exeter College, Oxford, and then took Holy Orders. To conclude the life of this dweller in Soho, he went to Jamaica in 1803, and in three weeks died of fever, to his father's lasting sorrow.

O'Keeffe often makes us angry with notes like the following, "read my play in Gerrard Street," "went to venison party in a house opposite Newport Alley." We want to know about these Soho neighbours, but he gives no names. We must now speak of his daughter, who was her father's amanuensis when he became blind in 1797. His blindness was caused by a cold caught through tumbling into the Liffey *before* a supper party. Most of us know Jane and Ann Taylor's Poems for the Young, which include "Twinkle, twinkle little star," "Who kissed the place to make it well? My Mother," "Thank you, pretty cow," etc.; but thirty-four of these poems are taken from Adelaide O'Keeffe's "Poems, calculated to improve the mind of youth and allure it to virtue"—For the purpose, we quote that beginning

The dog will come when he is called,
The cat will walk away,
The monkey's cheek is very bald,
The goat is fond of play.

In 1800, being in very low water, he was given a benefit night at the theatre, when he spoke an address remarkable for the

strange but pleasant mingling of pathos and humour. After this, the theatre-going public lost sight of him, so that in a notice of his death which appeared in the *Athenæum* we find "It may be necessary to inform our younger readers that O'Keeffe is an Irishman, who in the last generation, shed lustre on his country by the brilliancy of his talent, by the universal and enthusiastic popularity of his productions and the blamelessness of his private life . . . his plays were always received with that inextinguishable laughter which raised their happy audience to the immortal gods."

He lived for some time in Chichester, and the Bishop hearing of his great poverty, appealed to George IV. for a pension of £100, which was granted to him. He enjoyed hearing Scott's novels read aloud. One of O'Keeffe's characters, "Cowslip," is twice quoted in "Tales of my Landlord," but when he heard that his name appeared in "S. Ronan's Well," "from Shakespeare to John O'Keeffe," he looked black and said, "Ha, the bottom of the ladder, he might have shoved me a few sticks higher."

The last play he wrote was "The Agreeable Surprise," and in one of his comic poems he alludes to this:—

And if my bust in Abbey rise
What an Agreeable Surprise.

His failing health induced him to try Margate air, where a fisherman amused him by saying "I keep out of the water as much as I can, and can't see why you London people come down to souse and sop yourselves in salt water," and finally he went to live in Southampton. Here he published his plays in four volumes, but their sale only covered the expenses of publication. He also wrote political articles for the *Morning Chronicle*, but received no payment.

In all his troubles, whether owing to blindness or money difficulties, O'Keeffe made an effort to be "envied rather than pitied, which often proves a successful stimulus to the greatest actions of human life"—but in spite of this, when someone in a prologue to one of his plays made comparisons between him and Homer and his blindness, he could not bear the allusion to it. The end of his life came quietly and he died on February 4, 1813, fortified by all the rites of his Church.

FANNY KEMBLE, 1809—1893.

POETESS, DRAMATIST, CRITIC AND PROSE WRITER.



FANNY KEMBLE.

So many of the distinguished Kemble family have lived in or near Soho, that, before giving a sketch of Fanny Kemble's life, it will be helpful to say of what the family consisted. Roger Kemble, actor or manager (1721-1802), had twelve children, of whom eight were on the stage at one time or another. Sarah (1755-1831), married Mr. Siddons; John Philip (1757-1823), the greatest actor of the brothers, lived in Caroline Street (he

was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence three times); Stephen George (1758-1822) married an actress, and their son, Henry Stephen, also became an actor; then came Frances, Elizabeth, Anne and Henry, and lastly, Charles (1775-1854), who married Marie Therese De Camp, and lived both in Soho Square and then near by in Great Russell Street. Charles had three children. John Mitchel (1807-1857), who was at Trinity College, Cambridge, with Tennyson and Trench, and early introduced his sister into their pleasant circle. He then studied at Göttingen under Jacob Grimm, and became a philologist and historian. His daughter Gertrude married Charles Santley. The second child was Frances Anne (Fanny), 1809-1893; the last was Adelaide (1814-1879), vocalist. She married Mr. Sartoris, and lived in Rome. She is the author of "A Week in a French Country House."

There is no short life of Fanny Kemble. The dictionaries give a most meagre account; but of her own journals nearly a dozen volumes (unindexed) are published. They are, however, to be found in most libraries, and are delightful and easy reading; they leave the feeling of having spent many pleasant hours with a brilliant, cultivated, and high-principled woman, full of keen energy and determination of purpose, but who was at the same time guided by a loving and sympathetic heart.

Her first Journal, "Records of a Girlhood," tells of her school days at Bath, when she was five years old, where she fell over the banisters four storeys high, and was hardly hurt. Two years later she went to a school at Boulogne, where she seems to have been a regular little pickle, for her mistress spoke of her as "*ce diable de Kemble*," and she learnt nothing but French, "which I could hardly help learning." When she was nine she came home, and lived at Craven Hill, Bayswater. They looked out upon Hyde Park, then all unkempt, and upon the desolate common beyond, "away from the smoke and din of London, among meadows and hedgerows." But there were no omnibuses in those days; and the five miles to and from Covent Garden Theatre, of which her father was proprietor, were too much of a journey, so they took rooms in Gerrard Street, Soho, in a house immediately fronting Anne Street. It was large and

handsome, and had at one time belonged to the "wicked" Lord Lyttelton. She soon went to an English school in Paris, where she stayed till she was sixteen; and wrote many years after, "My infinite knowledge of the Bible has always seemed the greatest benefit I derived from my school-training there." She was once taken to a French wedding, at which, after the service, the bride took off her white satin garter, and gave pieces of it to all the gentlemen, these they wore all the day: "This old custom is the origin of wedding favours."

On her return her father took a cottage at Weybridge, and also No. 5 Soho Square (now Messrs. Black's), where he spent most of the week. Whilst at Weybridge, her brother took small-pox. He had been vaccinated when a baby, but people did not then realise that the effect dies out after some years, and none of the children had been vaccinated again. He recovered without being marked; and Mrs. Kemble, thinking that a slight attack of small-pox would preserve her children from a more serious illness later on, sent for Fanny to catch it—which she did! She went to Weybridge with a brilliant complexion, finely-cut features, fine eyes, and luxuriant hair; but when she recovered, her face was of a pasty colour, and all her features were thickened; whilst her mother, who took it at the same time, was deeply marked all over. No wonder that, in horror, she kept away her third child. Nothing gives us a greater idea of Fanny's grace and fascination as an actress, than to remember this disfigurement. So great were both, that a friend of hers exclaimed, one day, "Fanny, you are the ugliest and handsomest woman in London." And when we add how shy she was as a girl, and how she disliked society, we wonder still more at her talent. She had an insatiable thirst for knowledge, an amazing memory, and a wonderful power of reproduction. She read a great deal of English and French literature, as well as German and Italian in translations. At the age of seventeen she wrote a play, "Francis I.," for which some years after she received over £400, and bought her brother a commission in the army with the money.

The Covent Garden season, 1829, was a dead failure. Her father owed nearly £900 for parish rates, and the tax-

gatherer was actually in possession for a debt of £600. It seemed as if they were ruined. Had the theatre then been sold, they would, probably, all have been happier and richer. Covent Garden Theatre was but a bottomless pit to them, yet her father always hoped to make it pay. "Oh! if I only had ten thousand pounds to start afresh," he used to say. "If I had ten thousand pence," replied Fanny, "not one would I invest in it." For the moment, however, the idea of becoming bankrupt was too terrible. Fanny, who was barely twenty, offered to go out as a governess, and her mother agreed, till, remembering her daughter's success in plays at school, she suggested the stage. Fanny has left a vivid account of her first essay in the empty theatre, and of her first appearance. With a sort of instinct of self-preservation, and to withdraw her mind from the excitement and agony of waiting, she did not rehearse that day, but studied Blunt's "Scripture Characters." When the evening came she sat behind the scenes, crying with excitement, her tears washing off the rouge. When she went on, no one could hear a word she said till she came to the balcony scene; but then the poetical utterance of pathetic passion carried her away. She forgot herself, she forgot her white satin train, and brought down the house in a storm of applause. Press and public vied in eulogy, and in a short time a debt of £13,000 was wiped off. Her mother went on to the stage again to play with her. After a successful season in London, she and her father toured in the provinces. Fanny was a bold rider, and loved to make all their journeys on horseback. She keenly appreciated the beauties of nature, and her journal and poems are full of the delight of these journeys.

In 1832 they went over to America; and after an account of two years' successful acting, she closed her diary with the following entry: "I was married in Philadelphia on 7th June, 1834, to Mr. Pierce Butler of that city."

The marriage seems to have been quickly arranged since, nearly a year after, she wrote to a dear friend in England to assure her that she really was married, and that she was happy. In this letter she wrote that, although she and her husband had been very differently brought up, those very differences brought

them closer together, by calling for much love and forbearance; still, "in the closest and dearest friendship, shades of character and the precise depth and power of the various qualities of mind and heart never approximate to such a degree as to preclude all possibility of occasional misunderstandings. It is impossible that it should be otherwise . . . but the broad and firm principles upon which all honourable and enduring sympathy is founded, the love of truth, the reverence for right, the abhorrence of all that is base and unworthy, admit of no difference or misunderstanding; and where these exist in the relations of two people united for life, I feel that love and happiness, as perfect as this imperfect existence affords, may be realised."

Alas, that she was so soon to be disillusioned. Her husband belonged to an old family of Georgian planters and slave owners, and bye-and-bye he took her to his estate there. This was the beginning of years of unhappiness. Her heart ached for the slaves; the brutality and cruelty of the whole system were more than she could bear. "I am told that my ideas will gradually change, but they never will. You know I did not consider the stage a very dignified calling, I assure you it is magnificent compared with my present source of wealth. . . . as to slavery, it is accursed in every way, both to the slaves and to their owners. The plantation is a miserable hole, infested with everything from fleas to alligators. I live almost entirely alone, my days roll on like the creeping of a glacier. Perhaps before many years are gone by, the black population of the South will be free, and we poor. Amen with all my heart." These extracts show the sadness of her life, although she was much occupied by her little daughter and with doing what she could to alleviate the sufferings of her slaves. She was not allowed to do much, indeed her husband (whose name is never mentioned in her journals) regretted having brought her there to meddle, but she hoped her influence might tell a little if only by teaching the negroes to treat each other better. She often bewailed her impotence, "and yet the moral revolutions of the world have been wrought by those who neither wrote books nor read them."

She went to England for a long visit in 1840 partly at her husband's wish, and in 1843 passed another lonely dreary year

in New York, writing to a friend, "I have nothing to tell you, my life externally is nothing, and who can tell you the inward history of their bosom, that strange internal life, so strangely unlike the other? Suppose I were to tell you I have come in from a walk, a ride of an hour, what then?"

In 1845 she returned to England and lived in Mortimer Street till she went to join her sister in Rome in 1846. A poem of this time is very touching :

When first we met, dark wintry skies were gloomy,
And the wild winds sang requiem to the year,
But thou in all thy beauty's pride wert blooming
1834 And my young heart knew hope without a fear.

When we last parted, summer suns were smiling
And the bright earth her flowery vesture wore,
But thou hadst lost the power of beguiling
1846 For my wrecked wearied heart could hope no more.

Her "Year of Consolation" in Italy deals with the interesting time of the death of Pope Gregory XVI. and the election of Pius IX. and the hopes and happiness his accession brought to Italy.

In 1848 her husband sued for a divorce from her, which was readily granted on the ground of incompatibility of temper and abandonment. She immediately took her maiden name and went on to the stage again, but as she felt she was no longer able to take the leading parts, she gave this up, and made a living by publishing various books, and by Shakespeare readings, both in England and America. She seems to have enjoyed this work more than acting, for what she said about her dislike to the stage and indifference of success there, was genuine.

Her husband died in 1867.

In 1877, she came back from Philadelphia for the last time, and the concluding volumes of her journal are the record of quiet happy years, beloved by a large circle of friends and keeping up a warm interest in the doings of her children and grandchildren. She died at her son-in-law's house on January 15, 1893, in her eighty-fourth year.

THOMAS MORTON.

1764?—1838.

THOMAS MORTON was born in the little village of Whickham, in the County of Durham; the date of his birth is uncertain, and



THOMAS MORTON.

indeed, we know very little of his life, as he kept no journal and wrote few letters. His parents died when he was quite young, and he was given into the charge of his Uncle Maddison, who sent him to Soho Academy, now No. 8 of the Square. A feature of this school was its excellent annual representation of one of Shakespeare's plays, and smaller performances of English Comedy

and Tragedy, so that it is not surprising that many of its pupils became actors and dramatists.

In due time he was entered at Lincoln's Inn, but he was never called to the bar, for he spent most of his time, while keeping his terms, in writing plays, and finally abandoned law altogether.

Though Morton's plays cannot be said to have great originality, he had a knack of hitting the popular taste, so much so, that managers were always ready to accept his plays, and for one of these, "*Town and Country*" he was paid as much as £1,000 before it was produced. His success was largely due to the power he had of writing parts to suit particular actors, and his skill in adapting his plays to the requirements and limits of the stage.

In private life he was much respected, he was ever ready to help beginners, and a charitable critic. He did not always say all he thought and never said what he did not think. He was fond of outdoor life and of cricket and became senior member of Lord's. About three dozen of his plays remain; the "*School of Reform*" was acted as late as 1867 with Irving as "Ferment," Macready acted Henri IV. in "*Paris in the Olden Time*:" and Kean and John and Charles Kemble acted in others. "*Town and Country*" quoted above, is one of his most charming plays. Trot, the country gentleman, acquires a fortune, and his wife persuades him to go up to town and live as a fine gentleman. Cosey, the Londoner, makes a fortune and tries to play the country squire. But he misses the "sooty smack and fine flavour of London air," his herds of cattle are dull after the *bulls* of Change Alley, no green and flowery bank has half the *interest* of the Bank of England for him, and bored to death, he returns to town.

Trot is less easily let off. He is bidden by his wife to advertise for a staff of servants. Presently a fine gentleman is ushered in, whom Trot takes for an officer in the army and addresses as Captain. "No, Sir," says his visitor, "I have the honour to be your servant, the Major Domo." Whereupon Trot says to his wife "My dear, allow me to present Major Domo to you," and Mrs. Trot is in despair at her husband's stupidity. Next, comes the question of wages, "My talents are yours, sir,

the consideration, £80 per annum and your wardrobe." Trot looking with dismay at the man's finery, replied, " Suppose I make it guineas and take yours?"

The next servant is a Yorkshire lad, who has been sent by a patron to a school where they taught him Latin, and little else. His poor mother brings him despairingly "so instead of keeping us, sir, we have to keep he, so as he is not fit for anything, I thought your good honour would take him into your service." Trot, "Bring him to the house." Mrs. Trot, "That's right, encourage paupers." Trot, "I encourage them? nay, I detest them so, I never see a pauper without endeavouring to prevent his being one, and did others feel the same kind of hate, who knows, in time, they might be exterminated." These lines give Morton's own character.

Morton died at Pangbourne-on-Thames in 1838, leaving a widow and three sons, one of whom was the farce writer, J. Maddison Morton, author of "*Box and Cox*."

ENTERTAINERS.

THE ANGELOS: FATHER AND SON.

I. DOMINICO ANGELO MALEVOLTI TREMAMONDO.

Born at Leghorn 1717. Died at Eton 1802.

NEXT to their successive and successful careers in Soho, which, naturally, form the main interest of these special memoirs, the most attractive pages in the varied lives of this accomplished, though bombastic, pair, are to be found in their respective adventures in Paris, during some of those picturesque and pregnant years before the outbreak of the great French Revolution. About the year 1750, Angelo the elder "was honoured with the particular esteem" (this is a phrase of which one gets deadly sick before one has finished the two ponderous volumes of the son's "Reminiscences") of the Duc de Nivernois. The noble patron was anxious that his *protégé* should take part in a grand public fencing bout which had been arranged at an hotel in Paris. In this contest many of the most noted amateurs and professionals were to try their skill, and Angelo had already achieved a reputation as a consummate swordsman.

During his residence in the French capital, he had been a pupil, possibly even an assistant, of the famous riding master, Teillagory the elder, who stood unrivalled as the most skilful master of equitation of that epoch. He had also won additional fame as an expert on the management of the horse.

The celebrated English actress, Miss Margaret Woffington, who is best known to us as the "Peg Woffington" of Charles Reade's novel and play, was at that time visiting Paris, and had lately met the future Soho *maitre d'armes* at a private party. When his name was called out, she tripped forward, and gave him a small bunch of flowers. "This will I protect," said he, as he gallantly placed the gift upon his breast, "against all opposers." And he fenced with such success against the swords of the chivalry of France, that, by the end of the evening, not

a leaf of the priceless posy was disturbed. While it must be remembered that the rose-coloured spectacles through which we behold a mock heroic exploit such as this, are those in which Harry Angelo surveyed it for his readers seventy years afterwards, there can be no question that the father was a man of singular skill, versatility and address. Peg Woffington, whose friendship with him appears to have been of an exceptionally platonic nature, provided her floral champion with his wife. They departed for



DOMINICO ANGELO MALEVOLTI TREMAMONDO.

the coast in the same carriage and were together, three years afterwards, in a private box at Drury Lane. "Do look at that young lady sitting in the circle with her mother, below," said Mistress Peg, handing the opera glass, "is she not beautiful as an angel?" This seems to have been one of those comparatively rare cases in which one woman's appreciation of another's good looks is shared by a member of the opposite sex. An introduction proved a matter of no great difficulty, and in February, 1755, by the Archbishop's licence, the altar of St. George's, Hanover Square, witnessed one of those sequels to fashionable romances

of which it still has the profitable and agreeable prerogative. The husband and wife are stated by their only son (who certainly ought to know) to have been harmonious in character and devotedly attached. They were frequently pointed out, he tells us, as the handsomest couple in all the gay assemblies at Bath. To this queen city of the west the brilliant pair from time to time resorted, like everybody who was "anybody" in the eighteenth century. The picture painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds sufficiently attests the beauty of Signora Angelo.

Those who are responsible for these memoirs have been favoured with some private and, for the most part, hitherto unpublished, details concerning the Angelo name, family and arms. They are here inserted, but this section can be skipped, without prejudice, by all to whom such specific information may not happen to be of interest. (1) With regard to the name. In the rate books of St. Anne's, Soho, the parish of his golden prime, he is entered as "Dominico Angelo Tremamondo." In the marriage register at St. George's he is "Dominico Angelo Malevolti." His son Harry styles him "Dominico Angelo Malevolti Tremamondo." His baptismal register in the archives of Leghorn Cathedral describes him as "Angiolo Dominico Maria Tremamondo." The name appended to the dedication of his superb Folio on the Art of Fencing, is simply Angelo, and it was by this title that he was known in the Soho of his century. (2) With regard to his family. His father was a merchant in the Via Giardino at Leghorn, and was named Giacomo Tremamondo; his mother was Catterina Angiolo Malevolti, a daughter of Nicolo Malevolti, a resident in Leghorn. His father was a native of Foggia in the kingdom of Naples, and a son of Dominico Tremamondo of the same city and province. The younger brothers, five in number, were Francisco Xaverio, born on the 4th of December, 1720; Giuseppe, born on the 13th of November, 1721; Giovanne Xaverio, born on the 22nd September, 1723; Leonardo Maria, born on the 6th September, 1725, and Sante Gaetano, born on the 1st of November, 1732. There were also several sisters. "The Tremamondos," continues our intimate and exhaustive Angelo authority, "claimed to be of high lineage and noble descent, and indeed the Malevoltis, as

their ill-seeming name would imply, were not far behind them in the assertion of similar honours. Angelo used to prattle of a remote ancestor, one Paganus, a Norman, a famous follower of Tancred, and a member of that great stock, a branch of which settled in England, and which, known in Norman and early Plantagenet days as Fitz Pagans, are found surviving under the name Payne,



DOMINICO ANGELO MALEVOLTI TREMAMONDO.

in its various form of spelling, at the present day." (3) With regard to their Coat of Arms. The arms of the Tremamondos are interesting, as they afford a remarkably striking instance of that which armorist's call canting, or allusive, heraldry, the most ancient heraldry of all. In direct allusion to the name Tremamondo, they are, *azure*, a thunder bolt striking a mountain, *proper*, and then the motto *Tremat Mundus*, a quotation, of course, from the Psalms. It is very doubtful, however, whether these arms were not the invention of the heralds in London, as the most careful and particular enquiry has failed to discover any

record of them in Italy. It has never been proved why Dominico or his son, Giacomo Tremamondo, left the kingdom of Naples for the Papal States, but there is a tradition that they held office under the Neapolitan king, and then, having become compromised in one of the many political movements of the time, were compelled to flee from Naples for their lives.

Returning from this genealogical and heraldic digression, it is to be observed, that the first patron to whom the ingenious Angelo attached himself, after he determined to add English to his Gallic laurels, was Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. We are informed, as usual, by the dutiful Harry, how free this exalted patronage was from anything that savoured of condescension, and what a real smack it had of true friendship. Less indulgent criticism, as expressed in a certain squib of the period, would imply that this friendship was somewhat fomented by Angelo's help to his lordship over a not very creditable love affair. The Earl had a fine stud of his own, at his house in Whitehall, and it was under his approval and advice that Angelo decided to set up for himself as a professor of fencing, a teacher of horsemanship, and an authority upon all matters equestrian. It would appear that he formed a temporary establishment in Leicester Fields, the first funds for which he owed to the liberality of the Princess of Wales, as he had been privileged to teach the young princes the use of the small sword, and to inculcate them with the principles of his master Teillagory. He had also won an advantageous victory in a fencing bout at the Thatched House Tavern, over a notorious Dr. Keys, who was proclaimed to be the best man with the foils in Ireland. The doctor, a giant with brawny arms, was soon worsted, in spite of a huge preparatory bumper of *Cognac*, by the infinitely superior address of his antagonist. The advertisement which followed this conquest justified Angelo in purchasing from Lord Delaval the lease of Carlisle House, in Carlisle Street, occupied till quite lately by the establishment of Messrs. Edwards and Roberts. This Carlisle House is not to be confused with the scene of the orgies of Madam Cornelys, a site now much better occupied by St. Patrick's Church. At the back of Carlisle House, Angelo constructed a spacious riding school, which reached to Wardour

Street. His exertions were well backed up by the fashionable friends he had already made, and a supply of rich and well born pupils for fencing and equestrianism never seems to have failed, so long as his remarkable powers lasted. Even if we discount somewhat the reminiscent rhodomontade of the garrulous Harry, there can be no question that Carlisle House, during the *regime* of Angelo *père*, saw a good deal that was really notable and smart in London eighteenth century life. The filial assertion which we find it hardest to swallow, is, that Carlisle House was specially selected by many parents of rank (and presumable piety), as a school for their offspring of politeness and morals, "before taking upon themselves the responsibilities of manhood." The society of which the elder Colman and Garrick, together with Sheridan and George Morland, were the bright particular stars, is described as "a useful and agreeable probation, previously to entering either of the Universities." Some of the more interesting members of this Carlisle House coterie will come before us incidentally in our succeeding sketch of the younger Angelo. The father was frequently consulted by Garrick as to theatrical costume, and considerable improvements, both as to scenic arrangements and dress, were due to his initiative and taste. A silver cup, presented in gratitude by the great player, was filled with commemorative Burgundy at domestic Angelo anniversaries.

A pretty and natural story is related of David Garrick's last appearance upon the public stage. Signora Angelo and Mrs. Garrick sat in the same box, and, on the way home in the carriage, were still dissolved in tears at the pathos of the farewell. The elder Angelo, who was of the company, gently reproved the ladies for their emotion, observing that one might suppose that it had been Garrick himself, and not his arduous labours, which had that night been buried. He expressed a wish that his own toil could, in the same glorious way, be laid to rest. And then follow what strike us as the best and sincerest lines in the whole of Harry Angelo's thousand pages : because, for once, it is the son, and not the mere society *poseur*, who is speaking, "Alas ! poor man, with him it was far different, for he toiled onward to his eighty-seventh year, constrained to teach until within a few days of his decease.

In 1763 Angelo published his grand Folio in French, *L'Ecole des Armes*. It is a magnificent specimen of contemporary binding and letterpress, and the engravings are of the highest possible order. It is dedicated to their Royal Highnesses Princes William Henry and Henry Frederic. There is a tradition, by the way, distinctly Angelonian, that one of these princes stood god-father to the flamboyant Harry. The list of subscribers is a blaze of royalties and dignitaries both of Church and State. It is more interesting to observe that, in the engravings, we have the presentment of the elder Angelo, exactly as he figured in fence, for all the admirable drawings were made expressly from his own person. The originals he presented to George III, who graciously received him at Buckingham Palace. In an hour's affable converse, the king showed, to his visitor's surprise, that he knew all about the platonic friendship with Miss Margaret Woffington, and the romantic circumstances of Angelo's marriage.

Angelo, indeed, unlike those of his countrymen who make Soho their present harvest field, did not master the art of acquiring even a comfortable competence for his old age. During many years his professional income reached an annual couple of thousand pounds, and, at his zenith, his son considers that the amount was nearly doubled; and yet, the man who had been the companion of kings, the hail-fellow-well-met of princes, the chosen cavalier of Woffington, and the supple and symmetrical cynosure of the eyes of the belles of Paris and London, the hero who, on his mighty horse Monarch, had posed for the figure of King William in West's picture, the Battle of the Boyne,—was thankful to accept, in his later days, the appointment of fencing master at Eton College. And at Eton, almost on Midsummer Day, amid the green lanes, and by the silvery waters of the Thames, and away from that Soho smoke which has covered so much shame and so much glory, Dominico Angelo peacefully died, upon the threshold of ninety years. He had filled, not altogether unworthily, (for his splendid mastery of his two professions at least supplied a want of the generation), his place in that gorgeous and crowded panorama of London life in the days when George the Third was King.

II. HENRY ANGELO.

Born 1756, died 183—.

IT is Tennyson, not Mr. Stephen Phillips, who makes his Ulysses say, "I am a part of all that I have met," and it would be hard to find a more suitable motto for the career of the younger Angelo, who, in fact, on one occasion, compares himself, not with



HENRY ANGELO.

Ulysses, but with the wandering Jew. So much is Henry Angelo taken up, through his two vast volumes, with his grand and clever acquaintances, that the details which he gives us about his private personal life are of the slightest. From another source than himself we hear that he had several sisters, one of whom married Colonel St. Leger, but he was Dominico's only son. It is merely by inference, that we even conclude he never was married. His Eton schooldays shine mostly from their association with notabilities like Garrick, friends of his father, who came down from London to see him, and to ask him out to dinner. During one

visit the actor tipped Henry and one or two of his companions a guinea ; upon his host's departure, the boy, with some timidity, thrust the gift back into his hand, saying that he had faithfully promised his father never to accept money from any of his friends. He seems to have followed the paternal example, while at Eton, of attaching himself to any scions of Nobility, whose countenance might be of advantage to him in later days. As in the case of his father, we find that portion of his experience, which has its scene in Paris, to be particularly vivid and fascinating. He was sent abroad in 1772, and it is curious to observe how deaf the gay city was to the mutterings of that great Revolution, which was to drench her in blood within twenty years. The Soho friends who took Henry to Paris, kindly asked his destined preceptor, Monsieur Boileau, to supper at their hotel. This lean and cadaverous personage astonished them by his prodigious powers of eating and drinking ; but when he got his pupil away to his wretched house, he so nearly starved him, that the youth was fain to make friends with a good natured Monsieur and Madame Liviez, to whose care, so far as food and lodging went, he was eventually transferred. Monsieur Liviez was a simple old gentleman, who counted his days by the number of dinners he had eaten. He had fallen in love with his devoted English wife, during a sojourn in England, at Percy Chapel in Charlotte Street. The lady was then a spinster of many summers, and M. Liviez was under the impression that she regarded him from her pew with frequent looks of admiration. This proved to be a mistake, for she was afflicted with a dreadful squint, and was really glancing in another direction. The courtship, however, prospered, and the generous fare of the happy couple in their Parisian home was a welcome relief to Angelo from his skinflint's table. His hereditary skill with the sword, and perhaps some conceit in his own prowess, embroiled Henry in a good many duels, but they appear to have been mostly of a light-hearted nature, and in keeping with the bright and irresponsible city, so unconscious of the shadows of doom that were gathering around. On his return to London, he was thrown into the lively circle that filled Carlisle House in the days of its owner's prosperity. He tells characteristic anecdotes of the Sheridan family, whom his father originally met in

Ireland, after he had come back from France with Peg Woffington. Old Mr. Sheridan had a great belief in the value of brandy and water as a digestive, and it was his custom, after dinner, to compound a potent mixture in a decanter, with several lumps of sugar. This he shook up, and, when he had helped himself liberally, handed round to the company. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the author of "*The School for Scandal*," was a frequent guest; and Henry also knew his wife, the tuneful and beautiful Miss Linley, of Bath. Richard had a great objection to his young wife exercising her talents as a singer, even among friends, and on one occasion, when her mother begged the noted songstress for a ditty after a private supper, a frown from the aggrieved husband blocked the design.

While the history of the younger Angelo, in himself an individual of neutral colours, is, for the most part, a history of his patrons and friends, it is instructive to notice how the School of Physical Development, carried on for so many successful years by father and son at Carlisle House, was but a prototype of an institution deservedly popular in the London of Edward VII. We are not told that either of the Angelos claimed to be the possessor of prodigious bodily strength, but, otherwise, their methods have much in common with those of Mr. Eugene Sandow, who possesses, apparently, the same happy knack of attracting to his gymnasium a large number of the fashionable Bloods of the period. The success of such establishments bears witness to the definite want, on which we remarked in our former article. Their details of management will probably vary with the taste of succeeding generations. The draughtsman's studies of the elder Angelo, in the magnificent Folio on Fencing, have their modern imitations in the muscular presentments of Mr. Sandow, with which we are confronted in the advertisement pages of the popular magazines.

Many Soho localities, familiar to residents now-a-days from more prosaic associations, take an old world colour and romance from the pen of Henry Angelo, or rather, from the pen of W. H. Pyne, if it be true that he was the actual writer of the *Reminiscences*. The conflagration of the Pantheon in Oxford Street must have been a magnificent spectacle, though we really cannot credit the assertion that the glare in the heavens was

discernible by travellers upon Salisbury Plain. Mr. and Mrs. Siddons, standing at the window in their night habiliments, would in themselves give unusual interest to a modern Soho fire. The night was one of the coldest of the century, and, next morning, icicles, ten or fifteen feet long, testified to the exertions of the firemen of 1789, to save young Wyatt's architectural masterpiece from destruction. All who have been admirers of the famous Bach Passion Services at St. Anne's, Soho, for the past five and twenty years, would like to know how the Master's youngest son (a sad declension from the original Sebastian), strutted through Soho during the later decades of the eighteenth century, enjoying good dinners and making bad jokes in a species of German-English jargon. He is shown us, at Carlisle House, playing the accompaniment, as the gentle Mrs. Angelo trilled a song of his composing. At another time, his fine musical ear distracted by the discord which Gainsborough is making upon Mrs. Angelo's harpsichord, he good humouredly pushes the great painter off the stool, and, the immortal genius of his race flaming up in his grosser earthly tenement, the misused keys thunder and wail forth majestic voluntaries, as though the fat player were inspired. Gainsborough thought himself as gifted in music as in painting, and Bach, once calling upon him at his studio found the creator of "The Duchess of Devonshire" blowing hard on the bassoon. "Do listen to the rich bass!" exclaimed Gainsborough. "Pote it away, man, put it away," was the answer, "it is only fit for the lungs of a blackschmidt. Py all the powers, it is just for all the vorld as the veritable praying of a jackass. And your clarionet, baw, baw, 'tis as a duck; 'tis vorse as a goose!" The Angelos were very fond of Sir Joshua Reynolds who lived in Leicester Square. As we mentioned in the former memoir, he painted Mrs. Angelo's portrait. Henry considers that Reynolds made his way as an artist by sheer merit, quite uncountenanced by the royal favour and lofty patronage in which Gainsborough was so fortunate. Richmond Buildings, about a hundred yards from the Angelos' front door, was the abode of that singular person, Horne Tooke. He was wont to amuse his neighbour, old Mr. Sheridan of Frith Street, by singing a not over respectful version of "God save the King." Angelo *père*, in

consideration of the kindnesses which he, as a foreigner, had received from the English Royal Family, would not permit the exhibition of this parody of Tooke's under his own loyal roof. Continual glimpses were caught, in the Soho of that era, of the strange genius George Morland, one of the greatest English landscape painters of all time, who migrated from Paddington to Frith Street, and whose fortunes and abilities declined, as his besetting sin of drunkenness got him more completely in its grip. Angelo recollects the tremendous vogue of the series of rural pictures called "The Weary Sportsman," when the precocious artist (he dressed in buck-skin boots and a tail coat at the age of thirteen) was quite a boy. Rowlandson, the admirable illustrator of Dr. Syntax, was another friend of Angelo, who himself took lessons in drawing from Bartolozzi, of Broad Street. Rowlandson was knocked down and plundered, just after Henry had left him, one night in Poland Street. His own assailant he never detected, but curiously enough, on a visit to a police office in Litchfield Street, Rowlandson was able to identify, by description, a man who had recently robbed a gentleman in Soho Square. This fellow was subsequently hanged, a fact of which his discoverer was very proud.

No more extraordinary incident is recounted by Angelo, nor is there any tale of which he more emphatically asserts the truth, than his statement that he one evening met, at the corner of New Compton Street, a strange young woman, meanly attired, who was so famished that she voraciously devoured some biscuits he gave her, but who, in after years, became the brilliant and fascinating Lady Hamilton, the society Queen of Naples, and enshrined (not altogether nobly), in the annals of English history, as the friend of Horatio Nelson. There appears no reason to doubt the narrator's word, and surely, of all Soho romances, this is the most remarkable. Angelo hardly ever saw the forlorn maiden again to speak to ; but he found out that she was a certain Emma Hart, who had been servant to a lady of his acquaintance, and who had left her situation through grief at the demise of her young master, whom she had devotedly nursed. The subsequent adventures of the disconsolate, but ingenious, Emma, do not come within our scope.

From house to house in Soho Square, Angelo watched the elder Sheridan and other sympathisers with the unfortunate Dr. Dodd, calling with pens and parchments in their hands, and ink bottles in their button-holes, to solicit signatures for the royal pardon of this most accomplished and popular forger. The amount of sympathy elicited in this case in 1777, was extraordinary. The moral Dr. Johnson and about a hundred thousand other friends, did their best to persuade the King to save the eloquent preacher and voluminous writer from the death penalty. George III. was specially incensed because the Doctor had tried to buy the living of St. George's, Hanover Square, for £3000, and Dr. Dodd could only obtain the privilege of being conveyed to Tyburn, in consideration of his profession and attainments, in a mourning coach, instead of the ordinary cart. Mrs. Angelos, overcome with emotion, had to leave the Soho dinner table the night before he was hung. Henry tells us that, from the windows of Carlisle House, he could see the criminals going along Oxford Road to Tyburn, but, on this important occasion, he made one of a party to view the distinguished execution under the fatal tree.

Two of a trade, as Henry remarks, do not always agree, but he was very fond of a fellow fencing master called Lapiere. Their pupils often interchanged bouts, and it was great shock to him to call at his friend's house, one day, in Gerrard Street, and to find that he had cut his throat. He had been defeated by a rival in his profession, and the catastrophe was supposed to have preyed upon his mind. Poor Lapiere is buried in St. Anne's Churchyard: One of the very few personal details the younger Angelo gives us about himself is that, in the year 1802, his success as a fencing master justified him in engaging a spacious apartment in the neighbourhood of the Mansion House. Here, by his own account, he not only did a good deal of profitable business, but dispensed much hospitality in return for the elegant entertainments with which he had been honoured at the first tables of the wealthy City of London. It is curious how often one is impressed with the conviction, in reading his reminiscences, that the combined blood of the Malevoltis and Tremamondos, of which we hear so much in his father's genealogy, did not succeed, at any rate in the second generation, in producing quite a gentleman.

However, he says that his broiled beef-steak and bottle of old port, served, in what he terms, his attic, have lost many a Lord Mayor's Banquet a distinguished guest. This may be true enough; there is a good deal to be said in favour of a well grilled steak, and (for a sound liver), a bottle of old port.

One of Henry Angelo's crowning mercies was Lord Byron, the real live Poet. He was accustomed to go to the Albany every day at noon, to do his best to keep down, by regular and tolerably violent exercise, an unromantic tendency to avoidupois with which the Bard was threatened. The author of Childe Harold can hardly have looked a poetic object as he engaged at *baguette à la main*, which he preferred to the foils, as it was not so awkward for his lame foot. He put on a thick flannel jacket, and over it a pelisse lined with fur, tied round with a Turkish towel; a memory, perhaps, of the Bride of Abydos. After a sharp bout, he would send for his valet to rub him down. Angelo tells us, with especial pride, how on one occasion, Lord Byron called to him from his carriage at Newmarket, drove him to Cambridge, entertained him royally, and, finally, handed him up a bumper of old St. John's ale to the top of the coach that was to convey him back to London, at the same time taking off his hat. We could not bid farewell to the younger Angelo under any happier condition, than that of Lord Byron taking off his hat to him!

MARY LINWOOD, 1755—1845.

ON the site where now stands the Empire Theatre in Leicester Square stood Savile House.

As early as 1689 we find it already dedicated to the worship of Bacchus by the gorgeous feasts given by the Marquis of Carmarthen in honour of Peter the Great, at which His Majesty would make short work of eight bottles of sack in an evening, besides a pint of brandy spiced with pepper, and a bottle of sherry. Its histrionic associations date back to the early years of George III., who, during his boyhood, when he lived here, used to act plays

(the handbills are still extant) with his little brothers and sisters.

After it was given up as a residence, it was used for various Exhibitions, and of these, the most noted and more lasting, was that of Miss Linwood's worsted pictures which were on view there for nearly fifty years.

Miss Linwood was an artist in needlework, and also a musician and an authoress. She was born in 1755, but might have belonged to an earlier age, so old fashioned are her ideas of how a woman should spend her time. Catherine of Aragon, Lady Jane Grey and Mary Queen of Scots, whose vast embroideries may still be seen at Windsor and at Hampton Court, are her great admiration and worthy of all imitation. So too Mary II., for not only did she oblige her ladies to sew for hours every day, but as Bishop Fowler and Bishop Burnet bear witness, their minds were edified at the same time by listening to the reading of books on divinity. Miss Linwood sympathized with the writer in the *Spectator*, who complained that women have become mischievous from lack of employment in needlework.

“Mr. Spectator—I have a couple of nieces under my direction who so often run gadding about, that I do not know where to have them. Their dress, their tea and their visits take up all their time, they go to bed as tired doing nothing, as I am often, after quilting a whole under-petticoat. Those hours which in their age are thrown away on dress, play, visits, and the like, were employed in my time in writing out recipes, working beds, chairs and hangings for the family. For my part I have plied my needle these fifty years, and never by my goodwill would have it out of my hand. It grieves my heart to see a couple of idle flirts sipping their tea the whole afternoon in a room hung round with the industry of their grandmother.” Modern readers please note.

Miss Linwood certainly never wasted *her* time, she was, on the contrary, an almost unparalleled example of industry. She began embroidering pictures at the age of thirteen, and from then till she was seventy-eight, worked the sixty-four which were exhibited in our Parish, besides about twenty others. Nor was this all, for she kept a boarding school in Leicestershire, and composed various pieces of music. Her pictures were worked on a kind of tammy cloth, and she superintended the dyeing of the wools her-

self in "Arts and Crafts" spirit. Her work is described as "the triumph of modern art in needlework," and "for long one of the Lions of London." The portrait of herself in particular is so finely done, that it looks like the original painting.

She first exhibited her collection before the Court at Windsor in 1785, and was encouraged to exhibit them permanently; for this purpose she took Savile House, and charged two shillings admission. There were copies of Reynolds, Morland, Gainsborough, and others, one of them, a picture of Napoleon is now in the South Kensington Museum. She was offered 3,000 guineas for her copy of Carlo Dolci's *Salvator Mundi*, but refused the offer and presented it to Queen Victoria. Her last picture, the "Judgment of Cain," is perhaps her best, it took 10 years to complete with no help but that of a needle threader. The catalogue is quite in keeping with the dear old-fashioned lady, each picture being introduced by a little poem. Yet her dainty rhymes and pretty speeches, are all rather forced, they have no unconscious charm, but all have been thought out as she sat stitching, and her "silent conversations" are equally evident in her novels. These consist chiefly of four disappointing volumes called Leicestershire tales. You have only to take Jane Austen's characters from their quaint surroundings and fit them into one of those thrilling novelettes which appear in ladies' penny papers, add plenty of fine sounding words and a few moral reflections, and you have one of Miss Linwood's tales before you. She wrote a short oratorio dedicated to Queen Adelaide, called *David's First Victory*. It was produced in 1840, under the patronage of a long list of subscribers, with Miss Bruce as soprano. The simplicity of the accompaniment, the strict rhyme of the verses, and the accentuated time, mark it as a piece to which it is no trouble to listen to and ensured it a kind reception from the fashionable audience.

After her death in 1855, her pictures were sold by auction, but only realized £1,000 altogether.

JAMES FITZ JAMES, VENTRiloquist.

A MORE exciting entertainment than that offered by Miss Linwood was given in No. 1 Carlisle Street (Messrs. Dulau & Co.) throughout the year 1803 by Mr. Fitz James. Unfortunately no biography exists of the man, though an Irish ventriloquist suggests all sorts of amusing experiences. Ernst Schulz, in an interesting little book, has collected various notices of Fitz James, from the writings of Sir Walter Scott, Sir David Brewster and others. Of Ventriloquism itself, he says it was practised in early times in Greece and in Egypt, from where the Jews obtained a knowledge of it, and although it was considered in some way the work of the devil, it was for that reason to be looked upon with all the more respect. The verse "And thy voice shall be of one that hath a familiar Spirit out of the Ground" (Is. xxix. 4.) is usually taken to refer to ventriloquism.

During the middle ages when conjurors risked being burnt for sorcery, they were chary of showing their accomplishments, but the Abbé de la Chapelle has collected many stories to show how it was used for good and bad purposes to impose on credulous people.

For example, one Jules Brabant, a valet, obtained the consent of a widow of noble birth to marry her daughter by making her hear, as she thought, the voice of her late husband commanding the marriage. Then as he had no means for setting up house, he went to a rich but miserly and superstitious banker, and told him he had heard voices from Heaven commanding him to go and convert the Turks and get the necessary money from him. At the right moment in his tale a voice was heard, and the trembling banker paid him a large sum of money.

Again, there was a monastery which had anything but a good reputation, and the Abbot was induced to reform it on hearing it condemned from Heaven during the visit of a ventriloquist priest.

To return to Fitz James, the great success of his entertainments lay in the variety of sounds he could imitate, people, animals, and all sorts of inanimate sounds, he could make his audience think that a whole mob was attacking the house, and had such control over the muscles of his face, that while one side

was merry and laughing, the other was all pain and tears, one moment he was tall, thin and melancholy, and the next " bloated with obesity and staggering with fulness." He acted plays on the " quick change " plan so perfectly that people could hardly believe that one man did it all. Such talents were turned to good account by the still more famous Alexandre, who, by mistake, booked two engagements for one evening. The first was at the Lord Mayor's, here he acted the part of a drunken man so cleverly that they packed him off home in a cab ; no sooner had the cab started than he jumped up, gave the driver a fresh direction, and was just in time to give the entertainment he had promised at a nobleman's house. Next day accounts of both performances appeared in the papers, and the Mayor was good enough to laugh at the joke.

With this anecdote of Alexandre we must be content, Irish fashion, to conclude our account of Fitz James.

SIR ASHTON LEVER.

FOUNDER OF THE LEVERIAN MUSEUM.

THE *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1788, gives two obituary notices directly following each other: "At Manchester, Sir Ashton Charles Lever, late possessor of the Museum in Leicester House," and "At Rome, Prince Charles Edward Louis Casimer Stuart." The death of the first is described as a truly national loss, but there is no such flattering comment on that of Prince Charlie, though further on we read "his brother, Cardinal York, who is his heir, with that impotent absurdity for ever doomed to adhere to the Stuart race, refuses to renounce his claim to the throne of England."

A slight sketch of Leicester House may be of interest at the present time when our minds are full of the Royal family. It was built for the Sydneys, Earls of Leicester, and was in the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields until the parish of St. Anne's was carved out of it, as were also St. James's, St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and St. George's, Hanover Square. In 1661 it was lent, till her death

the next year, to the unfortunate Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia “the Queen of Hearts” as she was called, daughter of James I, and mother of Sophia of Brunswick, *through whom our present reigning house derives its title to the throne.* Then it became the palace of George, Prince of Wales (afterwards George II), when



SIR ASHTON LEVER.

he was on bad terms with his father, and of George's son, Frederick, Prince of Wales, who also quarrelled with his father, and died there, so that it was called “the pouting place of princes.” Soon afterwards it was let as a museum, in 1789 it was sold by the Sydney family to pay off the encumbrance on Penshurst, and in 1790 it was pulled down to make room for Leicester Place.

The history of the Museum is as follows : Sir Ashton Lever (great uncle of Charles Lever the novelist) was the son of Sir Darcey Lever, knight, of Manchester. As a boy he was exceedingly fond of collecting curious things and of natural history, and when he went to Oxford he began a collection of shells which afterwards developed into his museum. He took a large house at Alkington, near Manchester, and lived the life of a sportsman and country gentleman. He kept five hunters, which were trained to all sorts of tricks, such as opening gates and shutting them, an unnecessary accomplishment, one would think, for horses owned by a keen cross-country rider. He had a quantity of bullfinches which sang various melodies, and a goose which waited at table with a napkin tucked under its wing ! He used to ride all the way from London with a cage of new pets, holding it at arm's length to avoid jolting the little occupants. All the country side, far and near, came to see his collections, and to enjoy his hospitality, which he offered to friends and strangers alike, till the numbers became so great, that he was obliged to advertise in the papers that those who came on foot, would not be admitted. A wag, who could not afford to drive, mounted one of Sir Ashton's own cows and rode up to the door one day.

Some of the nobility urged him to move to town, promising their support and influence if he could establish a museum there. This he was prevailed upon to do, and for some time strove to attract the public to an entertainment which combined instruction and amusement. Anthony Ella has published a child's guide, "The Museum at Leicester House seen in four days," which is very interesting. It shows that the collection is quite unsystematic, but that everything there has a history of its own, a story to tell, so to speak. Among other things, he acquired the bulk of Captain Cook's curiosities. Another account likens the museum to an enchanted Palace, "the wandering eye hesitates to believe that the wonders displayed are real and not merely a fantastic dream," while a third advertisement (while mentioning that the price of admission has been reduced from 5s. 3d. to 2s. 6d.) adds that the rooms are all kept aired by good fires, everything is labelled and fully described, and that there are "sofas for the weary sightseers to rest upon." What more could Sir Ashton do, except to convert

the Sandwich collection room into a buffet ? Still, the public did not flock in sufficient numbers, Sir Ashton's fortune rapidly diminished, and in 1783 he offered all his treasures for sale to the British Museum. They were valued by experts at £53,000, and declared by Sir William Hamilton and Baron Dimsdale, who had seen every collection in Europe, to be the finest of them all. Even Dr. Johnson was loud in his praises. The offer was not accepted, but he was allowed to open a lottery which realized only £8,000 in guinea tickets. The winner re-opened the Museum in Albion Street, Blackfriars, but it was soon broken up and sold in small lots.

Ashton returned to Manchester after this, and was knighted as a sort of recompense for the loss of his fortune. He seems to have been rather "a character," for Fanny Burney writes in her diary "we saw him dressed in green with bow and arrows, and then accoutred as a forester, he pranced about. He may be an admirable naturalist, but in other matters, leave the *ist* out." As an example of his simple kindheartedness, he sent out a sloop laden with potatoes to Elliott's garrison when Lord Howe relieved him after his splendid defence in 1782. He was very popular as a magistrate, and died after a very short illness following a fit which he had while on the bench, to the great regret of all who knew him.

THERESA CORNELYS,

1723—1797.

THOUGH the name of Theresa Cornelys is almost forgotten, yet, as the sketch from which Sir Walter Besant wrote his charming novel of "The Orange Girl," her doings will long be remembered. The biographical notices which remain of her are meagre for one who for so many years created so vast a sensation in the world of gaiety.

She was of German origin, the daughter of an actor named Imer. Born at Venice in 1723, she spent her childhood living the Bohemian life of singers and actors, and learning how to take care of herself and to make the most of her talents. In 1748

we hear of her at Bayreuth, under the patronage of the Margrave, and after having sung in half the cities of Austria and Italy, she was engaged at the chief theatre in Amsterdam, and while there took the name of Cornelys.

No one knows quite how or when she came to England. There is an early notice of her singing at a benefit given in Dean Street, but in 1760 she bought Carlisle House (which stood on the site of the present Church of St. Patrick), and made her first appearance as manager of public assemblies. She must have had exceptional talent and charms, though a mezzotint we have of her does not represent her as a beauty. For a few years she had succeeded in obtaining the most lavish patronage of every highborn leader of fashion. Her early life had taught her the ways of the world, and she understood the art of advertising to perfection. After her first year in London, knowing the influence exerted by servants in the households of the great, she advertised a ball "to the upper servants of persons of fashion as a token of the sense she has of her obligations to the nobility and gentry for their generous subscriptions to her assemblies." Walpole wrote in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, "At first she scandalized, but soon drew in the righteous as well as the ungodly." Galas, concerts, masquerades, and festivals all followed each other in splendid succession, and Smollett makes Humphrey Clinker say, "I have been at Mrs. Cornelys' Assembly, which for the rooms, the company, the dresses, and the decorations, surpass all description; but as I have no great turn for card playing, I have not yet entered thoroughly into the spirit of the place."

This last sentence perhaps explains how she came to be brought to trial for keeping a disorderly house. Certainly the staid citizens of London had long frowned on all this gaiety, and in the *Public Advertiser* appeared the following anonymous letter :

You are desired to inform the public, that Mrs. Cornelys' great showbox which was exhibited to the grown children of fashion about this town, is larger by several feet than those usually carried about the street for the diversion of school boys and pretty misses. The box (as fine as glass and candles, paper and tinsel could make it), contained several hundreds of figures. Some in the habits of nuns, pilgrims, and Quakers. Others, the favourite puppets of

Mrs. Cornelys, were so hardy as to take off the Devil, the Father of Disguise and Grand Patron of Masqueraders, who, if they do not mind their minds and manners, will probably *take them off* in his turn. It is impossible to do justice to this grand babel rout which would exceed all belief of the Little Vulgar since it amazes even the Great themselves.

After her acquittal, and after having been censured for adding to the amusements of London when there were already too many, she played for the favour of the mob by announcing that her next assembly would be a benefit, to buy coals for the poor of the neighbourhood. She then re-decorated and enlarged her house, and her return to favour was so rapid and complete that she was able to insist on having the names of all those who bought her tickets as a guarantee of respectability; and finally, to advertise in the papers that no more tickets were to be had, as her subscription list was full.

Such crowds used to stand in Soho Square to see the arrivals, that Mrs. Cornelys recommended her patrons to protect themselves by putting shutters to their sedan chairs. She also issued full directions to coachmen as to taking up and setting down people, as if she were holding a drawing-room. The chairmen, moreover, were begged to abstain from brawling, and the coachmen to drive as prudently as possible. Even Royalty attended the masquerades, and Sir Walter Besant's description of the magnificent ball held there in 1770 is only a transcription from the newspapers of the day. At one of them, when over two thousand people attended, a Miss Monkton went dressed as an Indian princess, wearing £100,000 worth of jewellery. Here, too, all the famous kings were represented in their brilliant robes of state, the gods came down from Olympus, and even Adam appeared to scandalize the reporters, dressed in pink silk tights, and wearing his traditional apron.

But 1776 saw her popularity waning, new places of amusement had been opened, and again we read in Walpole's letters: "Mrs. Cornelys, apprehending the future assembly at Almack's, has enlarged her vast room and hung it with blue satin, but Almack's room proposes to swallow up both of hers as easily as Moses' rod gobbled down those of the magicians." The fashions of those days changed as quickly as they do now, and Mrs. Cornelys could not keep up with them.

In 1776 she made a final grand effort, but we read "there was more food than company." In 1779 "there was nothing new, the same old dresses and processions, and no one of any note," and at last the house was advertised to be sold. Mrs. Cornelys was declared a bankrupt, and disappeared. After some years she appeared again as an unsuccessful purveyor of asses' milk in Knightsbridge. She was arrested for debt, sent to the Fleet prison, and died there in 1797.

ENGRAVERS.

JEAN BAPTISTE CLAUDE CHATELAINE.

CHATELAINE, the son of French Protestants, was born in London in 1710. Queen Anne was on the throne, beginning to weary of the domineering ways of her one-time favourite Duchess, Sarah of Marlborough, and the country was more than weary of the long war with France. This year too saw the last of the great Marlborough's victories ; he was soon to find himself a disgraced and dishonoured man. Peace was declared in 1713, and under Walpole's long administration the country gradually recovered from the war, trade revived, the fine arts flourished, and amongst them the art of engraving.

Of the early years of Chatelaine's life we know nothing, nor why, being of Huguenot parentage, he came to hold a commission in the French army. It appears, however, that in his early manhood he served a campaign in Flanders in the perennial wars between France and Spain. But the aptitude for drawing which he had shown from the first soon led him to abandon a military career for the more congenial art of the engraver.

In these days of cheap and effective reproduction of oil paintings, the skill of the old line engraver is apt to be overlooked. But a hundred and fifty years ago the prints struck off from pictures drawn on, or rather into, copper or steel, were the only alternative to the costly originals in oil. Nor was the engraver's skill confined to translating the painter's work ; he drew also from nature and from fancy, working with metal tool on copper plate with such effect in black and white as to rival the work of the artist in colour. In delicacy, truth and effect, the engraver, to the observant eye, holds the mirror up to nature as much as does his fellow artist of the brush ; and (as has been well observed) their work, like the painter's and the sculptor's, " is no mere craft or sleight-of-hand to be practised from the wrist downwards ; it is the expression of the man himself."

This "expression" was, in the case of Chatelaine, of the highest quality; he had a perfect genius for his art, and a complete mastery of its technical difficulties; but, unhappily, he was a man without ambition, self control, or self respect. Sydney Smith when fighting for unpopular causes in a hopeless minority of his clerical brethren, once wrote to a friend: "I lead the life of a razor—always in hot water or a scrape." Chatelaine led the life of a very disreputable razor, and seemed content with it. He was satisfied to idle his time and waste his substance till hunger drove him to seek the work which his brilliant skill could always command. He lived literally from hand to mouth, for the guinea that the hand earned the mouth at once received—spent in one costly meal; nothing short of the best would satisfy this epicure. Time was when his circumstances were better, and he had pupils or apprentices; one of these later became Chatelaine's employer whenever his old shiftless master would do an honest day's work, but to this, nothing short of necessity compelled him. Then, it is said, that often with a piece of tobacco taken from his mouth he would make an admirable drawing of a landscape, though he might lack the energy to reproduce it on copper.

Chatelaine's moral collapse may be traced to the unhappy craze of treasure hunting to which he fell a victim. In Chelsea, at that time, there was an old house said to have been once occupied by Oliver Cromwell. Chatelaine had a dream that treasure was buried there, and persuaded himself that his dream must be true. By some means or other he got access to the house and lived there for a considerable time. But here, with his inveterate idleness, he had not the courage of his delusion; he made no attempt at systematic search, but would spend days at a time lying on his face, listening, as the vehicles went clattering by on the road outside, if perchance he could hear from the vibration in the walls of the old house the chink of the hidden gold. Once and again his imagination would deceive him, he was sure that he heard the faint ring of unseen money; then he would become feverishly active, and set to work pulling up floors and tearing down walls till he sank exhausted, his hands so bruised that for a time he could not draw. Whilst following this

will-o'-the wisp of a disordered mind, his eyes were shut to the fact that in these poor hands of his, turned to their proper use, he had the means of acquiring wealth, or at least a sufficient competence.

A hundred years earlier, the Dutch engraver Hollar, for his admirable work, had to be content with pay at the rate of fourpence an hour; but this was considered miserably inadequate even then, when fourpence was equal to quite eighteenpence of our money. In Chatelaine's time, engravers were much better paid. Boydell, the publisher, gave £100 for one copper plate; this, however, was an unheard of price, "much more," he says, "than had ever been paid before." Taking the average price at £50, let us see what Chatelaine might have earned had he been so minded. Hollar, who was as industrious as the other was idle, had, when he died at the age of seventy, engraved no less than 2,700 plates; taking his working life at fifty years, this gives an average of one plate a week. Fifty pounds a week, or even half that sum (equal to at least double the same value to day), meant wealth to a man of Chatelaine's gifts. Instead of that he sank, contentedly it seems, into the position of publisher's drudge, and Alderman Boydell was his principal employer.

No two men were more unlike. Boydell, in his youth, zealous for knowledge, walked alone to distant London to apprentice himself to Toms, the engraver, and enter as a student at St. Martin's Lane Academy. He learnt his trade so effectually and speedily that he was able to purchase the concluding term of his apprenticeship with money earned out of working hours; then, taking a shop ("half a shop at first," he says, cautious man), he became in time a successful publisher and printseller, the patron of engravers and painters, and so ascended the ladder of prosperity to the honoured positions of Alderman and Lord Mayor. Boydell's career is a sight for sore eyes grieving over wasted genius; endowed with talent only, he was the embodiment of one definition of genius—"the infinite capacity of taking pains." He paid those he employed generously, but took care to get his money's worth: Chatelaine, whom he knew to be unreliable and dissolute, he "would only pay by the hour"; not at first sight the best way to treat an idle worker, but Boydell knew

his business, and doubtless had him working under his own eye. Here the greater part of Chatelaine's drawing was done; his forte lay in depicting landscapes, and he engraved many of the pictures of Claude and other old masters. Of his original work the principal are a "View of Fulham Bridge and Putney," and a "View of the River Thames at Chiswick." An early collection of his work was published in 1737, entitled, "A new Book of Land-skips, Pleasant and Useful for to learn to draw without a Master, by Chatelin," a copy of this (or of a later series) may be seen in the British Museum. The tale of his work makes a meagre total, but some of his plates were fathered on other engravers better known or more reputable men. He had the bitterness to experience that "from him that hath not, shall be taken even that which he hath." Chatelaine's name could not increase the sale of a print, so it was often replaced by a more popular one; he had only himself to thank that his artistic reputation was not more extensive. Great it was, and is, in the opinion of those who best know good work.

As the years went by, Chatelaine's hand lost none of its cunning, nor did his character gain in application and self-respect. He led the same improvident life to the last. In 1771, the hand of death struck him as he was carousing at the White Bear Inn, Piccadilly, and he crawled home to his lodging in Compton Street to die; a few friends paid the expenses of his funeral, and saw him decently buried in the poor ground of St. James's Workhouse, Poland Street. Graveyard and tavern have alike disappeared, but the white bear still survives, and may be seen in the garden of a cottage beer-house at Hailsham. So, too, something of Chatelaine's art remains to testify that

Spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues;
therefore let our last word of him be:

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

FRANCOIS VIVARES.

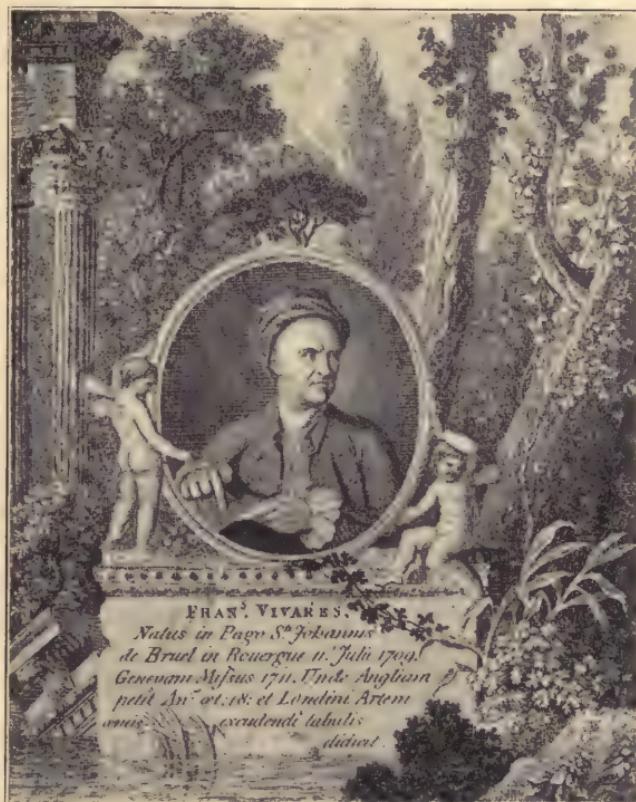
VIVARES is associated with Soho for at least thirty years, for he lived that time in one house in Great Newport Street. More than half the population of the then new district of Soho were his compatriots, refugee French Huguenots, who in their native land could no longer enjoy religious and social freedom.

Vivares was born near Monpellier, in the south-east of France, in 1709. A generation had passed since the fateful Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and of the two million Huguenots whose independence of character and skill in all the arts and industries had made them the backbone of the French middle class, more than half had fled to England, Prussia, Switzerland, and Holland, to enrich those countries with their skill, industry, and intelligence.

The Huguenots—a name whose meaning is unknown—were Calvinists. From the first, that is, from the middle of the sixteenth century, they suffered almost continuous persecution. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572, when a hundred thousand Protestants were put to death, was not the first nor the most ruthless outburst of fanaticism on the part of the French Government; but as it originated in Paris, and cost the lives of many prominent Huguenots, it attracted the horrified attention of Protestant Europe. At last, in 1588, Henry, King of Navarre, the leader of the Huguenots, succeeded his cousin on the throne of France; and although, in order to secure a peaceful entrance into his capital, he abjured his religion, the Huguenots enjoyed full religious and civil liberty from that time. It was a bold step for Henry to take, because liberty of conscience was then nowhere recognised; not to conform to the prevailing religion was considered treason to the state. Protected by this Edict of Nantes the Huguenots enjoyed peace and prosperity for about a century, whilst the State derived enormous advantage from their capacity and industry in every walk of life from the highest to the humblest.

It was this fair flower of French prosperity which Louis XIV. so lightly cut down when, in 1685, he revoked the charter of

their religious freedom. He thought that to restore by force uniformity in religion would enhance the greatness of the State, and for this shadow he sacrificed the substance of those law-abiding intelligent citizens who, rather than abjure their faith, abandoned their property and left their country never to return. After many difficulties and hairbreadth escapes thousands found



FRANCOIS VIVARES.

a welcome in England and Holland; three years later they were able to show their gratitude, for when William of Orange came over to free England from the tyranny of James II., his best troops were Huguenot veterans. Among those who died fighting for him in Ireland were two brothers named D'Aveline, whose relatives lie buried in St. Anne's churchyard.

When Vivares was born the few Huguenots remaining in France who had escaped death or the galleys had either conformed to the Roman faith or practised their religion by stealth. But the education of the children was a difficulty, and so, at two years old, young Vivares was sent to Geneva, the nearest city of refuge to that part of France, and there he was brought up. Calvin had made Geneva the "moral capital of half Christendom"; and although by the beginning of the eighteenth century his austere rule of life, with its inquisitorial supervision of the citizens' daily doings, had been relaxed, Geneva was not an exhilarating home for a youth of promise outside the beaten paths of industry. Young Vivares displayed an early talent for drawing and designing, but the cultivation of these natural gifts was not encouraged, and he was apprenticed to a tailor. When he was eighteen he escaped from this thraldom, made his way to London, and learnt his art of engraver from, it is said, Chatelaine, who, although a year his junior, was well able to teach him. Vivares "bettered the instruction," for he had that application and industry which Chatelaine so much lacked. As his powers matured he developed an aptitude for landscape engraving, and excelled especially in reproducing the beautiful paintings of Claude. "The spirited character," we are told, "of his foliage and the richness of his foregrounds were the admiration of his fellow-artists." His genius was imitative rather than originating, but the taste of the day was for copies of the great masters: and who so competent to engrave them as Vivares? Boydell and other printsellers sought his services, and he was never unemployed.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune.

Vivares embarked on this tide, and it enabled him when barely forty to cease working for others, and to start as a printseller himself.

Long before this he had married. An American politician once urged his supporters to "vote early and often"; Vivares applied this maxim to matrimony—he had three wives and thirty-one children. He took a house in Great Newport Street, where, as a contemporary chronicler tells us,—"the north side hath far the

best buildings, and is inhabited by gentry ; whereas on the other side dwell ordinary tradespeople, of which several are of the French nation." The street seems to have been a popular one with artists and engravers, and Sir Joshua Reynolds himself lived there until he moved to Leicester Square in 1761. What the north side looked like may be gathered from the appearance of Sir Joshua's old house, now No. 5, which externally at any rate is unchanged. The western end of the street was obliterated when Charing Cross Road was made, but in Vivares' time Great Newport Street was an important thoroughfare, being part of the main road from the north side of the Haymarket to Covent Garden, and the coaches used to stop at a tavern in this street. Altogether a good locality for an enterprising man, conscious of his powers and with that self-reliance which is half the battle of life. Here he sold the prints of his own engravings, always maintaining the excellence of his landscapes, which in time attained a Continental reputation. The Frenchman Duplessis in his History of Engraving draws attention to the "astonishing precision" with which Vivares reproduced the glorious sunlight effects of Claude ; as he puts it—"the sun itself which art seems powerless to express, especially when the engraver has only at his disposal the black of ink and the white of paper, would not one say that it suffuses Vivares' prints with its rays?" High praise indeed, but from a purely English point of view not excessive, for before Vivares' time engraving in this country was confined to the frontispieces of books and to portraiture, and Vivares is rightly looked upon as one of the founders of the English school of landscape-engraving.

Late in life, probably to meet what would now be called "a long-felt want," he published his own portrait engraved by himself, a copy of which is here reproduced. Under a turban, the picturesque predecessor of the modern skull-cap, is a face of refinement and force ; the astute look of the nose is balanced by the open honesty of the eyes crowned by a lofty intellectual forehead. The hands are abnormally large and for a man of sixty-seven the lines on the face seem few. There is artifice too as well as art in the background of the portrait ; dark on the light side of the face, it is lighter where the face is in shadow.

The surroundings of trees, columns, etc., are suggestive of the landscapes in whose reproduction he so much excelled. Altogether a characteristic likeness of the man as we conceive him to have been, capable, industrious and prosperous, he is not one of those who hide their light under a bushel. Like Longfellow's Village Blacksmith,

He looks the whole world in the face
For he owes not any man;

to himself he owes it that the poor friendless lad of fifty years before had developed into the distinguished and respected artist.

He died three years later and was buried in Paddington churchyard, and amongst the deaths of "considerable persons" chronicled in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1780 we find—"In Great Newport Street, Mr. Fra: Vivares the celebrated landscape engraver." As he was in addition a good man of business, his widow was able to live on in the old home, where his son Thomas, who had long been his assistant, carried on the business of print-selling.

GEORGE MICHAEL MOSER.

STRICTLY speaking, Moser was not an engraver, that is, not a print engraver. His trade was that of the chaser who engravés designs for decorative purposes in gold, silver or other metals; it was one process in this art which led to the discovery of print engraving.

In the XVth century, the Italian goldsmiths, to enhance the effect of the designs they "chased" on cups and other ornamental pieces of plate, used to fill in the incised lines with a black enamel, which caused the background to stand out against the gold or silver background. This blackening process was called *niello* work, from a Latin word signifying the colour; from the same derivation comes our word negro. The artist, in order to judge the effect of his "chasing," before putting in the enamel, filled the lines instead with ink, and then pressing a damp sheet of paper on to and into the lines, got an exact impression of his design, and thus, although he neither knew or

cared, discovered the art of print engraving. With equal unconsciousness we are all familiar with one example of *niello* work in the brass opening for letters in our front doors where the word "Letters" is engraved and filled in with black paint or enamel. Nearly a hundred years elapsed before the significance of this *niello* process in its application to printing from drawings on copper was realised.

Moser then may fairly rank among the Soho engravers. He was born in 1704, the son of an eminent Swiss engraver and worker in metal; he studied at Geneva and then came to London, his first employment being with a cabinet maker in Soho, named Trotter, for whom he chased brass ornaments for furniture. From this comparatively humble beginning, he gradually rose to be the head of his profession as gold chaser and medallist and enameller. He was particularly happy in his compositions in enamel with which he ornamented the backs of watches, bracelets and other trinkets. One beautiful example, a watch case executed for Queen Charlotte, adorned with whole length portraits of her two elder children, was paid for with a "hatful of guineas." But he was perhaps, chiefly gifted as a teacher of drawing, and with the support of the other foreign artists resident in Soho, he started the first school in England for studying from the life: they met in Greyhound Court, Arundel Street, whence, as the scheme prospered, Moser moved about 1739 to Peter's Court, St. Martin's Lane. His academy stood on the site of the present Meeting House for Friends. Hogarth and other English painters now began to take interest in the school, but Hogarth, though he presented a set of casts, thought Moser's fees of one and-a-half to two guineas a quarter so low that "parents would send their boys there merely to keep them out of the streets, without their having any talent for drawing." However, there the academy continued to flourish, partly, doubtless, that Moser had the patronage of Royalty, for at Leicester House hard by, he gave drawing lessons to the children of Frederick, Prince of Wales. When George III came to the throne in 1760, he commissioned his old teacher to engrave his first great seal.

Moser's School of Art has a permanent interest for us because it suggested the idea of a corporation of artists which took its

final shape in the present Royal Academy. In 1753, a notice was sent out from St. Martin's Lane inviting painters and others to meet at the Turk's Head Tavern, 9 Gerrard Street (now the Westminster General Dispensary) to elect thirteen painters, three sculptors, one chaser, two engravers and two architects, "to form a public academy for the improvement of painting, sculpture and architecture"; but nothing definite came of this early venture. The next public effort of the "Life" school was to help in the decoration of the Foundling Hospital, which had been established in 1739, amidst general sympathetic interest by Thomas Coram, a retired sea-captain. Handel had given an organ to the Foundling chapel, and the artists now presented their own paintings, which still adorn the walls of the institution. The opportunity of seeing these pictures by all the leading painters of the day was so much appreciated, that the idea of a public exhibition took form in 1760. This was so far a success, that a great exhibition was organised in Spring Gardens, and in the following year a charter was obtained incorporating the artists, Moser being made one of the directors. Almost at once quarrels arose from the injudicious freedom with which members were admitted, and Moser and his colleagues withdrew in disgust. They then petitioned George III to found a Royal Academy, which was done. On December 10, 1768, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the President, gave the opening address, and the first exhibition was held a few years afterwards. Moser was a foundation Royal Academician, and was also appointed keeper, that is, head of the school of art, with a residence at Somerset House, where the Royal Academy was first installed.

Up to this time he had been living in Carlisle Street, Soho, the residence, then, of many distinguished foreign artists. His domestic circle was a small one; it consisted of an only child, his daughter Mary, and a nephew whom he treated as a son. Mary became a very successful flower painter, and was much patronised by Queen Charlotte, who gave her many commissions; one was to decorate an entire room at Frogmore, for which she was paid £900, a large sum in those days. She, too, was a foundation member of the Royal Academy, and from some lively letters of hers which were printed, she seems to have been

a clever, agreeable woman. One of her letters is addressed to that versatile genius, Fuseli, for whom she is said to have entertained an unrequited attachment. In 1805, when Sir Benjamin West was re-elected President, the only vote against him was Fuseli's, who gave it in favour of his old admirer Mary, not however, as a tardy proof of affection, but "because," he said, "one old woman was as good as another." Mary sometime before had found consolation in marriage with a Captain Lloyd, of Chelsea, and from that time only painted as an amateur. She shares with Angelica Kauffmann the distinction of having been the only women Royal Academicians.

Moser destined his nephew John for the same profession of painting, and to stir his ambition, introduced him to that company of distinguished men, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick and Oliver Goldsmith, of whom Boswell has given us such a graphic account. He thought "that the profit and fame they had gained by the exertion of their talents might influence his nephew." But the young man, with no gift for painting, saw that industry without talent would avail him little; he married the daughter of a wealthy physician, and from that time he abandoned the brush. Moser, a quiet, simple-minded man, seems to have been in company, rather a listener than a talker; he received with the utmost respect every utterance of the great Dr. Johnson, and on one occasion interrupted Goldsmith, who we know "Wrote like an angel but talked like poor Poll," with the cry "Stay, stay! Tr. Shonson's going to say something." Moser's long residence in England had not enabled him to master our pronunciation, but notwithstanding this drawback, he was a most successful teacher of the many pupils who passed through his hands at the Royal Academy School of Art. Where, with the student, there was a will, there was a way with Moser which commanded the respect and affection of his pupils. Whether his method was like that of Father O'Flynn—

Coaxing the aisy ones,
Lifting the lazy ones
On wid the stick!

we cannot tell, but somehow or other he managed to inspire the school with enthusiasm for the fine arts, and to develop and

encourage the best that was in the students. Until his death he worked in the happiest relations with them all, and the Royal Academicians joined with the pupils in showing respect to his memory. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for December, 1783, describes his imposing funeral, attended by "all the capital artists," Sir Joshua Reynolds as chief mourner, and "all the young gentlemen of the Academy at their own expence" (*sic*). The worthy chronicler evidently cannot understand how such honour could be paid to one who was "not a Briton born," and concludes it was because he "was highly distinguished by his Majesty." Royal patronage had doubtless something to do with it, but the quaint mention of the "young gentlemen at their own expence" suggests a true appreciation of the dead artist, and gives point to Sir Joshua's noble eulogy in which he describes him as the first gold-chaser in the kingdom, possessed of a universal knowledge of all branches of painting and sculpture, and "in every sense the father of the present race of artists."

JOHN PINE.

JOHN PINE is probably the first engraver associated with Soho. He was born in 1690, only a few years after the parish of St. Anne's came into existence. Not that his connection with Soho dates from his birth; we know nothing about his early years, and those of his contemporaries whose journals and letters survive to the present time seem to have been in no better case; every mention of Pine speaks of him as so well known, that details would be superfluous: it was the writers' polite way of concealing their ignorance.

We do know, however, that in 1730, when not to know John Pine was to "confess oneself unknown," he was in prosperous circumstances for he had had for some years a shop and dwelling in a large house in St. Martin's Lane now represented by Nos. 88 and 89. Later on, when he was able to abandon the sale of prints, he lived at the Golden Head in King Street (now absorbed in Shaftesbury Avenue), and there he died in 1756. Before the authorities hit on the plan of numbering houses in a

street, the more important occupants used to indicate their residences by some distinctive sign ; the smaller fry had to be content with describing their dwelling as "hard by" or "over-against" the sign of their nearest opulent neighbour. The Golden Head therefore was merely the name of John Pine's House, and a more sensible one than the "Holly Lodge" and



JOHN PINE.

"Laburnum Villa" of our suburbs to-day, where the holly and laburnum are non-existent.

But Pine's early life is not altogether, as Viola says, "a blank, my lord." We know that he learnt his art from the celebrated French engraver, Bernard Picart, in Amsterdam. Picart represented the old school of engraving, and Pine assimilated its good and bad qualities—great precision and excellence, but work that was dry and formal. However, it was

before the days of landscape engraving, and for the reproduction of portraits accuracy and truthfulness are the essentials ; armed with these Picart's old pupil led a comfortable, if not a distinguished life in St. Martin's Lane.

We now come to the fateful year of 1730, when a turn of Fortune's wheel made Pine "a man of credit and renown." This is how it happened : George I., in 1725, decided to revive the military order of the Bath as a reward for distinguished service in the field of battle. The order had been originally instituted in 1399, when Henry IV. made thirty-six esquires Knights of the Bath, no doubt in emulation of his grandfather Edward III.'s celebrated Order of the Garter. The new Order took its name from the solemn, and doubtless in those days infrequent, function of bathing the new Knight, to symbolise the life of purity which by the laws of chivalry he was henceforth to lead. But the "Wars of the Roses" which began not many years later, absorbed the nation's interest ; the original Knights of the Bath probably died fighting as Yorkists or Lancastrians, and no fresh ones were created ; indeed, the "fountain of honour," the Sovereign himself, was not recognised as such by the whole nation till Henry VII. won the crown of England on Bosworth Field. Even he had more important things to attend to than matters of titular knighthood, and thus the Order of the Bath fell into oblivion (with the exception of one batch of creations at the beginning of Charles II.'s reign) till the year 1725. At first limited by George I. to the Sovereign, a grand master who should be a prince of the blood and thirty-six Knights, later it was thought desirable, after the long war with France which ended at Waterloo, to extend the limits of the Order as a means of rewarding the merits of many distinguished officers, naval and military. Not until 1847 did the Order cease to be a purely military one ; the number of civil knights, commanders and companions was further increased in 1861, and now-a-days the yearly birthday honours make the Most Honourable Order of the Bath almost too familiar to us. But in 1725 its revival was a matter of considerable interest, and the limited number of thirty-six knights made it a coveted distinction ; in George III.'s reign it was refused to a prominent

general whom the King preferred to raise to the peerage instead. "I can make him a peer," he said, "but I cannot make him a gentleman." George I. took care that the first installation should be of the most imposing character - and now came Pine's opportunity. He published in 1730 a series of large and important engravings of the procession and ceremonies with portraits of the knights and their esquires, accompanied by an introductory text in French and English.

The demand for these prints not only increased Pine's income, but gave him a definite, and at that time, a unique position in the world of English art, by virtue of which he secured a good reception for his next publications which otherwise might have escaped notice. These were a facsimile engraving of the Magna Charta deed in the Cottonian Library, and a complete edition of the works of Horace, beautifully illustrated from gems and other antiquities, the whole, letter-press and all, engraved on copper plates. This edition, a remarkable enterprise in engraving, continues popular to the present day. In 1739, Pine published another work of greater general interest entitled, "The Tapestry Hangings of the House of Lords, representing the several engagements between the English and Spanish Fleets in the ever-memorable year MDLXXXVIII, with portraits, charts of the coasts of England, medals, &c." These tapestries which had been made in Flanders by order of Queen Elizabeth's Lord Nottingham, represent the succession of running fights during which the Great Armada was defeated and scattered in flight round the British Isles; and inasmuch as these tapestries were destroyed when the Houses of Parliament were burnt, Pine's engravings remain their only memorial. On this account alone his name deserves remembrance, because every historian of our most momentous national struggle is indebted to his reproductions of these pictorial contemporary records.

One sees from the character of Pine's work that his imagination was rather that of the man of affairs than the artist. Technical skill he had of a high order, but not the creative faculty, hardly, perhaps, the power of appreciating the full beauty of painting and engraving; he knew the prose not the poetry of

his art. On the other hand, he had the faculty of gauging the taste of his day, and he offered the public creditable work which commended itself on the score of utility alone. It was a matter-of-fact time in England under the early Georges; when George II. declared "I hate bainting and poetry," we may be sure a fair proportion of the world of fashion would profess no great love for them either, and so Pine's pictorial chronicles of interesting national events would rank high in public estimation, and, for their historical interest, they do so still. It is only poetical justice therefore that Pine's form and features should live to-day in one of his friend Hogarth's masterpieces, "Calais Gate," where we see him depicted as a fat, unctuous friar, carrying through a Calais street, a smoking joint of beef, on which a number of emaciated Frenchmen look with longing but hopeless eyes. This picture is a record of Hogarth's first visit to France; a typical John Bull of the period, he had a hearty contempt for Frenchmen, and took no pains to conceal it. So when at Calais he ostentatiously sketched the old city gate which still bore the arms of England (who had ceased to own it for nearly two hundred years), the French police imprisoned him. This picture was Hogarth's retort when he had got safely back to England.

Now turn to Pine's portrait, also by Hogarth, reproduced here; substitute a monk's cowl for the wig and turban, and see if "Friar Pine," as he came to be called, is not the embodiment of our old friend the "Friar of Orders Grey" as he sings:

And why I'm so plump, the reason I'll tell,
Who leads a good life is sure to live well.

Pine's is a strongly marked face, compounded of ability, humour and coarseness, a combination which would have its attractions for Hogarth, whose skill has depicted the clever mind that lies behind the homely features of his friend.

In 1843, Pine was appointed Bluemantle Pursuivant-at-Arms in the Heralds' Collage, a post of considerable dignity, and it was probably then that he moved to King Street and put up the golden head over his door to impress his new neighbours. Dignities and honours, however, did not interfere with Pine's steady output of useful artistic work. During the next ten years

he published an important plan of London in twenty-four sheets on the scale of about nine inches to a mile, from John Rocque's quite recent survey, and, later, a smaller plan in eight sheets. He also published two views of the interior of the House of Peers, with King George II. on the throne; and the House of Commons with Mr. Speaker Onslow in the chair, and the great Sir Robert Walpole addressing the House. These engravings contain numerous portraits. Moreover, he planned an edition of Virgil on the same artistic lines as his Horace, but the first volume only was published before his death. A jovial, sociable man, he was a well-known member of old Slaughter's Club, but his energies were not all devoted to self-interest. He was associated with Hogarth and others in the petition which resulted in the passing of the Act to protect engraved work; he was a Governor of the Foundling and also one of the Committee who, in 1753, attempted to form a Royal Academy, but he did not live to see the plan succeed. At his death, on May 4, 1756, he held the post of "Engraver to the King's Signet and Stamp Office." He left two sons, both artists, and a daughter, Charlotte, whose portrait was also painted by Hogarth.

THOMAS MAJOR.

THOMAS MAJOR owed more to the accident of birth than any other Soho engraver. He was a direct descendant of Richard Major of Hursley, whose daughter married Richard Cromwell, son of the great Protector, Oliver, to whose office he, for a short time, succeeded. Thomas Major then was of good family, and apparently of easy fortune. Born in London in 1719, he learned the engravers' art in Paris under Le Bas, the leading engraver of his day, whose reproductions of the Dutch school of painting surpassed anything that had been accomplished in that line. Le Bas in his work combined etching with line engraving; the latter is much the more laborious process; every line in the copper or steel plate has to be furrowed by one or other of the engraver's tools, the principal one, the burin, being worked much as a plough is, only whereas the plough is drawyn, the burin is pushed through

the surface, deeply or lightly, according as a broad or fine line is required. In etching, the process is more mechanical ; the word is from the same German derivation as our word “eat,” and the drawing is traced on the plate with a tool dipped in strong acid which eats into the metal. This etching tool need not be specially made for the purpose ; our great painter, Turner, used to etch with a one-pronged fork. Major caught the style of Le Bas, and in time became famous for his engravings of the Dutch masters. Horace Walpole, who was not given to indiscriminate praise, says : “ Major’s works after Teniers, etc., will always make a principal figure in a collection of prints, and prevent our envying the excellence of the French in that branch of the art.”

Whilst in Paris, Major made an involuntary acquaintance with the interior of the Bastille. It was in 1745, after the failure of the last Jacobite rising in Scotland, Prince Charlie, the Young Pretender had made a gallant and almost successful attempt to seize the throne of his ancestors. He had led his victorious Highlanders into the heart of England and was within nearer striking distance of London than was the Duke of Cumberland’s army sent to intercept him. The capital was in a panic, the deservedly unpopular government paralyzed, and George II., between whom and his English subjects no great love was lost, prepared for instant flight, his valuables being already on board ship in the Thames. At this critical moment Prince Charlie’s advisers recommended retreat, and although they did not know the real state of things in London, their decision is inexplicable unless treason were already at work. The Prince yielded against his own better judgment, and the retreat began which ended in final disaster at Culloden. The “butcher,” Cumberland, treated his prisoners with a severity which was the more ferocious in comparison with Prince Charlie’s previous leniency ; among them were Irish soldiers in the French King’s service—being Roman Catholics they were not at that time eligible for service in the English army, and Louis XV. was so enraged at the treatment his soldiers received that he ordered the immediate arrest of every Englishman in France. Major at that time was living with a fellow countryman, a “statuary,” named Wilton, a resourceful agile man, who anticipated the arrival of the gendarmes by climb-

ing from the window of their room to the roof of the house and so escaped. Major, a very little man, "about five feet high," remained to be arrested by the soldiers, who led their small captive through the streets to the Bastille, where he was confined as a prisoner of state.

The Bastille resembled our Newgate and Tower of London ; like the former, it was originally merely a gate and gate-house, subsequently enlarged to a prison ; like the Tower it was fortified and tenanted mainly by state prisoners. These in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries were sometimes unfortunates, consigned, perhaps, to a life-long imprisonment and oblivion at the mere whim of a minister or court favourite. In Major's time the victims of such extreme iniquity were few, if indeed, there were any ; but still the Bastille was a visible sign of arbitrary arrest and despotic power, and as such was the first object of destruction at the beginning of the French Revolution in 1789.

Major's captivity happily was of short duration ; he had "a friend at court" in the Marquis d'Argenson, who procured his release. He afterwards engraved most of his patron's fine collection of pictures, whether for nothing out of gratitude or not we do not know. When war broke out between England and France a few years afterwards, Major returned to London and settled in West Street, where, unlike other Soho streets, few celebrities seem to have resided. He afterwards moved to St. Martin's Lane and published his prints there. Before long he was appointed seal engraver to the King—an office which he held for forty years. Its duties were not heavy ; a new Great Seal was made on the accession of each sovereign (the old seal being then solemnly broken), and under ordinary circumstances it had not to be replaced during the reign. When James II. in his flight from Whitehall dropped the Great Seal into the Thames, he thought thereby to embarrass his successor, but he merely accentuated the fact that he himself had ceased to reign. Since 1757, the Lord Chancellor has been the only keeper of the Great Seal ; it is supposed to be never out of his possession, and as it is not meet that it should go abroad, the Chancellor's holidays have to be spent in this country. In 1784, the Seal was stolen

from Lord Thurloe's residence, and Major distinguished himself by making a perfect substitute in brass in twenty hours after the burglary. Oddly enough he was never paid for his labour; it was fifteen years afterwards that his executors obtained the money from the Treasury. This delay was due probably to the fact that when Major made a fresh Great Seal in silver, the temporary brass one became his perquisite; he had it made into a tea-urn. "To what base uses we may return," might the transformed seal have exclaimed; or, in more cheerful vein, it might have called to mind Pope's "Great Anne," "who sometimes counsel took, and sometimes tea."

In 1770 Major was made an Associate of the Royal Academy, the first engraver to receive that honour. His best figure subject is Murillo's "Good Shepherd," exhibited at the Academy in 1776, engraved from the picture which he owned himself, and believed to be the original. It was afterwards ascertained to be only a copy, though an admirable one, and it realised as much as five hundred guineas. The original was sold in 1840 to Baron Rothschild for over three thousand pounds.

Major's most important work, however, was a series of nearly thirty engravings from pictures of the ruins of Pœstum, those wonderful old Greek Temples in southern Italy, which have stood the ravages of time for twenty-five centuries; once they were the centre of a flourishing town with walls, parts of which are still standing, three miles in circumference; and the country round was then as fertile as the city was prosperous, now it is mere marshland, tenanted only by herds of buffaloes and their peasant keepers. The glory is departed indeed, save for these three well preserved Doric temples, one of which is the largest example of Greek Architecture in existence. It was the fashion in Major's day to admire only the classical style—Gothic buildings, however interesting historically, were from an artistic point of view considered barbarous. In the letters of that intelligent young Prussian pastor, Moritz, who visited England in 1792, it is curious to read his admiration for St. Paul's Cathedral, whilst of Westminster Abbey he says nothing, confining his remarks to a description of the monuments.

Major's engravings of Pœstum excited considerable interest;

they were published with full description of the plates in book-form in French and German as well as English.

The concluding years of Major's life were uneventful, at least there is no record of his doings. He died in 1779 at his then residence, No. 5 Tavistock Row, Covent Garden, and was buried in Camberwell Churchyard.

PETER VANDERBANK.

MR. ANDREW LANG, in his amusing "Romance of the First Radical," gives a graphic account of the stormy career and melancholy end of the first pre-historic man who tried to reform the manners and customs of his fellow-tribesmen. Why-Why (so called from an early propensity to ask awkward questions), when a mere youth, expressed his disapproval of the "bedside manner" of the medicine-man, who with his yelling and jumping, frightened the life out of his sick mother. On entering man's estate, Why-Why objected to having two of his front teeth knocked out, and his head shaved with a shell razor, which was the invariable way of celebrating the occasion. More especially he would have nothing to do with the time-honoured custom of marriage by capture, after the destined bride had been knocked down with a club. He was the first man to fall in love, and he married the maiden of his choice. This sacrilegious act was more than the tribe would stand, and they took the first opportunity of spearing the daring innovator to death. But no sooner was the reformer disposed of, than the changes he had advocated began to commend themselves to the tribe; and thus the first Radical heads that long line of pioneers, men in advance of their time, who sow what others reap, and leave the world better than they found it.

In his humble way, Peter VanderBank was a pioneer. When he came to England, engraving was in its infancy, and there was little demand for prints except as frontispieces for books. VanderBank's plates were unusually large, and he was a conscientious and slow worker; the publishers could only afford to give a small sum for a plate, and its size did not increase its value. After a

time, VanderBank gave up the struggle ; for some years he ate the bitter bread of charity, and then died before he was fifty. Another, not he, made "much fortune" by the sale of his plates, and this helped to create a market for the art by which the next generation of engravers profited.



PETER VANDERBANK.

VanderBank was a Frenchman, and was born in Paris in 1649. He lived there till he was twenty-five years old, and learnt his art from François de Poilly, one of the most celebrated engravers of his time, in many of whose plates at that period, VanderBank had a hand. In 1674 he, together with Henri Gascar, a painter, went to London in the train of Louise de Keroualle, that beautiful and frail Frenchwoman whom Louis XIV

sent to captivate our too susceptible king, Charles II. She succeeded only too well ; Charles, a slave to her charms, created her Duchess of Portsmouth, and became the mere pensioner of the French king, who was able to pursue his ambitious schemes against Germany and the Low Countries in no fear that England's policy would be anything but what he chose to dictate. Our two artists looked to profit by the prosperity of their patroness, but like Pharaoh's chief butler and baker, their fortunes were widely different.

Gascar soon found employment for his brush, for it became the fashion to have him paint one's portrait ; and when all the English royal highnesses had sat to him, everybody who was anybody made haste to secure a specimen of Gascar's art. This art, respectable at first, deteriorated with hasty work : Gascar sought to conceal its deficiencies by sumptuous draperies and tawdry adornments, and, aware of his limitations, worked hard whilst the sun of fashion shone. Having in four or five years amassed a fortune equal to forty thousand pounds of to-day, he shrewdly took it with him back to France.

Quite otherwise was it with VanderBank. He established himself at the Hercules Pillars, Greek Street, but the publishers were not like the courtiers, and there was no particular demand for his life-size plates of the painter's portraits. Later on, when these notabilities were dead (and the engraver too), VanderBank's plates were in request, and someone, a publisher it is to be feared rather than the widow, made a good deal of money out of them. VanderBank also engraved a set of heads of English sovereigns from William I to Elizabeth for Kennett's History of England : but with all his labour he never succeeded in emancipating himself from the publishers, being too poor to publish and sell his prints on his own account. Indeed, after his marriage, he found it impossible to earn a living, but this event really solved his difficulties. The best day's business he ever did was on his wedding day, when he married the sister of John Forester of Bradfield, Herts, for his brother-in-law was able and willing to assist him. So to Bradfield he retired, a disappointed, but by no means a friendless man ; there he found a haven of rest, and there in 1697 he died and was buried. He left four sons, one of

whom afterwards became an engraver, another a painter. Of the former nothing is recorded ; the latter is known as a would-be rival of better artists than himself, and like his father, though with more cause, was an unsuccessful man.

The portrait reproduced here shows a man of integrity and amiability rather than force of character, and the face seems to explain why VanderBank found it easier to make friends than to make money.

PHILIP AUDINET.

SEVENTY years after VanderBank's death, London had become a fairly profitable place for an engraver to live in. A demand had sprung up for illustrated books, for that class of publication, so much in vogue since then, by which the public is taught to feel an interest in the best literature by means of prints and illustrations executed by good artists. Your real lover of reading wants no such stimulus ; to him, as George Eliot has said, "illustrations are an impertinent interference with the imagination." The reader, in his mind's eye, has shaped the characters according to his own fancy, and resents the ideas of another, however eminent the artist. "What injury," writes Charles Lamb, "did not Boydell's Shakspere Gallery do me with Shakspere ? To have Opie's Shakspere, Northcote's Shakspere, light-headed Fuseli's Shakspere, heavy-headed Romney's Shakspere, wooden-headed West's Shakspere, deaf-headed Reynold's Shakspere, instead of my and everybody's Shakspere ?" But Lamb, when a book was new to him, took no exception to its being illustrated, and it is precisely because it attracts and stimulates new readers that this kind of publication finds favour with the public.

Audinet engraved many Shakspere pictures, and his plates were mainly for book illustrations. He was descended from Huguenots, who came to London at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and he was born in Soho in 1766. After having served his apprenticeship, he began his life's work for the pub-

lishers by engraving the portraits for Harrison's "Biographical Magazine," and Bell's "Shakspere" and "The British Theatre." John Bell deserves the gratitude of every reader, in that he was the first printer to discard the long f (s) from his fount of type. One realises what "a boon and a blessing" that has been, when one attempts to read a book printed before the last decades of the eighteenth century.

Bell also earned the support of the reading public of his day, by successfully fighting a combination of some forty publishing firms who called themselves "the trade", and sought to secure a monopoly of the best publications. According to Leigh Hunt, Bell "had no acquirements, perhaps not even grammar; but his taste in putting forth a publication, and getting the best artists to adorn it, was new in those times, and may be admired in any." A feature of his publications was that they were in pocket editions, and it says something for Audinet's skill that he was one of Bell's regular engravers. Occasionally his plates were on a larger scale, and one of these in particular, an excellent line engraving of Barry's unfinished portrait of Dr. Johnson, shows Audinet to have been a competent artist. It serves also to recall that eccentric painter, James Barry, who was always picking quarrels with his long-suffering friends, and whose sense of independence would never allow him to accept any hospitality without paying for it. After dinner, he used to put eighteenpence or two shillings on the tablecloth according to his estimate of his host's entertainment.

The last work with which Audinet, appears to have been concerned was an illustrated edition of Isaak Walton's delightful "Compleat Angler," for which he engraved all the plates. Audinet ended his uneventful but useful life in 1837, and was buried in the church of St. Giles'-in-the-Field.

RICHARD DAGLEY.

IN Offenbach's well-nigh forgotten opera, "The Princess of Trebizonde," that delightful old actor, Mr. Toole, used to play the part of a travelling showman who unexpectedly finds himself the winner of the largest prize in a State lottery. He contemplates with unalloyed satisfaction the life of ease and affluence which now lies before him ; but his children, after the first transports of delight, begin to foresee drawbacks in the new parts which Fortune has allotted them ; they fear the envy of their former associates and the sneers of their new ones. But to leap at a bound from the masses to the classes has no terrors for the intrepid old acrobat. He has been bounding all his life ; he will bound just once more into the upper circles and there remain. His children's fears he disposes of once and for all : "Keep your eye on your father," he says, "and your father will pull you through." And sure enough he does. He takes the world of fashion by storm and is not to be dislodged ; the young jays in peacock's feathers keep their eye on their father, and their father, somehow or other, pulls them through.

Richard Dagley, being an orphan, had no father to keep an eye on ; but by an early marriage he secured the next best thing—a father-in-law—who was always "pulling him through" one difficulty or another, and finally had him to live with him altogether. Dagley, who was as sanguine as the immortal Wilkins Micawber, was hardly more successful in providing for his numerous family. But this was not for want of trying. Instead of "waiting for something to turn up," Dagley ever turned his hand to some new occupation when the old one ceased to afford him a living. An unfriendly critic (if such an amiable kindly man could ever have had one) would have said that he "was everything by turns and nothing long." It is more just to say that Dagley was a man of many rather than great artistic gifts, whom necessity and not inclination prevented from cultivating one or two talents so as to be master of them. When and where he was born is not known, but we have two or three reliable dates which will serve our purpose. He was at school in 1782, and probably left soon after, for he lived at 17 Old Compton Street in

1790, having previously resided at 12 Bateman's Buildings, no doubt when he first married. These are his only known associations with Soho.

Left an orphan at three years old, he had friends with influence enough to get him admitted to Christ's Hospital, that historic school whose recent departure from our midst we still deplore. Founded by Edward VI. on the site of the suppressed Grey Friars monastery, it has perpetuated in the quaint sixteenth century garb of its scholars "the constant service of the antique world," and remains a memorial of the nobler side of that great act of spoliation which Henry VIII. began and his son completed.

In Dagley's time Christ's Hospital gave a free education to over a thousand orphans from six to eight years old until fourteen or sixteen, and occasionally to the sons of impoverished parents. The school endowments provided also scholarships at the Universities for those senior boys who intended taking orders in the Church, and supplied the fees to apprentice the rest to various trades. The Governors on the whole were considerate stepfathers, but of course those boys who had friends near at hand led a happier life than their less favoured companions, to whom the periodical "whole-day leaves" were a very mixed blessing even in summer time. Turned out for the live-long day, these friendless lads would wander into the country, perhaps to bathe in the New River, and then, their little stock of food early consumed, they would roam aimlessly about the fields, and return "faint and languid, towards nightfall, to the desired morsel, half rejoicing, half reluctant, that the hours of their uneasy liberty had expired."

Among Dagley's schoolfellows, though they were several years his juniors, were Coleridge and Lamb, those two life-long friends and pre-eminent men of letters. Lamb, whose people lived hard by in the Temple, was able to supplement the boys' not too sumptuous fare with little delicacies from the home kitchen. His own account of himself throws an interesting light on the school bill of fare a hundred years ago. He writes from the point of view of one of the less favoured boys, "Lamb had his tea and hot rolls in a morning, while we were battening upon our quarter of a penny loaf, moistened with attenuated

small beer, in wooden piggins, smacking of the pitched leatherne jack it was poured from. Our Monday's milk porritch, blue and tasteless, and our pease soup of Saturday, coarse and choking, were enriched for him with a slice of 'extraordinary bread and butter,' from the hot loaf of the Temple. The Wednesday's mess of millet, somewhat less repugnant (we had three banyan to four meat days in the week), was endeared to his palate with a lump of double-refined, and a smack of ginger. In lieu of our *half-pickled* Sundays, or *quite fresh* boiled beef on Thursdays, with detestable marigolds floating in the pail to poison the broth—our scanty mutton scraggs on Fridays—and rather more savoury, but grudging, portions of the same flesh, rotten-roasted or rare, on the Tuesdays (the only dish which excited our appetites, and disappointed our stomachs, in almost equal proportion), he had his hot plate of roast veal, or the more tempting griskin, cooked in the paternal kitchen, and brought him daily by his maid or aunt!" It was this enviable condition of things doubtless which attracted Dagley's notice to the boy, or rather child of eight. Coleridge, three years older than Lamb, Dagley knew because of his extraordinary passion for reading and study, even to the extent of poring over Virgil in his play time.

Dagley, when his school time was up, being a delicate youth, was apprenticed to a jeweller and watchmaker named Cousins, whose business included the painting of ornaments and miniatures. For this artistic work the new apprentice early showed an aptitude; he learned gold chasing, and as time went on he proved himself by his industry and intelligence so capable, that his master allowed him before he was twenty-one to marry his daughter. Then it was that he set up house in Bateman's Buildings without much prospect of a settled income. The union was blessed with ten children, and poverty soon came in at the door; but it was a happy marriage, and love did *not* fly out at the window. His wife seems to have been a sensible woman who made the best of straitened means, and her father helped to keep the wolf from the door. Dagley himself was never idle; he worked for a time at enamelling "eyes for ladies' rings and brooches," and before that fashion went the way of similar absurdities he had added to his accomplishments the art of

painting in water colours. Next he got employment with Henry Bone, "the prince of enamellers," perhaps the most perfect master of that difficult yet imperishable branch of pictorial art. But what Dagley earned by enamelling views on the backs of watches was not enough for the expenses of his increasing family. To add to his income he began to acquaint himself with outside artistic subjects, making a special study of gems on which he wrote a book, published in 1804, entitled "Gems selected from the antique," with plates designed and engraved by himself. This work led to his illustrating one of the novels of the elder D'Israeli, "Flim-Flams, or the Life of my Uncle," but the book, being published anonymously, attracted little attention, and Dagley's success as an illustrator suffered in consequence. This decided him to accept a tempting offer to teach drawing at a ladies' school in Doncaster; he found plenty of pupils at the schools and in private families, but a good many lessons were not paid for, a Doctor of Divinity being one of the defaulters.

Thus did the prospects of a comfortable income melt away, and Dagley found himself worse off than in London. Once more, however, the father-in-law came to the rescue, and this time it was for good and all, for he took the family to live with him in Earls Court Terrace. Of Dagley's ten children one only appears to have survived. Now at last he was in smooth water, and he resumed his old work with undiminished energy. He illustrated various publications and wrote reviews of books on art. In 1822 he produced another volume of "Gems"; he designed and published a set of drawings illustrating Holbein's "Dance of Death," and he wrote a descriptive catalogue of the great Vernon collection of art treasures, many of which are in the National Gallery. Nor was this varied and large output of work of inferior or negligible quality. Between the years 1785 and 1833 Dagley had sixty exhibits of one kind or another in the Royal Academy. And with all his industry he yet found time to attend to the affairs of his friends and neighbours. His own struggles had not soured him; they made him more sympathetic for the troubles of others. If he could not give much himself, he managed to induce his more wealthy friends to open their purses. Every neighbour looked to his dwelling in time of sickness and

sorrow, and always found warm sympathy and ready help. Thus the evening of his life was as calm as the noon tide had been tempestuous. He died in 1841, and left a fragrant memory in the neighbourhood which had long benefited by his kindliness.

MATTHEW LIART.

SAMUEL ROGERS, the poet, entertaining his friends one evening at his hospitable board in Arlington Street, St. James', invited their opinion on a change he had recently made in lighting the room. The groups of candles round the walls had been raised so as to throw up the pictures, leaving the dinner-table in comparative gloom. This was not at all to the taste of Sydney Smith, who pronounced it "A bright and shining place above, but darkness and gnashing of teeth below." Had Rogers been a poet and nothing else, instead of dispensing hospitality, he would probably have been living in a garret and dedicating his second volume of verse "to the twelve purchasers of his first volume," as was the case with a minor poet of to-day. But Rogers was banker as well as poet, and he is a standing instance of the advantage of having two strings to one's bow. The poet wrote indifferently good verses which the prosperous banker published regardless of cost, and Rogers' "Pleasures of Memory" had a great vogue in his day. To few now is the book a "pleasure," or even a "memory," and Rogers is known rather as the author of a few bright and some caustic epigrams, the associate of all the wits of his time, and a benefactor of some who stood in need of friends. Among these was Lord Beaconsfield. Rogers took a fancy to the young Disraeli, at thirteen had him baptised at St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, and later on launched him into London Society.

Liart, like Rogers, had two strings to his bow. The engraver's second string was, so to speak, a string of sausages, for his father was a noted purveyor of these delicacies, and the son passed all his life under the paternal roof. For three generations at least the Liarts lived in the same dwelling. The

grandfather, a Huguenot refugee, built the house in the south-west corner of Compton Street and Crown Street (then called Hog Lane), and was a respectable periwig maker and barber. His son, the father of our engraver, in the same house, was a maker of saveloys, a relishing kind of sausage much in request with the French residents in Soho, and a novelty then to their English neighbours.

The artistic turn of mind of the wig-making grandfather showed itself in the grandson's aptitude for drawing; and as there was no scope for this talent in the saveloy establishment of the father, young Liart was apprenticed to an engraver, the celebrated Frenchman Ravenet, who, in conjunction with Vivares and other Huguenots, had founded in 1750 an important school of engraving in London. Ravenet was a master of his art and an excellent teacher; Liart remained his pupil for seven years, and learned from him all he ever knew. He never attained any superior degree of excellence in engraving, but as a draughtsman he was very successful in delineating the human figure. Boydell, that Mecænas of engravers and painters, employed Liart to engrave plates after the old masters, such as "The Meeting of Jacob and Laban," and "Noah's Sacrifice," where the subject would give scope to Liart's limited capabilities. Proofs of these engravings were exhibited at the Society of Arts in 1766, and Liart also gained a silver medal from the Royal Academy, whose President, Benjamin West, always commended his work. The engraver published on his own account reproductions of some of the President's pictures of classical subjects, but not being proficient in his treatment of landscapes and portraits, Liart found his choice of subjects limited. For this reason, or because his health was probably poor, his output of work was small, and living as he did with a well-to-do father, he had not the spur of necessity to draw forth the best that was in him. His brief life of forty-five years was absolutely uneventful, and he died in the same room in which he had been born—perhaps the most notable fact that is connected with this Soho engraver.

JOHN THOMAS SMITH.

JOHN THOMAS SMITH was also a believer in the policy of having two strings to one's bow, though not of the dependent apron-string order affected by Liart. Indeed, Smith had so many irons in the fire that the dictum of Jacques, "and one man in his time plays many parts," might be applied to him quite literally. Besides being an engraver, he was a topographical draughtsman and antiquary, a sculptor; drawing-master, and a man of letters. It is in this last capacity that he is best known now, for the experiences he gained in his other occupations make his books quite interesting and entertaining. He was born in 1766 in a hackney cab, in which his mother was going from her brother's house in Seven Dials to her husband's in Great Portland Street. His father was a sculptor who worked for Joseph Nollekens, R.A., his life-long friend; and at twelve years old young Smith was taken on as assistant in the studio. He next studied in the Royal Academy School, and copied some of Gainsborough's smaller pictures, by whom he was kindly noticed. After a time he learned engraving from Sherwin, but at twenty-two he started as a teacher of drawing, married, and set up house at Edmonton.

Soon afterwards, Smith began to turn his attention to literature. He was ten years writing his first book, "Antiquities of London," which contained the author's engraved plates from his own drawings, and was published in 1800. In connection doubtless with this work Smith returned to London, living first in Frith Street and afterwards in Soho Square, where he practised as a portrait painter and engraver. In 1807, he published "Antiquities of Westminster," also illustrated with his own engravings, some being of pictures that had been just discovered in the wainscoting of the House of Commons. This book was followed by his "Ancient Topography of London," containing thirty-two engravings by Smith, besides letterpress.

So far, he had produced laborious and useful rather than lucrative works, but in his "Nollekens and his Times" we have a book of much more general and lasting interest.

Amidst a good deal of desultory but amusing information, Smith gives a graphic biography of Nollekens, his father's old friend and employer, and Smith's own first master, whose executor he had recently become. The book has been described as the frankest biography ever published, showing signs of the disappointed legatee. Doubtless if Smith had inherited a larger legacy from Nollekens, he would have drawn a more flattering but probably less truthful portrait of the old sculptor. But "be to his faults a little blind" was not Smith's principle, and Nollekens, apart from his art, to which Smith does full justice, was an unattractive man, uncouth, uncultured, and of a most penurious nature. Really truthful biographies are rare, and there is nothing to show that Smith transgressed Othello's direction :

Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice.

Molière says of his miser, Harpagon, that he had such a rooted objection to giving anything, that when he met an acquaintance he never said "Give you good-day," but "I lend it you." Nollekens, who was a wealthy man, perpetrated little acts of meanness that would have excited Harpagon's admiration. For instance, when he went to get his weekly shave, Nollekens used to produce a piece of paper on which the barber had to wipe the razor, and when the shaving was over Nollekens pocketed the paper of soapsuds to use at home for his own washing! He used to pilfer small eatables from his friends' tables, and was given to appropriating the nutmegs supplied for the punch-bowl. If this needed replenishing Nollekens would pretend to look for the missing nutmegs under the table, where he would abstract from his pocket a minimum supply. Smith, from his intimate relations with the old miser, may have erred in taste but certainly not in truth by thus disclosing his real character.

In 1816, Smith was made keeper of the prints and drawings in the British Museum, but the duties of this office did not interfere with his literary work. The following year he published a book of anecdotes of notorious London beggars, with portraits drawn from life and etched by himself. In a friend's album he

once playfully wrote his autobiography, in which he gives the following details :—

“ I can boast of seven events, some of which great men would be proud of. I received a kiss when a boy from the beautiful Mrs. Robinson ”—George IVth’s Perdita—“ was patted on the head by Dr. Johnson, have frequently held Sir Joshua Reynolds’ spectacles, partook of a pot of porter with an elephant, saved Lady Hamilton from falling when the melancholy news arrived of Lord Nelson’s death, three times conversed with King George III., and was shut up in a room with Mr. Kean’s lion.” (Mr. Kean brought up in his rooms a young lion, and having left Smith alone with the beast caused him a terrible fright.)

In the opinion of his contemporaries Smith was a kindly man, a good art critic, and often a friend in need to young aspiring artists. He died in 1833, after a week’s illness of inflammation of the lungs, and was buried in St. George’s Chapel, near Tyburn turnpike. Notwithstanding his bow drawn at a venture in so many directions, he left his widow unprovided for. In her interest, after his death, his “ Cries of London ” were published, prefaced by a memoir of the author, and, later, his “ Book for a rainy day ”; from the latter he was given the soubriquet of “ Rainy-day Smith.”

JOHN RAPHAEL SMITH.

Of all the quotations from Shakespeare that are “ familiar in our mouths as household words,” there is no better known line than that in *Troilus and Cressida*

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

It occurs in a speech of the wise Ulysses in which he seeks to persuade Achilles to leave his life of sulky retirement and resume those feats of arms in which he far excelled all the other Greek warriors in the plains of Troy. Ulysses warns him that no one can afford to rest on his laurels, that great deeds if followed by inaction are soon forgotten, whilst lesser men earn the renown

which should have been his. It is at this point in his speech that our quotation comes in. Because, Ulysses says, however inferior to the deeds of others in the past, men will always praise the latest success,

And give to dust that is a little gilt more laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

In short Ulysses, in the most ingratiating language he can command, paraphrases the homely saying that a live ass is of more account than a dead lion.

It seems a far cry from an old Greek hero to an eighteenth century Soho engraver, but this same "touch of nature" makes the two men "kin." Achilles sulked in his tent, John Raphael Smith caroused with his friends, to the neglect of the work in life in which they pre-eminently excelled, whilst others stepped in and carried off the laurels which should have been theirs. Smith, with one exception, is the only Soho engraver whose reputation extended beyond England. But hardly had he become identified as its leading exponent, with the art of mezzotint engraving, than he abandoned it for a mixed life of business and pleasure in which the latter gradually predominated, leaving the field to others whose work his own had equalled if not surpassed.

He was born in 1752, the youngest son of Thomas Smith, a landscape painter of sufficient repute to be known as "Smith of Derby," to distinguish him from other artists of the same name. The son was apprenticed to a linen-draper in his native town, but when fifteen years old, on his father's death, Smith came to London, and at once his innate artistic gifts began to show themselves. While still serving as shopman, he spent his leisure in practising miniature painting. He also tried his hand at engraving, his earliest plate being dated 1769. It is not known who was his teacher, but he made such rapid progress in his art that when still a young man he had made an assured position for himself. Many of his plates from the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney and others are amongst the master-pieces of mezzotint engraving.

Smith has been rightly called "the apostle of mezzotint," for it was in his day that the art reached its highest perfection; English engravers surpassed in it their continental fellow artists, and among Englishmen Smith was for a time the first. Briefly

stated, mezzotint is the opposite of line engraving. In the latter the artist works from light to dark through all the gradations of fine and heavy lines on the smooth surface of the metal plate. In mezzotint the process is reversed, and the engraver works from dark to light. He first covers the plate with tiny dents which raise corresponding burrs, presenting a fine soft-looking and perfectly even grain, a print from which would be of a uniform glossy black. The grain is smoothed away with a scraper, and in proportion as it is removed the tint in the print becomes paler and paler. Pure white is obtained by scraping the grain away entirely and burnishing the place. The engraver has nothing to do with line, but with masses relieved from each other by the correct distribution of light and shade.

This process of engraving was discovered in the middle of the seventeenth century. Prince Rupert was acquainted with the secret, and his mezzotint prints were the first known in England. Four beautiful examples of these may now be seen in the Indian section at the Imperial Institute, together with one contemporary engraving executed in imitation of mezzotint before the secret was divulged in England. It was a hundred years later that the art, at the hands of Smith more than any other man, rose to such a pinnacle of importance in this country. Mezzotint proved a peculiarly suitable medium for the production of Reynolds' pictures, owing to the softness of outline which is attained by this process. The French, who had always excelled us in engravings, struck by the beauty of British mezzotints, now began to reproduce in this manner the works of their own painters, but without the same success. They therefore concluded that it was the English school of painting, distinguished rather for colour and arrangement than for accuracy of outline, which was so happily adapted to reproduction in mezzotint. Be this as it may, this process of engraving will always be associated with the names of Sir Joshua Reynolds and J. R. Smith.

But a deserved reputation and an assured means of livelihood did not long content our engraver. He loved pleasure, was attached to all kinds of sport, and had much charm of manner. His society was sought after by all interested in art, for he had a pleasant way of imparting his great stores of artistic information.

When only twenty-one he had commenced to publish prints for himself (some from his own very spirited designs), first in Exeter Court, Strand, and later at 10, Bateman's Buildings. His publication of the "Morland Gallery" was one of his most successful speculations. The acquaintance thus formed with George Morland the painter, that genius and drunkard, ripened into an intimacy which contributed to Smith's undoing. Morland had been cursed with a tyrannical father, who, realising the boy's artistic bent, kept him shut up in a garret painting from pictures and casts, and sold the copies to the dealers. Sometimes the boy, bargaining with friendly Jews, would paint pictures for them on boards, conceal them during the day, and at night lower them by a string to the waiting clients below. It is not surprising that after such an up-bringing, George Morland, conscious of his powers, should in time develop into a dissipated man. Stern fathers make prodigal sons. Already when Smith came across him, Morland was in the hands of the dealers, who paid him a small fixed sum per day and took their chance of what they could get for their money before the daily carouse which brought work to an early conclusion.

Boon companionship with such a man was fatal to any steady occupation. Incited by his friend's genius, Smith became desirous of himself becoming a painter, and to the neglect of engraving at the zenith of his fame he turned his attention to drawing crayon portraits. These he soon began to execute with success, and with a rapidity that seemed to justify his inclination to devote more and more of his time to pleasure. He might have realised independence as a printseller and publisher, but dissipation made havoc of both business and art, and he gradually drifted into the position of itinerant painter. He thus visited York and other provincial towns where he found many patrons, but his later works were very slight, being sometimes finished in an hour. Finally he settled down at Doncaster, a man from whom business had retired rather than a man retired from business. After three years' residence in that sporting atmosphere, which was only too congenial to him, he died there at the age of sixty.

Until within seven years of his death he had regularly

exhibited at the Royal Academy since he was twenty-one. Six of his crayon drawings are now in the South Kensington Museum. Chantrey, who owed his earliest advancement in life to Smith, has left a portrait bust of the man who was the first to acquaint the public with the genius of the sculptor. Indeed, Smith was always holding out a helping hand to budding and struggling artists, and his social gifts were such that he was literally no one's enemy but his own. The flaw of instability in his character sterilised his genius for art and made his personal charm rather a drawback than an advantage. At the flood-tide of his fortunes he chose to ship his oars and let others pass him in the race. No wise Ulysses was at hand with friendly warning—"Perseverance, my dear lord, keeps honour bright," and so Smith points the moral that

To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty nail
In monumental mockery.

With J. R. Smith ends our list of Soho engravers.



